



# THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

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MARIE ANTOINETTE.

THE  
FRENCH REVOLUTION  
A HISTORY

BY  
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
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Μέγας ὁ ἀγὼν ἔστι, θεῖον γὰρ ἔργον· ὑπὲρ βασι-  
λείας, ὑπὲρ ἐλευθερίας, ὑπὲρ εὐροίας, ὑπὲρ ἀταραξίας.

ARRIANUS

Δόγμα γὰρ αὐτῶν τίς μεταβάλλει; χωρὶς δὲ δογ-  
μάτων μεταβολῆς, τί ἄλλο ἢ δουλεία στενόντων καὶ  
πείθεσθαι προσποιουμένων;

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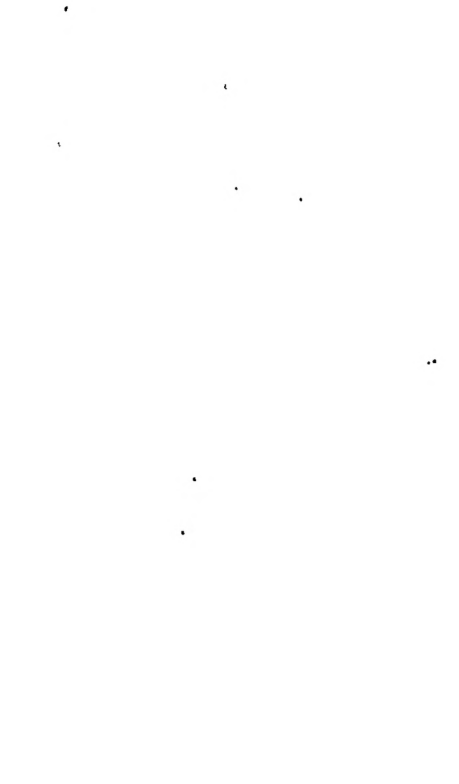


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# THE CONSTITUTION—*Continued*

## BOOK FOURTH

### VARENNE

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#### CHAPTER I

##### EASTER AT SAINT-CLOUD

THE French Monarchy may now therefore be considered as, in all human probability, lost; as struggling henceforth in blindness as well as weakness, the last light of reasonable guidance having gone out. What remains of resources their poor Majesties will waste still further, in uncertain loitering and wavering. Mirabeau himself had to complain that they only gave him half confidence, and always had some plan within his plan. Had they fled frankly with him to Rouen or anywhither, long ago! They may fly now with chance immeasurably lessened; which will go on lessening towards absolute zero. Decide, O Queen; poor Louis can decide nothing: execute this Flight-project, or at least abandon it. Correspondence with Bouillé there has been enough; what profits consulting and hypothesis, while all around is in fierce activity of practice? The Rustic sits waiting till the river run dry: alas, with you it is not a common river, but a Nile Inundation; snows melting in the unseen mountains; till all, and you where you sit, be submerged.

Many things invite to flight. The voice of Journals invites; Royalist Journals proudly hinting it as a threat, Patriot Journals rabidly denouncing it as a terror. Mother Society, waxing more and more emphatic, invites;—so emphatic that, as was prophesied, Lafayette and your limited Patriots have ere long to branch off from her, and form themselves into Feuillans; with infinite public controversy; the victory in which, doubtful though it look, will remain with the *unlimited* Mother.

BOOK IV  
April 1791

Moreover, ever since the Day of Poniards, we have seen unlimited Patriotism openly equipping itself with arms. Citizens denied 'activity,' which is facetiously made to signify a certain weight of purse, cannot buy blue uniforms, and be Guardsmen; but man is greater than blue cloth; man can fight, if need be, in multiform cloth, or even almost without cloth,—as Sansculotte. So pikes continue to be hammered, whether those Dirks of improved structure with barbs be 'meant for the West India market,' or not meant. Men beat, the wrong way, their ploughshares into swords. Is there not what we may call an 'Austrian Committee,' *Comité Autrichien*, sitting daily and nightly in the Tuileries? Patriotism, by vision and suspicion, knows it too well! If the King fly, will there not be Aristocrat Austrian invasion; butchery; replacement of Feudalism; wars more than civil? The hearts of men are saddened and maddened.

Dissident Priests likewise gave trouble enough. Expelled from their Parish Churches, where Constitutional Priests, elected by the Public, have replaced them, these unhappy persons resort to Convents of Nuns, or other such receptacles; and there, on Sabbath, collecting assemblages of Anti Constitutional individuals, who have grown devout all on a sudden,<sup>1</sup> they worship or pretend to worship in their strait laced contumacious manner; to the scandal of Patriotism. Dissident Priests, passing along with their sacred wafer for the dying, seem wishful to be massacred in the streets; wherein Patriotism will not gratify them. Slighter palm of martyrdom, however, shall not be denied. martyrdom not of massacre, yet of fustigation. At the refractory places of worship, Patriot men appear; Patriot women with strong hazel wands, which they apply. Shut thy eyes, O Reader, see not this misery, peculiar to these later times,—of martyrdom without sincerity, with only cant and contumacy! A dead Catholic Church is not allowed to lie dead; no, it is *galvanised* into the detestablest death life; whereat Humanity, we say, shuts its eyes. For the Patriot women take their hazel wands, and fustigate, *and laughter of bystanders, with alacrity: broad bottom of Priests; alas, Nuns too, reversed and cotillions retroustés!* The National Guard does what it can; Municipality 'invokes the Principles of Toleration'; grants Dissident worshippers the Church of the *Talélins*; promising protection. But it is to

no purpose: at the door of that *Théatins* Church appears a Placard, and suspended atop, like 'Plebeian Consular *fascies*—a Bundle of Rods! The Principles of Toleration must do the best they may: but no Dissident man shall worship contumaciously; there is a *Plebiscitum* to that effect; which, though unspoken, is like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Dissident contumacious Priests ought not to be harboured, even in private, by any man: the Club of the Cordeliers openly denounces Majesty himself as doing it.<sup>1</sup>

Many things invite to flight: but probably this thing above all others, that it has become impossible! On the 15th of April, notice is given that his Majesty, who has suffered much from catarrh lately, will enjoy the Spring weather, for a few days, at Saint-Cloud. Out at Saint-Cloud? Wishing to celebrate his Easter, his *Pâques* or Pasch, there; with refractory Anti-Constitutional Dissidents?—Wishing rather to make off for Compiègne, and thence to the Frontiers? As were, in good sooth, perhaps feasible, or would once have been; nothing but some two *chasseurs* attending you; *chasseurs* easily corrupted! It is a pleasant possibility, execute it or not. Men say there are thirty thousand Chevaliers of the Poniard lurking in the woods there: lurking in the woods, and thirty thousand,—for the human Imagination is not fettered. But now, how easily might these, dashing out on Lafayette, snatch off the Hereditary Representative; and roll away with him, after the manner of a whirl-blast, whither they listed!—Enough, it were well the King did not go. Lafayette is forewarned and forearmed: but, indeed, is the risk his only; or his and all France's?

Monday the eighteenth of April is come; the Easter Journey to Saint-Cloud shall take effect. National Guard has got its orders; a First Division, as Advanced Guard, has even marched, and probably arrived. His Majesty's *Maison-bouche*, they say, is all busy stewing and frying at Saint-Cloud; the King's dinner not far from ready there. About one o'clock, the Royal Carriage, with its eight royal blacks, shoots stately into the Place du Carrousel; draws up to receive its royal burden. But hark! from the neighbouring Church of Saint-Roch, the tocsin begins ding-dong-ing. Is the King stolen, then; is he going; gone? Multitudes of persons crowd the Carrousel:

<sup>1</sup> Newspapers of April and June 1791 (in *Hist. Parl.* ix. 449; x. 217).

BOOK 11 the Royal Carriage still stands there,—and, by Heaven's  
 April 1791 strength, shall stand!

Lafayette comes up, with aides-de-camp and oratory; pervading the groups '*Taisez vous,*' answer the groups, 'the King shall not go' Monsieur appears, at an upper window—ten thousand voices bray and shriek, '*Nous ne roulons pas que le Roi parte*' Their Majesties have mounted Crack go the whips; but twenty Patriot arms have seized each of the eight bridles—there is rearing rocking, vociferation, not the smallest headway In vain does Lafayette fret, indignant; and perorate and strive—Patriots in the passion of terror bellow round the Royal Carriage, it is one bellowing sea of Patriot terror run frantic Will Royalty fly off towards Austria, like a lit rocket, towards endless Conflagration of Civil War? Stop it, ye Patriots in the name of Heaven! Rude voices passionately apostrophise Royalty itself Usher Campan and other the like official persons, pressing forward with help or advice, are clutched by the masses, and hurled and whirled in a confused perilous manner, so that her Majesty has to plead passionately from the carriage window

Order cannot be heard, cannot be followed; National Guards know not how to act. Centre Grenadiers, of the Observatoire Battalion, are there, not on duty, alas, in quasi mutiny, speaking rude disobedient words, threatening the mounted Guards with sharp shot if they hurt the people Lafayette mounts and dismounts, runs haranguing panting, on the verge of despair For an hour and three-quarters, '*seven quarters of an hour,*' by the Tuileries Clock! Desperate Lafayette will open a passage were it by the cannon's mouth, if his Majesty will order Their Majesties counselled to it by Royalist friends by Patriot foes, dismount, and retire in with heavy indignant heart, giving up the enterprise *Maison bouclée* may eat that cooked dinner themselves his Majesty shall not see Saint Cloud this day,—nor any day!

The pathetic fallacy of imprisonment in one's own Palace has become a sad fact, then? Majesty complains to Assembly; Municipality deliberates, proposes to petition or address; Sections respond with sullen brevity of negation Lafayette flings down his Commission, appears in civic pepper and salt frock, and cannot be flattered back again, not in less than

three days; and by unheard-of entreaty; National Guards kneeling to him, and declaring that it is not sycophancy, that they are free men kneeling here to the *Statue of Liberty*. For the rest, those Centre Grenadiers of the Observatoire are disbanded,—yet indeed are reinlisted, all but fourteen, under a new name, and with new quarters. The King must keep his Easter in Paris; meditating much on this singular posture of things; but as good as determined now to fly from it, desire being whetted by difficulty.

CHAP. I  
April 1791

## CHAPTER II

### EASTER AT PARIS

For above a year, ever since March 1790, it would seem, there has hovered a project of Flight before the royal mind; and ever and anon has been condensing itself into something like a purpose; but this or the other difficulty always vaporised it again. It seems so full of risks, perhaps of civil war itself; above all, it cannot be done without effort. Somnolent laziness will not serve: to fly, if not in a leather *vache*, one must verily stir oneself. Better to adopt that Constitution of theirs; execute it so as to show all men that it is *inexecutable*? Better or not so good: surely it is *easier*. To all difficulties you need only say, There is a lion in the path, behold your Constitution will not act! For a somnolent person it requires no effort to counterfeit death,—as Dame de Staël and Friends of Liberty can see the King's Government long doing; *faisant la mort*.

Nay now, when desire whetted by difficulty has brought the matter to a head, and the royal mind no longer halts between two, what can come of it? Grant that poor Louis were safe with Bouillé, what, on the whole, could he look for there? Exasperated Tickets of Entry answer: Much, all. But cold Reason answers: Little, almost nothing. Is not loyalty a law of Nature? ask the Tickets of Entry. Is not love of your King, and even death for him, the glory of all Frenchmen,—except these few Democrats? Let Democrat Constitution-builders see what they will do without their Keystone; and France rend its hair, having lost the Hereditary Representative!

Thus

BOOK IV  
May 4 1791

Thus will King Louis fly; one sees not reasonably towards what. As a maltreated Boy, shall we say, who, having a Stepmother, rushes sulky into the wide world; and will wring the paternal heart?—Poor Louis escapes from known unsupportable evils, to an unknown mixture of good and evil, coloured by Hope. He goes, as Rabelais did when dying, to seek a great May be. *je vais chercher un grand Peut-être!* As not only the sulky Boy but the wise grown Man is obliged to do, so often, in emergencies

For the rest, there is still no lack of stimulants, and stepdame maltreatments, to keep one's resolution at the due pitch. Factious disturbances cease not—as indeed how can they, unless authoritatively *conjured*, in a Revolt which is by nature bottomless?—If the ceasing of faction be the price of the King's somno'ence, he may awake when he will and take wing.

Remark, in any case, what somersets and contortions a dead Catholicism is making,—skillfully galvanised. hideous, and even piteous, to behold! Jurant and Dissident, with their shaved crowns, argue frothing everywhere; or are ceasing to argue, and stripping for battle. In Paris was scourging while need continued—contrariwise, in the Morbihan of Brittany, without scourging, armed Peasants are up, roused by pulpit drum, they know not why. General Dumouriez, who has got missioned thitherward, finds all in sour heat of darkness; finds also that explanation and conciliation will still do much.<sup>1</sup>

But again, consider this—that his Holiness, Pius Sixth, has seen good to excommunicate Bishop Talleyrand! Surely, we will say then, considering it, there is no living or dead Church in the Earth that has not the indubitablest right to excommunicate Talleyrand. Pope Pius has right and might, in his way. But truly so likewise has Father Adam, *ci-devant* Marquis Saint Huruge, in his way. Behold, therefore, on the Fourth of May, in the Palais Royal, a mixed loud sounding multitude, in the middle of whom, Father Adam, bull voiced *Saint Huruge* in white hat, towers visible and audible. With him, it is said, walks Journalist Gorsas, walk many others of the washed sort; for no authority will interfere. Pius Sixth, with his plush and tiara, and power of the Keys, they bear aloft—of natural size,—made of lath and combustible gum.

<sup>1</sup> *Deux Ann. v. 410-41; Dictionnaire* &c. &c.

Royou, the King's Friend, is borne too in effigy ; with a pile of Newspaper *King's-Friends*, condemned Numbers of the *Ami-du-Roi* ; fit fuel of the sacrifice. Speeches are spoken ; a judgment is held, a doom proclaimed, audible in bull-voice, towards the four winds. And thus, amid great shouting, the holocaust is consummated, under the summer sky ; and our lath-and-gum Holiness, with the attendant victims, mounts up in flame, and sinks down in ashes ; a decomposed Pope : and right or might, among all the parties, has better or worse accomplished itself, as it could.<sup>1</sup> But, on the whole, reckoning from Martin Luther in the Market-place of Wittenberg to Marquis Saint-Huruge in this Palais Royal of Paris, what a journey have we gone ; into what strange territories has it carried us ! No Authority can now interfere. Nay Religion herself, mourning for such things, may after all ask, What have I to do with them ?

CHAP. II  
May 4, 1791

In such extraordinary manner does dead Catholicism somerset and caper, skilfully galvanised. For, does the reader inquire into the subject-matter of controversy in this case ; what the difference between Orthodoxy or *My-dox*y and Heterodoxy or *Thy-dox*y might here be ? My-dox is, that an august National Assembly can equalise the extent of Bishopricks ; that an equalised Bishop, his Creed and Formularies being left quite as they were, can swear Fidelity to King, Law and Nation, and so become a Constitutional Bishop. Thy-dox, if thou be Dissident, is that he cannot ; but that he must become an accursed thing. Human ill-nature needs but some Homoiousian *iota*, or even the pretence of one ; and will flow copiously through the eye of a needle : thus always must mortals go jargoning and fuming, .

And, like the ancient Stoics in their porches,  
With fierce dispute maintain their churches.

This *Auto-da-fé* of Saint-Huruge's was on the Fourth of May 1791. Royalty sees it ; but says nothing.

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Parl.* x. 99-102.



BOOK IV  
May-June,  
1791

## CHAPTER III

COUNT FERSEN

ROYALTY, in fact, should, by this time, be far on with its preparations. Unhappily much preparation is needful. Could a Hereditary Representative be carried in leather *rache*, how easy were it! But it is not so.

New Clothes are needed, as usual, in all Epic transactions, were it in the grimmest iron ages, consider 'Queen Chrimhilde, with her sixty sempstresses,' in that iron *Nibelungen Song*! No Queen can stir without new clothes. Therefore, now, Dame Campan whisks assiduous to this mantua maker and to that - and there is clipping of frocks and gowns, upper clothes and under, great and small, such a clipping and sewing as—might have been dispensed with. Moreover, her Majesty cannot go a step anywhither without her *Nécessaire*; dear *Nécessaire*, of inlaid ivory and rosewood; cunningly devised; which holds perfumes, toilette-implements, infinite small queen-like furnitures necessary to terrestrial life. Not without a cost of some five hundred louis, of much precious time, and difficult hoodwinking which does not blind, can this same Necessary of life be forwarded by the Flanders Carriers—never to get to hand! All which, you would say, augurs ill for the prospering of the enterprise. But the whims of women and queens must be humoured.

Bouillé, on his side, is making a fortified Camp at Montmédi; gathering Royal Allemand, and all manner of other German and true French Troops thither, 'to watch the Austrians.' His Majesty will not cross the frontiers, unless on compulsion. Neither shall the Emigrants be much employed, hateful as they are to all people! Nor shall old war-god Broglie have any hand in the business; but solely our brave Bouillé; to whom, on the day of meeting, a Marshal's Baton shall be delivered, by a rescued King, amid the shouting of all the troops. In the meanwhile, Paris being so suspicious, were it not perhaps good to write your Foreign Ambassadors an ostensible Constitutional Letter; desiring all Kings and

<sup>1</sup> Campan, li. c. 12.

<sup>2</sup> Bouillé *Mémoires* li. c. 10.

men to take heed that King Louis loves the Constitution, that he has voluntarily sworn, and does again swear, to maintain the same, and will reckon those his enemies who affect to say otherwise? Such a Constitutional Circular is despatched by Couriers, is communicated confidentially to the Assembly, and printed in all Newspapers; with the finest effect.<sup>1</sup> Simulation and dissimulation mingle extensively in human affairs.

CHAP. III  
May-June,  
1791

We observe, however, that Count Fersen is often using his Ticket of Entry; which surely he has clear right to do. A gallant Soldier and Swede, devoted to this fair Queen;—as indeed the Highest Swede now is. Has not King Gustav, famed fiery *Chevalier du Nord*, sworn himself, by the old laws of chivalry, her Knight? He will descend on fire-wings, of Swedish musketry, and deliver her from these foul dragons,—if, alas, the assassin's pistol intervene not!

But, in fact, Count Fersen does seem a likely young soldier, of alert decisive ways: he circulates widely, seen, unseen; and has business on hand. Also Colonel the Duke de Choiseul, nephew of Choiseul the great, of Choiseul the now deceased; he and Engineer Goguelat are passing and repassing between Metz and the Tuileries: and Letters go in cipher,—one of them, a most important one, hard to decipher; Fersen having ciphered it in haste.<sup>2</sup> As for Duke de Villequier, he is gone ever since the Day of Poniards; but his Apartment is useful for her Majesty.

On the other side, poor Commandant Gouvion, watching at the Tuileries, second in National command, sees several things hard to interpret. It is the same Gouvion who sat, long months ago, at the Townhall, gazing helpless into that Insurrection of Women; motionless, as the brave stabled steed when conflagration rises, till Usher Maillard snatched his drum. Sincerer Patriot there is not; but many a shifter. He, if Dame Campan gossip credibly, is paying some similitude of love-court to a certain false Chambermaid of the Palace, who betrays much to him: the *Nécessaire*, the clothes, the packing of jewels,<sup>3</sup>—could he understand it when betrayed. Helpless Gouvion gazes with sincere glassy eyes into it; stirs up his

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, Séance du 23 Avril 1791.

<sup>2</sup> Choiseul, *Relation du Départ de Louis XVI* (Paris, 1822), p. 39.

<sup>3</sup> Campan, i. 141.

BOOK IV sentries to vigilance; walks restless to and fro; and hopes  
June 20-21, the best.

1791

But, on the whole, one finds that, in the second week of June, Colonel de Choiseul is privately in Paris; having come 'to see his children' Also that Fersen has got a stupendous new Coach built, of the kind named *Berline*; done by the first artists; according to a model they bring it home to him, in Choiseul's presence; the two friends take a proof, drive in it, along the streets; in meditative mood; then send it up to 'Madame Sullivan's, in the Rue de Clichy,' far North, to wait there till wanted Apparently a certain Russian Baroness de Korff, with Waiting woman, Valet, and two Children, will travel homewards with some state in whom these young military gentlemen take interest? A Passport has been procured for her; and much assistance shown, with Coachbuilders and suchlike;—so helpful polite are young military men. Fersen has likewise purchased a Chaise fit for two, at least for two waiting maids; further, certain necessary horses one would say, he is himself quitting France, not without outlaw? We observe finally that their Majesties, Heaven willing, will assist at *Corpus Christi Day* this blessed Summer Solstice, in Assumption Church, here at Paris, to the joy of all the world For which same day, moreover, brave Bouillé, at Metz, as we find, has invited a party of friends to dinner; but indeed is gone from home, in the interim over to Montmédi.

These are of the Phenomenna, or visual Appearances, of this wide-working terrestriall world: which truly is all phenomenal, what they call spectral; and never rests at any moment; one never at any moment can know why.

On Monday night, the Twentieth of June 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney-coach, and glass-coach (*carrosse de remise*), still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris But of all glass-coaches, we recommend this to thee. O reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Echelle, hard by the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Echelle that then was, 'opposite Ronsin the saddler's door,' as if waiting for a fare there! Not long does it wait: a hooded Dame, with two hooded children has issued from Villequier's door, where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court of Princes; into the Carrousel; into the Rue de l'Echelle;

P'Echelle; where the Glass-coachman readily admits them; and again waits. Not long; another Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good-night; and is, in the same manner, by the Glass-coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many Dames? 'Tis his Majesty's *Couchée*, Majesty just gone to bed, and all the Palace-world is retiring home. But the Glass-coachman still waits; his fare seemingly incomplete.

CHAP. III  
June 20-21,  
1791

By and by, we note a thickset Individual, in round hat and peruke, arm-in-arm with some servant, seemingly of the Runner or Courier sort; he also issues through Villequier's door; starts a shoebuckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again; is however, by the Glass-coachman, still more cheerfully admitted. And now, is his fare complete? Not yet; the Glass-coachman still waits.—Alas! and the false Chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family will fly this very night; and Gouvion, distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette: and Lafayette's Carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the inner Arch of the Carrousel,—where a Lady shaded in broad gypsy-hat, and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the Runner or Courier sort, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her *badine*,—light little magic rod which she calls *badine*, such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's Carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court-of-Princes; sentries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth rest. Your false Chambermaid must have been mistaken? Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance; for, of a truth, treachery is within these walls.

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy-hat, and touched the wheel-spoke with her *badine*? O Reader, that Lady that touched the wheel-spoke was the Queen of France! She has issued safe through that inner Arch, into the Carrousel itself; but not into the Rue de P'Echelle. Flurried by the rattle and rencounter, she took the right hand not the left; neither she nor her Courier knows Paris; he indeed is no Courier, but a loyal stupid *ci-devant* Bodyguard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and River; roaming disconsolate in the Rue du Bac; far from the Glass-coachman, who still waits. Waits, with flutter of heart; with thoughts—which he must button close up, under his jarvic-surtout!

Midnight

BOOK IV  
June "0-01,  
1791

Midnight clangs from all the City steeples, one precious hour has been spent so, most mortals are asleep The Glass coachman waits, and in what mood! A brother jarvie drives up, enters into conversation, is answered cheerfully in jarvie-dialect the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff,<sup>1</sup> decline drinking together, and part with good night Be the Heavens blest! here at length is the Queen lady, in gypsy hat, safe after perils, who has had to inquire her way She too is admitted, her Courier jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised Bodyguard has done and now, O Glass coachman of a thousand—Count Fersen for the Reader sees it is thou—drive!

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen crack! crack! the Glass coach rattles and every soul breathes lighter But is Fersen on the right road? North-eastward to the Barrier of Saint Martin and Metz Highway thither were we bound and lo he drives right Northward! The royal Individual in round hat and peruke sits astonished, but right or wrong there is no remedy Crack, crack we go incessant through the slumbering City Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Longhaired Kings went in Bullock-carts, was there such a drive Mortals on each hand of you close by stretched out horizontal dormant, and we alive and quaking! Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont across the Boulevard, up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin—these windows all silent, of Number 4<sup>o</sup> were Mirabeau's Towards the Barrier not of Saint Martin but of Clichy on the utmost North! Patience ye royal Individuals, Fersen understands what he is about Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's 'Did Count Fersen's Coachman get the Baroness de Korff's new Berline?'—'Gone with it an hour and half ago' grumbles responsive the drowsy Porter—'*C'est bien*' Yes it is well,—though had not such hour and half been lost it were still better Forth therefore O Fersen fast, by the Barrier de Clichy, then Eastward along the Outer Boulevard what horses and whipcord can do!

Thus Fersen drives through the ambrosial night Sleeping Paris is now all on the right hand of him, silent except for some snoring hum and now he is Eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint Martin, looking earnestly for Baroness de

<sup>1</sup> Webster's 1802-3 Chaucer pp. 44-56.



## THE DEMONSTRATION OF WOMEN.

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Korff's Berline. This Heaven's Berline he at length does desery, drawn up with its six horses, his own German Coachman waiting on the box. Right, thou good German : now haste, whither thou knowest !—And as for us of the Glass-coach, haste too, O haste ; much time is already lost ! The august Glass-coach fare, six Insides, hastily packs itself into the new Berline ; two Bodyguard Couriers behind. The Glass-coach itself is turned adrift, its head towards the City ; to wander whither it lists,—and be found next morning tumbled in a ditch. But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammer-cloths ; flourishing his whip ; he bolts forward towards Bondy. There a third and final Bodyguard Courier of ours ought surely to be, with post-horses ready ordered. There likewise ought that purchased Chaise, with the two Waiting-maids and their handboxes, to be ; whom also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the Heavens turn it well !

CHAP. III  
June 20-21,  
1791

Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here is the sleeping Hamlet of Bondy ; Chaise with Waiting-women ; horses all ready, and postilions with their churn-boots, impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postilions with their churn-boots vault into the saddles ; brandish circularly their little noisy whips. Fersen, under his jarvie-surtout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu ; royal hands wave speechless inexpressible response ; Baroness de Korff's Berline, with the Royalty of France, bounds off : for ever, as it proved. Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward,\* through the country, towards Bougret ; gains Bougret, finds his German Coachman and chariot waiting there ; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space. A deft active man, we say ; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done.

And so the Royalty of France is actually fled ? This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies, and drives ! *Baroness de Korff* is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, Governess of the Royal Children : she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones ; little Dauphin ; little Madame Royale, known long afterwards as Duchesse d'Angoulême. *Baroness de Korff's Waiting-maid* is the Queen in gypsy-hat. The royal Individual in round hat and peruke, he is *Valet* for the time being. That other hooded Dame, styled *Travelling-companion*, is kind Sister Elizabeth ;



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June 21  
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These gleaming Pike-forests, which bristled fateful in the early sun disappear again, the far sounding Street-orators cease, or spout mulder We are to have a civil war, let us have it then The King is gone, but National Assembly, but France and we remain The People also takes a great attitude, the People also is calm, motionless as a couchant lion With but a few *broolings* some waggings of the tail, to show what it will do! Cazalès for instance was beset by street groups and cries of *Lanterne* but National-Patrols easily delivered him Likewise all King's effigies and statues, at least stucco ones get abolished Even King's names, the word *Roi* fades suddenly out of all shop-signs, the Royal Bengal Tiger itself on the Boulevards becomes the National Bengal one, *Tigre National*!

How great is a calm couchant People! On the morrow, men will say to one another 'We have no King yet we slept sound enough' On the morrow fervent Achille de Châtelet and Thomas Paine the rebellious Needleman shall have the walls of Paris profusely plastered with their Placard, announcing that there must be a *Republic*<sup>2</sup>—Need we add that Lafayette too though at first menaced by Pikes has taken a great attitude or indeed the greatest of all? Scouts and Aides-de-camp fly forth vague in quest and pursuit, young Romceuf towards Valenciennes though with small hope

Thus Paris, sublimely calmed in its bereavement But from the *Messageries Royales* in all Mail bags radiates forth far-darting the electric news Our Hereditary Representative is flown Laugh, black Royalists yet be it in your sleeve only, lest Patriotism notice and waxing frantic lower the *Lanterne*! In Paris alone is a sublime National Assembly with its calmness truly other places must take it as they can with open mouth and eyes, with panic cackling with wrath with conjecture How each one of those dull leathern Diligences with its leathern bag and 'The King is fled' furrows up smooth France as it goes, through town and hamlet ruffles the smooth public mind into quivering agitation of death terror then lumbers on as if nothing had happened! Along all highways, towards the utmost borders till all France is ruffled—roughened up (metaphorically speaking) into one enormous desperate-min led red gurgling Turkey Cock!

<sup>1</sup> *Il a vu cela.*

<sup>2</sup> *Demon et sa.*



BOOK IV  
June 21,  
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## CHAPTER V

## THE NEW BERLINE

BUT scouts all this while and aides-de-camp, have flown forth faster than the leathern Diligences. Young Romœuf as we said was off early towards Valenciennes. Distracted Villagers seize him as a traitor with a finger of his own in the plot, drag him back to the Townhall, to the National Assembly, which speedily grants a new passport. Nay now that same scarecrow of an Herb merchant with his ass has bethought him of the grand new Berline seen in the Wood of Bondy, and delivered evidence of it.<sup>1</sup> Romœuf furnished with new passport is sent forth with double speed on a hopeful track, by Bondy, Claye and Châlons towards Metz, to track the new Berline, and gallops *à franc étrier*.

Miserable new Berline! Why could not Royalty go in some old Berline similar to that of other men? Flying for life one does not stickle about his vehicle. Monsieur in a common place travelling-carnage is off Northwards, Madame his Princess in another with variation of route they cross one another while changing horses without look of recognition, and reach Flanders no man questioning them. Precisely in the same manner beautiful Princess de Lamballe set off about the same hour, and will reach England safe — would she had continued there! The beautiful the good but the unfortunate, reserved for a frightful end!

All runs along unmolested speedy, except only the new Berline. Huge leathern vehicle — huge Argosy let us say or Acapulco ship, with its heavy stern boat of Chaise-and-pair, with its three yellow Pilot boats of mounted Bodyguard Couriers rocking aimless round it and ahead of it to bewilder not to guide! It lumbers along lurchingly with stress at a snail's pace, noted of all the world. The Bodyguard Couriers, in their yellow liveries, go prancing and clattering, loyal but stupid, unacquainted with all things. Stoppages occur, and breakages, to be repaired at Ptoles. King Louis too will dismount, will walk up hills and enjoy the blessed sun

<sup>1</sup> *Memoire etc* (a. H. J. P. vol. 2. 241 53).

shine :—with eleven horses and double drink-money, and all furtherances of Nature and Art, it will be found that Royalty, flying for life, accomplishes Sixty-nine miles in Twenty-two incessant hours. Slow Royalty! And yet not a minute of

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1791



PRINCESSE DE LAMBALLE.

these hours but is precious: on minutes hang the destinies of Royalty now.

Readers, therefore, can judge in what humour Duke de Choiseul might stand waiting, in the village of Pont-de-Sommevelle, some leagues beyond Châlons, hour after hour, now when the day bends visibly westward. Choiseul drove out of Paris, in all privacy, ten hours before their Majesties' fixed time; his Hussars,

BOOK IV  
June 21  
1791

Hussars, led by Engineer Goguelat, are here duly, come 'to escort a Treasure that is expected' but, hour after hour, is no Baroness de Korff's Berline. Indeed, over all that North east Region, on the skirts of Champagne and of Lorraine, where the great Road runs, the agitation is considerable. For all along from this Pont-de-Sommeville Northeastward as far as Montmédi, at Post villages and Towns, escorts of Hussars and Dragoons do lounge waiting, a train or chain of Military Escorts, at the Montmédi end of it our brave Bouillé an electric thunder-chain; which the invisible Bouillé, like a Father Jove, holds in his hand—for wise purposes! Brave Bouillé has done what man could, has spread out his electric thunder chain of Military Escorts, onwards to the threshold of Châlons—it waits but for the new Korff Berline, to receive it, escort it, and, if need be, bear it off in whirlwind of military fire. They lie and lounge there we say, these fierce Troopers, from Montmédi and Stenai, through Clermont, Sainte-Menehould to utmost Pont de-Sommeville, in all Post villages, for the route shall avoid Verdun and great Towns—they loiter impatient 'till the Treasure arrive'.

Judge what a day this is for brave Bouillé—perhaps the first day of a new glorious life, surely the last day of the old! Also, and indeed still more what a day, beautiful and terrible, for your young full blooded Captains your Dandoins Comte de Damas, Duke de Choiseul Engineer Goguelat, and the like, intrusted with the secret!—Alas, the day bends ever more westward, and no Korff Berline comes to sight. It is four hours beyond the time, and still no Berline. In all Village-streets, Royalist Captains go lounging looking often Paris ward, with face of unconcern with heart full of black care—rigorous Quartermasters can hardly keep the private dragoons from *cassés* and dramshops! Dawn on our bewilderment, thou new Berline, dawn on us, thou Sun Chariot of a new Berline, with the destinies of France!

It was of his Majesty's ordering this military array of Escorts a thing solacing the Royal imagination with a look of security and rescue, yet, in reality, creating only alarm, and where there was otherwise no danger, danger without end. For each Patriot, in these Post villages asks naturally. This clatter

<sup>1</sup> *Département de Saône La Gache du Régiment Royal Dragons (à Choiseul, pp. 125)*  
371.

of cavalry, and marching and lounging of troops, what means it ? To escort a Treasure ? Why escort, when no Patriot will steal from the Nation ; or where is your Treasure ?—There has been such marching and counter-marching : for it is another fatality, that certain of these Military Escorts came out so early as yesterday ; the Nineteenth not the Twentieth of the month being the day *first* appointed ; which her Majesty, for some necessity or other, saw good to alter. And now consider the suspicious nature of Patriotism ; suspicious, above all, of Bouillé the Aristocrat ; and how the sour doubting humour has had leave to accumulate and exacerbate for four-and-twenty hours !

At Pont-de-Sommevelle, these Forty foreign Hussars of Goguelat and Duke Choiseul are becoming an unspeakable mystery to all men. They lounged long enough, already, at Sainte-Menehould ; lounged and loitered till our National Volunteers there, all risen into hot wrath of doubt, ‘demanded three hundred fusils of their Townhall,’ and got them. At which same moment too, as it chanced, our Captain Dandoins was just coming in, from Clermont with *his* troop, at the other end of the Village. A fresh troop ; alarming enough ; though happily they are only Dragoons and French ! So that Goguelat with his Hussars had to ride, and even to do it fast ; till here at Pont-de-Sommevelle, where Choiseul lay waiting, he found resting-place. Resting-place as on burning marle. For the rumour of him flies abroad ; and men run to and fro in fright and anger : Châlons sends forth explanatory pickets of National Volunteers towards this hand ; which meet exploratory pickets, coming from Sainte-Menehould, on that. What is it, ye whiskered Hussars, men of foreign guttural speech ; in the name of Heaven, what is it that brings you ? A Treasure ?—exploratory pickets shake their heads. The hungry Peasants, however, know too well what Treasure it is ; Military seizure for rents, feudalities ; which no Bailiff could make us pay ! This they know ;—and set to jingling their Parish-bell by way of tocsin ; with rapid effect ! Choiseul and Goguelat, if the whole country is not to take fire, must needs, be there Berline, be there no Berline, saddle and ride.

They mount ; and this parish tocsin happily ceases. They ride slowly Eastward ; towards Sainte-Menehould ; still hoping the Sun-Chariot of a Berline may overtake them. Ah me,

no

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no Berline! And near now is that Sainte-Menehould, which expelled us in the morning with its 'three hundred National fusils', which looks, belike not too lovingly on Captain Dandons and his fresh Dragoons, though only French—which in a word one dare not enter the *second* time under pain of explosion! With rather heavy heart, our Hussar Party strikes off to the left, through by ways, through pathless hills and woods they, avoiding Sainte-Menehould and all places which have seen them hereto'ore will make direct for the distant Village of Varennes. It is probable they will have a rough evening ride

This first military post therefore in the long thunder-chain, has gone off with no effect, or with worse and your chain threatens to entangle itself!—The Great Road however is got hushed again into a kind of quietude though one of the wakefulest Indolent Dragoons cannot, by any Quartermaster be kept altogether from the dramshop, where Patriots drink and will even treat, eager enough for news Captains in a state near distraction beat the dusty highway, with a face of indifference and no Sun Chariot appears Why lingers it? Incredible that with eleven horses, and such yellow Couriers and furtherances its rate should be under the weightiest dray rate some three miles an hour! Alas one knows not whether it ever even got out of Paris,—and yet also one knows not whether this very moment it is not at the Village-end! One's heart flutters on the verge of unutterabilities.

## CHAPTER VI

### OLD-DRACON DROUPT

In this manner however has the Day bent downwards Weaned mortals are creeping home from their field labour the village-artisan eats with relish his supper of herbs, or has strolled forth to the village-street for a sweet mouthful of air and human news. Still summer-eventide everywhere! The great Sun hangs flaming on the utmost Northwest for it is his longest day this year The hill tops rejoicing will ere long be at their ruddiest and blush Good night The thrush  
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in green dells, on long-shadowed leafy spray, pours gushing his glad serenade, to the babble of brooks grown audibler; silence is stealing over the Earth. Your dusty Mill of Valmy, as all other mills and drudgeries, may furl its canvas, and cease swashing and circling. The swenkt grinders in this Treadmill of an Earth have ground out another Day; and lounge there, as we say, in village-groups; movable, or ranked on social stone-seats;<sup>1</sup> their children, mischievous imps, sporting about their feet. Unnotable hum of sweet human gossip rises from this Village of Sainte-Menehould, as from all other villages. Gossip mostly sweet, unnotable; for the very Dragoons are French and gallant; nor as yet has the Paris-and-Verdun Diligence, with its leathern bag, rumbled in, to terrify the minds of men.

One figure nevertheless we do note at the last door of the Village: that figure in loose-flowing nightgown, of Jean Baptiste Drouet, Master of the Post here. An acrid choleric man, rather dangerous-looking; still in the prime of life, though he has served, in his time, as a Condé Dragoon. This day, from an early hour Drouet got his choler stirred, and has been kept fretting. Hussar Goguelat in the morning saw good, by way of thrift, to bargain with his own Innkeeper, not with Drouet regular *Maître de Poste*, about some gig-horse for the sending back of his gig; which thing Drouet perceiving came over in red ire, menacing the Innkeeper, and would not be appeased. Wholly an unsatisfactory day. For Drouet is an acrid Patriot too, was at the Paris Feast of Pikes: and what do these Bouillé soldiers mean? Hussars,—with their gig, and a vengeance to it!—have hardly been thrust out, when Dandoins and his fresh Dragoons arrive from Clermont, and stroll. For what purpose? Choleric Drouet steps out and steps in, with long-flowing nightgown; looking abroad, with that sharpness of faculty which stirred choler gives to man.

On the other hand, mark Captain Dandoins on the street of that same Village; sauntering with a face of indifference, a heart eaten of black care! For no Korff Berline makes its appearance. The great Sun flames broader towards setting: one's heart flutters on the verge of dread unutterabilities.

By Heaven! here is the yellow Bodyguard Courier; spur-

<sup>1</sup> *Rapport de M. Remy* (in *Choix-eul*, p. 143).



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ring fast, in the ruddy evening light! Steady, O Dandons, stand with inscrutable indifferent face; though the yellow blockhead spurs past the Post house, inquires to find it, and stirs the Village, all delighted with his fine livery—Lumbering along with its mountains of handboxes and Chaise behind, the Korff Berline rolls in; huge Acapulco ship with its Cock boat, having got thus far. The eyes of the Villagers look enlightened, as such eyes do when a coach transit, which is an event, occurs for them. Strolling Dragoons respectfully, so fine are the yellow liveries, bring hand to helmet, and a Lady in gypsy hat responds with a grace peculiar to her<sup>1</sup>. Dandons stands with folded arms, and what look of indifference and disdainful garrison air a man can, while the heart is like leaping out of him. Curled disdainful mustachio, careless glance—which however surveys the Village-groups, and does not like them. With his eye he bespeaks the yellow Courier, Be quick, be quick! Thick headed Yellow cannot understand the eye; comes up mumbling to ask in words seen of the Village!

Nor is Post master Drouet unobservant all this while but steps out and steps in with his long flowing nightgown in the level sunlight, prying into several things. When a man's faculties at the right time, are sharpened by choler, it may lead to much. That Lady in slouched gypsy hat, though sitting back in the Carriage, does she not resemble some one we have seen, some time,—at the Feast of Pikes or else where? And this *Grosse Tête* in round hat and peruke, which, looking rearward pokes itself out from time to time, methinks there are features in it—? Quick, *Sieur Guillaume*, Clerk of the *Directoire* bring me a new Assignat! Drouet scans the new Assignat; compares the Paper money Picture with the Gross Head in round hat there by Day and Night! you might say the one was an attempted Engraving of the other. And this march of Troops; this sauntering and whispering,—I see it!

Drouet Post master of this Village hot Patriot, Old Dragoon of Condé consider therefore what thou wilt do. And fast, for behold the new Berline expeditiously yoked cracks whip cord and rolls away!—Drouet dare not, on the spur of the instant, clutch the bridles in his own two hands, Dandons, with broadsword might hew you off. Our poor Nationals

<sup>1</sup> *Dictionnaire de la Gaule (a Chouet 1811 10 p. 2)*.

not one of them here, have three hundred fusils, but then no powder; besides one is not sure, only morally-certain. Drouet, as an adroit Old-Dragoon of Condé, does what is advisablest; privily bespeaks Clerk Guillaume, Old-Dragoon of Condé he too; privily, while Clerk Guillaume is saddling two of the fleetest horses, slips over to the Townhall to whisper a word; then mounts with Clerk Guillaume; and the two bound eastward in pursuit, to see what can be done.

CHAP. VI  
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1791

They bound eastward, in sharp trot: their moral-certainty permeating the Village, from the Townhall outwards, in busy whispers. Alas! Captain Dandoins orders his Dragoons to mount; but they, complaining of long fast, demand bread-and-cheese first;—before which brief repast can be eaten, the whole Village is permeated; not whispering now, but blustering and shrieking! National Volunteers, in hurried muster, shriek for gunpowder; Dragoons halt between Patriotism and Rule of the Service, between bread-and-cheese and fixed bayonets: Dandoins hands secretly his Pocket-book, with its secret despatches, to the rigorous Quartermaster: the very Ostlers have stable-forks and flails. The rigorous Quartermaster, half-saddled, cuts out his way with the sword's-edge, amid levelled bayonets, amid Patriot vociferations, adjurations, flail-strokes; and rides frantic;<sup>1</sup>—few or even none following him; the rest, so sweetly constrained, consenting to stay there.

And thus the new Berline rolls; and Drouet and Guillaume gallop after it, and Dandoins' Troopers or Trooper gallops after them; and Sainte-Menchould, with some leagues of the King's Highway, is in explosion;—and your Military thunder-chain has gone off in a self-destructive manner; one may fear, with the frightfulest issues.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE NIGHT OF SPURS

THIS comes of myterious Escorts, and a new Berline with eleven horses: 'he that has a secret should not only hide it,

<sup>1</sup> *Déclaration de La Gache* (in Choiseul, p. 134).

but

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to think of: neither horse nor Hussar is here! Ah, and stout horses, a proper relay belonging to Duke Choiseul, do stand at hay, but in the Upper Village over the Bridge; and we know not of them. Hussars likewise do wait, but drinking in the taverns. For indeed it is six hours beyond the time; young Bouillé, silly stripling, thinking the matter over for this night, has retired to bed. And so our yellow Couriers, in experienced, must rove, groping, bungling, through a village mostly asleep. Postilions will not, for any money, go on with the tired horses; not at least without refreshment, not they, let the Valet in round hat argue as he likes.

Miserable! 'For five-and thirty minutes' by the King's watch, the Berline is at a dead stand. Round hat arguing with Churn boots, tired horses slobbering their meal and water; yellow Couriers groping, bungling,—young Bouillé asleep, all the while, in the Upper Village, and Choiseul's fine team standing there at hay. No help for it, not with a King's ransom; the horses deliberately slobber, Round hat argues, Bouillé sleeps. And mark now, in the thick night, do not two Horsemen, with jaded trot, come clank clanking, and start with half pause, if one noticed them, at sight of this dum mass of a Berline, and its dull slobbering and arguing; then prick off faster, into the Village? It is Drouet, he and Clerk Guillaume! Still ahead, they two, of the whole riding hurly-burly, unshot, though some brag of having chased them. Perilous is Drouet's errand also; but he is an Old Dragon, with his wits shaken thoroughly awake.

The Village of Varennes lies dark and slumberous; a most uneven Village, of inverse saddle-shape, as men write. It sleeps; the rushing of the River Aise singing lullaby to it. Nevertheless from the Golden Arm, *Bras d'Or* Tavern, across that sloping Marketplace, there still comes shine of social light; comes voice of rude drovers, or the like, who have not yet taken the stirrup-cup; Boniface Le Blanc, in white apron, serving them: cheerful to behold. To this *Bras d'Or* Drouet enters, alacrity looking through his eyes; he nudges Boniface, in all privacy, '*Camarade, es tu bon Patriote*, Art thou a good Patriot?'—'*Si je suis!*' answers Boniface—'In that case,' eagerly whispers Drouet—what whisper is needful, heard of Boniface alone!

And now see Boniface Le Blanc bustling, as he never did for the jolliest toper. See Drouet and Guillaume, dexterous Old-Dragoons, instantly down blocking the Bridge, with a 'furniture wagon they find there,' with whatever wagons, tumbrils, barrels, barrows their hands can lay hold of;—till no carriage can pass. Then swiftly, the Bridge once blocked, see them take station hard by, under Varennes Archway; joined by Le Blanc, Le Blanc's Brother, and one or two alert Patriots he has roused. Some half-dozen in all, with National muskets, they stand close, waiting under the Archway, till that same Korff Berline rumble up.

CHAP. VII  
June 21,  
1791

It rumbles up: *Allé là!* lanterns flash out from under coat-skirts, bridles chuck in strong fists, two National muskets level themselves fore and aft through the two Coach-doors: 'Mesdames, your Passports?'—Alas, alas! *Sieur Sausse*, Procureur of the Township, Tallow-chandler also and Grocer, is there, with official grocer-politeness; Drouet with fierce logic and ready wit:—The respected Travelling Party, be it Baroness de Korff's, or persons of still higher consequence, will perhaps please to rest itself in *M. Sausse's* till the dawn strike up!

O Louis; O hapless Marie-Antoinette, fated to pass thy life with such men! Phlegmatic Louis, art thou but lazy semi-animate phlegm, then, to the centre of thee? King, Captain-General, Sovereign Frank! if thy heart ever formed, since it began beating under the name of heart, any resolution at all, be it now then, or never in this world:—'Violent nocturnal individuals, and if it were persons of high consequence? And if it were the King himself? Has the King not the power, which all beggars have, of travelling unmolested on his own Highway? Yes: it is the King; and tremble ye to know it! The King has said, in this one small matter; and in France, or under God's Throne, is no power that shall gainsay. Not the King shall ye stop here under this your miserable Archway; but his dead body only, and answer it to Heaven and Earth. To me, Bodyguards; Postilions, *en avant!*'—One fancies in that case the pale paralysis of these two Le Blanc musketeers; the drooping of Drouet's underjaw; and how Procureur Sausse had melted like tallow in furnace-heat: Louis faring on; in some few steps awakening Young Bouillé, awakening relays and Hussars: triumphant entry, with cavalcading high-brandishing Escort,

BOOK IV  
June 22,  
1791

alarm; at Dun, brave Captain Deslons and his Escort of a Hundred saddle and ride Deslons too gets into Varennes; leaving his Hundred outside, at the tree-barricade; offers to cut King Louis out, if he will order it but unfortunately 'the work will prove hot': whereupon King Louis has 'no orders to give'<sup>1</sup>

And so the tocsin clangs, and Dragoons gallop, and can do nothing, having galloped: National Guards stream in like the gathering of ravens: your exploding Thunder-chain, falling Avalanche, or what else we liken it to, does play, with a vengeance,—up now as far as Stenai and Bouillé himself.<sup>2</sup> Brave Bouillé, son of the whirlwind, he saddles Royal Allemand; speaks fire-words, kindling heart and eyes, distributes twenty-five gold louis a company.—Ride, Royal Allemand, long-famed: no Tuileries Charge and Necker Orléans Bust Procession; a very King made captive, and world all to win!—Such is the Night deserving to be named of Spurs

At six o'clock two things have happened Lafayette's Aide-de-camp, Romceuf, riding *à franc étrier*, on that old Herbmarchant's route, quickened during the last stages, has got to Varennes, where the Ten thousand now furiously demand, with fury of panic terror, that Royalty shall forthwith return Paris ward, that there be not infinite bloodshed Also, on the other side, 'English Tom,' Choiseul's joker, flying with that Choiseul relay, has met Bouillé on the heights of Dun; the adamant-brow flushed with dark thunder, thunderous rattle of Royal Allemand at his heels English Tom answers as he can the brief question, How it is at Varennes?—then asks in turn, What he, English Tom, with M de Choiseul's horses, is to do, and whither to ride?—To the Bottomless Pool I answers a thunder voice; then again speaking and spurring, orders Royal Allemand to the gallop; and vanishes, swearing (*en jurant*)<sup>3</sup> 'Tis the last of our brave Bouillé. Within sight of Varennes, he having drawn bridle, calls a council of officers, finds that it is in vain King Louis has departed, consenting: amid the clangour of universal stormbell; amid the tramp of Ten thousand armed men, already arrived; and say, of Sixty

<sup>1</sup> *Extrait d'un Rapport de M. Deslons* (in Choiseul, pp. 164-71)

<sup>2</sup> *Extrait* id. 74-6.

<sup>3</sup> *De l'arrestation de Louis XVI.* (in Choiseul, p. 153).

thousand flocking thither. Brave Deslons, even without 'orders,' darted at the River Aîre with his Hundred;<sup>1</sup> swam one branch of it, could not the other; and stood there, dripping and panting, with inflated nostril; The Ten thousand answering him with a shout of mockery, the new Berline lumbering Parisward its weary inevitable way. No help, then, in Earth; nor, in an age not of miracles, in Heaven!

That night, 'Marquis de Bouillé' and twenty-one more of us rode over the Frontiers: the Bernardine monks at Orval in Luxemburg gave us supper and lodging.<sup>2</sup> With little of speech, Bouillé rides; with thoughts that do not brook speech. Northward, towards uncertainty, and the Cimmerian Night: towards West-Indian Isles, for with thin Emigrant delirium the son of the whirlwind cannot act; towards England, towards premature Stoical death; not towards France any more. Honour to the Brave; who, be it in this quarrel or in that, is a substance and articulate-speaking piece of human Valour, not a fanfaronading hollow Spectrum and squeaking and gibbering Shadow! One of the few Royalist Chief-actors this Bouillé, of whom so much can be said.

The brave Bouillé too, then, vanishes from the tissue of our Story. Story and tissue, faint ineffectual Emblem of that grand Miraculous Tissue, and Living Tapestry named *French Revolution*, which did weave itself then in very fact, 'on the loud-sounding LOOM OF TIME'! The old Brave drop out from it, with their strivings; and new acrid Drouets, of new strivings and colour, come in:—as is the manner of that weaving.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE RETURN

So, then, our grand Royalist Plot, of Flight to Metz, has *executed* itself. Long hovering in the background, as a dread royal *ultimatum*, it has rushed forward in its terrors: verily to some purpose. How many Royalist Plots and Projects, one after another, cunningly-devised, that were to explode like

<sup>1</sup> Weber, ii. 386.

<sup>2</sup> Aubriot, ut suprâ, p. 158.

BOOK II  
June 23,  
1791

powder mires and thunder-claps; not one solitary Plot of which has issued otherwise! Powder mine of a *Séance Royale* on the Twenty third of June 1789, which exploded as we then said, 'through the touchhole'; which next, your wargod Broglie having reloaded it, brought a Bastille about your ears. Then came fervent Opera Repast, with flourishing of sabres, and *O Richard, O my King*, which, aided by Hunger, produces Insurrection of Woraen, and Pallas Athene in the shape of Demoiselle Théroigne. Valour profits not; neither has fortune smiled on fanfaronade. The Bouillé Armament ends as the Broglie one had done. Man after man spends him self in this cause, only to work it quicker ruin, it seems a cause doomed, forsaken of Earth and Heaven.

On the Sixth of October gone a year, King Louis, escorted by Demoiselle Théroigne and some two hundred thousand, made a Royal Progress and Entrance into Paris, such as man had never witnessed; we prophesied him Two more such, and accordingly another of them, after this Flight to Metz, is now coming to pass. Théroigne will not escort here, neither does Mirabeau now 'sit in one of the accompanying carriages'. Mirabeau lies dead, in the Pantheon of Great Men. Théroigne lies living, in dark Austrian Prison; having gone to Liège, professionally, and been seized there. Bemurmured now by the hoarse flowing Danube the light of her Patriot Supper-parties gone quite out, so lies Théroigne: she shall speak with the Kaiser face to face, and return. And France lies—how! Fleeting Time shears down the great and the little; and in two years alters many things.

But at all events, here, we say, is a second Ignominious Royal Procession, though much altered; to be witnessed also by its hundreds of thousands. Patience, ye Paris Patriots; the Royal Berline is returning. Not till Saturday for the Royal Berline travels by slow stages; amid such loud voiced confluent sea of National Guards, sixty thousand as they count, amid such tumult of all people. Three National-Assembly Commissioners, famed Barnave, famed Pétion, generally respectal'le Latour Maubourg have gone to meet it; of whom the two former ride in the Berline itself beside Majesty, day after day. Latour, as a mere respectability, and man of whom all men speak well can ride in the rear, with Dame de Tourzel and the *Sou'err'es*.

So on Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, Paris by hundreds of thousands is again drawn up: not now dancing the tricolor joy-dance of hope; nor as yet dancing the fury-dance of hate and revenge: but in silence, with vague look of conjecture, and curiosity mostly scientific. A Saint-Antoine Placard has given notice this morning that 'whosoever insults Louis shall be caned, whosoever applauds him shall be hanged.' Behold then, at last, that wonderful New Berlin; encircled by blue National sea of fixed bayonets, which flows slowly, floating it on, through the silent assembled hundreds of thousands. Three yellow Couriers sit atop bound with ropes; Pétion, Barnave, their Majesties, with Sister Elizabeth, and the Children of France, are within.

Smile of embarrassment, or cloud of dull sourness, is on the broad phlegmatic face of his Majesty; who keeps declaring to the successive Official persons, what is evident, '*Eh bien, me voilà*, Well, here you have me'; and what is not evident, 'I do assure you I did not mean to pass the frontiers'; and so forth: speeches natural for that poor Royal Man; which Decency would veil. Silent is her Majesty, with a look of grief and scorn; natural for that Royal Woman. Thus lumbers and creeps the ignominious Royal Procession, through many streets, amid a silent-gazing people: comparable, Mercier thinks,<sup>1</sup> to some *Procession du Roi de Basoche*; or say, Procession of King Crispin, with his Dukes of Sutormania and royal blazonry of Cordwainery. Except indeed that this is *not* comic; ah no, it is comico-tragic; with bound Couriers, and a Doom hanging over it; most fantastic, yet most miserably real. Miserablest *flebile ludibrium* of, a Pickleherring Tragedy! It sweeps along there, in most ungorgeous pall, through many streets in the dusty summer evening; gets itself at length wriggled out of sight; vanishing in the Tuileries Palace,—towards its doom, of slow torture, *peine forte et dure*.

Populace, it is true, seizes the three rope-bound yellow Couriers; will at least massacre *them*. But our august Assembly, which is sitting at this great moment, sends out Deputation of rescue; and the whole is got huddled up. Barnave, 'all dusty,' is already there, in the National Hall; making brief discreet address and report. As indeed, through the whole journey, this Barnave has been most discreet, sympathetic;

<sup>1</sup> *Nouveau Paris*, iii. 22.



BOOK IV  
June 23,  
1791

and has gained the Queen's trust, whose noble instinct teaches her always who is to be trusted. Very different from heavy Pétion; who, if Campan speak truth, ate his luncheon, comfortably filled his wine-glass, in the Royal Berline; flung out



MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE.

his chicken-bones past the nose of Royalty itself; and, on the King's saying, 'France cannot be a Republic,' answered, 'No, it is not ripe yet.' Barnave is henceforth a Queen's adviser, if advice could profit: and her Majesty astonishes Dame Campan by signifying almost a regard for Barnave; and that, in

in a day of retribution and Royal triumph, Barnave shall *not* be executed.<sup>1</sup>

CHAP. VIII  
June 25,  
1791

On Monday night Royalty went; on Saturday evening it returns: so much, within one short week, has Royalty accomplished for itself. The Pickleherring Tragedy has vanished in the Tuileries Palace, towards 'pain strong and hard.' Watched, fettered and humbled, as Royalty never was. Watched even in its sleeping-apartments and inmost recesses: for it has to sleep with door set ajar, blue National Argus watching, his eye fixed on the Queen's curtains; nay, on one occasion, as the Queen cannot sleep, he offers to sit by her pillow, and converse a little!<sup>2</sup>

## CHAPTER IX

### SHARP SHOT

IN regard to all which, this most pressing question arises: What is to be done with it? Depose it! resolutely answer Robespierre and the thoroughgoing few. For, truly, with a King who runs away, and needs to be watched in his very bedroom that he may stay and govern you, what other reasonable thing can be done? Had Philippe d'Orléans not been a *caput mortuum*! But of him, known as one defunct, no man now dreams. Depose it not; say that it is inviolable, that it was spirited away, was *enlevé*; at any cost of sophistry and solecism, re-establish it! so answer with loud vehemence all manner of Constitutional Royalists; as all your pure Royalists do naturally likewise, with low vehemence, and rage compressed by fear, still more passionately answer. Nay Barnave and the two Lameths, and what will follow them, do likewise answer so. Answer, with their whole might: terrorstruck at the unknown Abysses on the verge of which, driven thither by themselves mainly, all now reels, ready to plunge.

By mighty effort and combination, this latter course is the course fixed on; and it shall by the strong arm, if not by the clearest logic, be made good. With the sacrifice of all their hard-earned popularity, this notable Triumvirate, says Tou-

<sup>1</sup> Campan, ii. c. 18.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* ii. 149.

BOOK IV  
July 1791

longer, 'set the Throne up again, which they had so toiled to overturn' as one might set up an overturned pyramid on its vertex'; to stand so long as it is *held*.

Unhappy France, unhappy in King, Queen, and Constitution, one knows not in which unhappiest! Was the meaning of our so glorious French Revolution this, and no other, That when Shams and Delusions, long soul killing had become body killing, and got the length of Bankruptcy and Inanition, a great People rose and with one voice, said in the Name of the Highest *Shams shall be no more*? So many sorrows and bloody horrors, endured and to be yet endured, through dismal coming centuries, were they not the heavy price paid and payable for this same Total Destruction of Shams from among men? And now, O Barnave Triumvirate! is it in such *double-distilled* Delusion, and Sham even of a Sham that an effort of this kind will rest acquiescent? Messieurs of the popular Triumvirate, never!—But, after all what can poor popular Triumvirates, and fallible august Senators, do? They can, when the Truth is all too horrible, stick their heads ostrich like into what sheltering Fallacy is nearest; and wait there, *à posteriori*.

Readers who saw the Clermontais and Three-Bishopricks gallop in the Night of Spurs, Diligences ruffling up all France into one terrific terrified Cock of India, and the Town of Nantes in its shirt—may fancy what an affair to settle this was Robespierre, on the extreme Left, with perhaps Pétion and lean old Goupil, for the very Triumvirate has defalcated, are shreeking hoarse, drowned in Constitutional clamour. But the debate and arguing of a whole Nation, the bellowings through all Journals, for and against, the reverberant voice of Danton, the Hyperion shafts of Camille, the porcupine-quills of implacable Marat—conceive all this.

Constitutionalists in a body, as we often predicted, do now recede from the Mother Society, and become *Faillans*, threatening her with inanition, the rank and respectability being mostly gone. Petition after Petition, forwarded by Post, or borne in Deputation, comes praying for Judgment and *Déclatance* which is our name for Deposition, praying at lowest, for Reference to the Eighty three Departments of France. Hot Marseillaise Deputation comes declaring among other things 'Our 17 ocean Ancients flung a Bar of Iron into the Bay at their  
first

first landing; this Bar will float again on the Mediterranean brine before we consent to be slaves.' All this for four weeks or more, while the matter still hangs doubtful; Emigration streaming with double violence over the frontiers;<sup>1</sup> France seething in fierce agitation of this question and prize-question. What is to be done with the fugitive Hereditary Representative?

CHAP. IX  
July 1791

Finally, on Friday the 15th of July 1791, the National Assembly decides; in what negatory manner we know. Whereupon the Theatres all close, the *Bourne-stones* and Portable-chairs begin spouting. Municipal Placards flaming on the walls, and Proclamations published by sound of trumpet, 'invite to repose'; with small effect. And so, on Sunday the 17th, there shall be a thing seen, worthy of remembering. Scroll of a Petition, drawn up by Brissots, Dantons, by Cordeliers, Jacobins; for the thing was infinitely shaken and manipulated, and many had a hand in it: such Scroll lies now visible, on the wooden framework of the Fatherland's Altar, for signature. Unworking Paris, male and female, is crowding thither, all day, to sign or to see. Our fair Roland herself the eye of History can discern there 'in the morning';<sup>2</sup> not without interest. In few weeks the fair Patriot will quit Paris; yet perhaps only to return.

But, what with sorrow of balked Patriotism, what with closed theatres, and Proclamations still publishing themselves by sound of trumpet, the fervour of men's minds, this day, is great. Nay, over and above, there has fallen out an incident, of the nature of Farce-Tragedy and Riddle; enough to stimulate all creatures. Early in the day, a Patriot (or some say, it was a Patriotess, and indeed the truth is undiscoverable), while standing on the firm deal-board of Fatherland's Altar, feels suddenly, with indescribable torpedo-shock of amazement, his bootsole pricked through from below; clutches up suddenly this electrified bootsole and foot; discerns next instant—the point of a gimlet or bradawl playing up, through the firm deal-board, and now hastily drawing itself back! Mystery, perhaps Treason? The wooden framework is impetuously broken up; and behold, verily a mystery; never explicable fully to the end of the world! Two human individuals, of mean aspect, one of them with a wooden leg, lie ensconced there, gimlet in hand: they must have come in overnight;

<sup>1</sup> Bouillé, ii. 101.

<sup>2</sup> Madame Roland, ii. 74.

BOOK IV  
July 17,  
1791

they have a supply of provisions —no 'barrel of gunpowder' that one can *see*, they affect to be asleep; look blank enough, and give the laziest account of themselves. 'Mere curiosity, they were boring up, to get an eye-hole, to see, perhaps "with lubricity," whatsoever, from that new point of vision, could be seen' —little that was edifying one would think! But indeed what stupidest thing may not human Dulness, Prunecy, Lubricity, Chance and the Devil, choosing Two out of Half a million idle human heads tempt them to? <sup>1</sup>

Sure enough, the two human individuals with their gimlet are there —Ill starred pair of individuals! For the result of it all is that Patriotism, fretting itself, in this state of nervous excitability, with hypotheses suspicions and reports, keeps questioning these two distracted human individuals and again questioning them, claps them into the nearest Guardhouse clutches them out again, one hypothetic group snatching them from another —till finally, in such extreme state of nervous excitability, Patriotism hangs them as spies of *Sieur Motier*, and the life and secret is choked out of them for evermore. For evermore, alas! Or is a day to be looked for when these two evidently mean individuals who are human nevertheless will become Historical Riddles, and, like him of the *Iron Mask* (also a human individual, and evidently nothing more) —have their Dissertations? To us this only is certain, that they had a gimlet, provisions, and a wooden leg, and have died there in the *Lanterne*, as the unluckiest fools might die.

And so the signature goes on in a still more excited manner. And *Chaumette* for Antiquarians possess the very Paper to this hour,<sup>2</sup>—has signed himself 'in a flowing saucy hand slightly leamed', and *Hébert*, detestable *Père Duchesne*, as if 'an inked spiler had dropped on the paper'. *Usher Maillard* also has signed, and many Crosses, which cannot write. And Paris through its thousand avenues, is willing to the *Champ-de-Mars* and from it, in the utmost excitability of humour, central Fatherland's Altar quite leaped with signing Patriots and Patriotesses, the Thirty benches and whole internal Space crowded with onlookers, with comers and goers; one regurgitating whirlpool of men and women in their Sunday clothes. All which a Constitutional *Sieur Motier* sees, and *Hailly*, looking into it with his long visage made still longer. Auguring

no good ; perhaps *Déchéance* and Deposition after all ! Stop it, ye Constitutional Patriots ; fire itself is quenchable,—yet only quenchable at *first*.

CHAP. IX

July 17,  
1791

Stop it, truly : but how stop it ? Have not the first free People of the Universe a right to petition ?—Happily, if also unhappily, there is one proof of riot : these two human individuals hanged at the Lanterne. Proof, O treacherous *Sieur Motier* ? Were they not two human individuals sent thither by *thee* to be hanged ; to be a pretext for thy bloody *Drapeau Rouge* ? This question shall many a Patriot, one day, ask ; and answer affirmatively, strong in Preternatural Suspicion.

Enough, towards half-past seven in the evening, the mere natural eye can behold this thing : *Sieur Motier*, with Municipals in scarf, with blue National Patrollotism, rank after rank, to the clang of drums ; wending resolutely to the *Champ-de-Mars* ; Mayor *Bailly*, with elongated visage, bearing, as in sad duty bound, the *Drapeau Rouge*. Howl of angry derision rises in treble and bass from a hundred thousand throats, at the sight of Martial Law ; which nevertheless, waving its Red sanguinary Flag, advances there, from the *Gros-Caillou* Entrance ; advances, drumming and waving, towards Altar of Fatherland. Amid still wilder howls, with objurgation, obtestation ; with flights of pebbles and mud, *saxa et facies* ; with crackle of a pistol-shot ;—finally with volley-fire of Patrollotism ;—levelled muskets ; roll of volley on volley ! Precisely after one year and three days, our sublime Federation Field is wetted, in this manner, with French blood.

Some ‘Twelve unfortunately shot,’ reports *Bailly*, counting by units ; but Patriotism counts by tens and even by hundreds. Not to be forgotten, nor forgiven ! Patriotism flies, shrieking, execrating. *Camille* ceases journalising, this day ; great *Danton* with *Camille* and *Fréron* have taken wing, for their life ; *Marat* burrows deep in the Earth, and is silent. Once more Patrollotism has triumphed ; one other time ; but it is the last.

This was the Royal Flight to *Varennes*. Thus was the Throne overturned thereby ; but thus also was it victoriously set up again—on its vertex ; and will stand while it can be held.

BOOK 1 your sorrowful farce-tragedy, being bound to it, and on the  
 Sept. 14 18, whole, to hope always, in spite of hope!

1791

Nay, now that his Majesty has accepted the Constitution, to the sound of cannon salvos, who would not hope? Our good King was misguided, but he meant well. Lafayette has moved for an Amnesty, for universal forgiving and forgetting of Revolutionary faults, and now surely the glorious Revolution, cleared of its rubbish, is complete! Strange enough, and touching in several ways, the old cry of *Vive le Roi* once more rises round King Louis the Hereditary Representative. Their Majesties went to the Opera, gave money to the Poor, the Queen herself, now when the Constitution is accepted, hears voice of cheering. Bygone shall be bygone, the New Era shall begin! To and fro, amid those lamp-galaxies of the Elysian Fields, the Royal Carriage slowly wends and rolls, everywhere with *vicats*, from a multitude striving to be glad. Louis looks out, mainly on the variegated lamps and gay human groups with satisfaction enough for the hour. In her Majesty's face 'under that kind graceful smile a deep sadness is legible'. Brillancies of valour and of wit stroll here observant. A Dame de Stael leaning most probably on the arm of her Narbonne. She meets Deputies, who have built this Constitution, who saunter here with vague communings—not without thoughts whether it will stand. But as yet melodious fiddle strings twang and warble everywhere, with rhythm of light fantastic feet, long lamp galaxies sling their coloured radiance, and brass lunged Hawkers elbow and bawl 'Grande Acceptation Constitution Monarchique' it behoves the Son of Adam to hope. Have not Lafayette Barnave, and all Constitutionalists set their shoulders handsomely to the inverted pyramid of a throne? Feuillans including almost the whole Constitutional Respectability of France perorate nightly from their tribune, correspond through all Post-offices, denouncing unquiet Jacobinisms, trusting well that *its* time is nigh done. Much is uncertain questionable, but if the Hereditary Representative be wise and lucky, may one not, with a sanguine Gaelic temper, hope that he will get in motion better or worse, that what is wanting to him will gradually be gained and ad led?

For the rest, as we must repeat, in this building of the Con



THE ADVANCING TERROR.



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stitutional Fabric, especially in this Revision of it, nothing that one could think of to give it new strength, especially to steady it, to give it permanence, and even eternity, has been forgotten. Biennial Parliament, to be called Legislative, *Assemblée Législative*; with Seven Hundred and Forty-five Members, chosen in a judicious manner by the 'active citizens' alone, and even by electing of electors still more active: this, with privileges of Parliament, shall meet, self-authorised if need be, and self-dissolved; shall grant money-supplies and talk; watch over the administration and authorities; discharge for ever the functions of a Constitutional Great Council, Collective Wisdom and National Palaver—as the Heavens will enable. Our First biennial Parliament, which indeed has been a-choosing since early in August, is now as good as chosen. Nay it has mostly got to Paris: it arrived gradually;—not without pathetic greeting to its venerable Parent, the now moribund Constituent; and sat there in the Galleries, reverently listening; ready to begin, the instant the ground were clear.

Then as to changes in the Constitution itself? This, impossible for any Legislative, or common biennial Parliament, and possible solely for some resuscitated Constituent or National Convention, is evidently one of the most ticklish points. The august moribund Assembly debated it for four entire days. Some thought a change, or at least a reviewal and new approval, might be admissible in thirty years, some even went lower, down to twenty, nay to fifteen. The august Assembly had once decided for thirty years; but it revoked that, on better thoughts; and did not fix any date of time, but merely some vague outline of a posture of circumstances, and, on the whole, left the matter hanging.<sup>1</sup> Doubtless a National Convention can be assembled even *within* the thirty years: yet one may hope, not; but that Legislatures, biennial Parliaments of the common kind, with their limited faculty, and perhaps quiet successive additions thereto, may suffice for generations, or indeed while computed Time runs.

Furthermore, be it noted that no member of this Constituent has been, or could be, elected to the new Legislative. So noble-minded were these Law-makers! cry some: and Solon-like would banish themselves. So splenetic! cry more: each grudging the other, none daring to be outdone in self-denial

<sup>1</sup> *Choix de Rapports*, etc. (Paris, 1825), vi. 239-317.

BOOK 1  
Sept. 30,  
1791

Old Feudal France They have suffered somewhat Royal Session, with rain and Oath of the Tennis Court, Nights of Pentecost, Insurrections of Women Also have they not done somewhat? Made the Constitution, and managed all things the while, passed, in these twenty nine months, 'twenty five hundred Decrees,' which on the average is some three for each day, including Sundays! Brevity, one finds, is possible, at times had not Moreau de St Méry to give three thousand orders before rising from his seat?—There was valour (or value) in these men, and a kind of faith were it only faith in this, That cobwebs are not cloth, that a Constitution could be made Cobwebs and chimeras ought verily to disappear, for a Reality there is Let formulas soul killing, and now grown body killing insupportable, begone, in the name of Heaven and Earth!—Time, as we say, brought forth these Twelve Hundred, Eternity was before them, Eternity behind they worked as we all do in the confluence of Two Eternities, what work was given them Say not that it was nothing they did Consciously they did somewhat, unconsciously how much! They had their giants and their dwarfs, they accomplished their good and their evil, they are gone, and return no more Shall they not go with our blessing in these circumstances, with our mild farewell?

By post, by diligence, on saddle or sole, they are gone towards the four winds Not a few over the marches, to rank at Coblenz Thither wended Maury, among others, but in the end towards Rome,—to be clothed there in red Cardinal plush, in falsehood as in a garment, pet son (her last born?) of the Scarlet Woman Talleyrand Périgord, excommunicated Constitutional Bishop, will make his way to London to be Ambassador, spite of the Self denying Law, brisk young Marquis Chauvelin acting as Ambassador's Cloak In London too, one finds Pétion the virtuous, harangued and haranguing pledging the winecup with Constitutional Reform Clubs, in solemn tavern-dinner Incorruptible Robespierre retires for a little to native Arras seven short weeks of quiet, the last appointed him in this world Public Accuser in the Paris Department, acknowledged highpriest of the Jacobins, the glass of incorruptible thin Patriotism, for his narrow emphasis is loved of all the narrow,—this man seems to be rising some whither? He sells his small heritage at Arras, accompanied by

by a Brother and a Sister, he returns, scheming out with resolute timidity a small sure destiny for himself and them, to his old lodging, at the Cabinet-maker's, in the Rue St Honoré: O resolute-tremulous incorruptible sea-green man, towards *what* a destiny!

Lafayette, for his part, will lay down the command. He retires Cincinnatus-like to his hearth and farm; but soon leaves them again. Our National Guard, however, shall henceforth have no one Commandant; but all Colonels shall command in succession, month about. Other Deputies we have met, or Dame de Staël has met, 'sauntering in a thoughtful manner'; perhaps uncertain what to do. Some, as Barnave, the Lameths, and their Duport, will continue here in Paris; watching the new biennial Legislative, Parliament the First; teaching it to walk, if so might be; and the Court to lead it.

Thus these: sauntering in a thoughtful manner; travelling by post or diligence,—whither Fate beckons. Giant Mirabeau slumbers in the Pantheon of Great Men: and France? and Europe?—the brass-lunged Hawkers sing 'Grand Acceptation, Monarchic Constitution' through these gay crowds: the Morrow, grandson of Yesterday, must be what it can, as Today its father is. Our new biennial Legislative begins to constitute itself on the first of October 1791.

CHAP. I  
Sept. 30,  
1791

## CHAPTER II

### THE BOOK OF THE LAW

If the august Constituent Assembly itself, fixing the regards of the Universe, could, at the present distance of time and place, gain comparatively small attention from us, how much less can this poor Legislative! It has its Right Side and its Left; the less Patriotic and the more, for Aristocrats exist not here or now: it spouts and speaks; listens to Reports, reads Bills and Laws; works in its vocation, for a season: but the History of France, one finds, is seldom or never there. Unhappy Legislative, what can History do with it; if not drop a tear over it, almost in silence? First of the two-year Parliaments of France, which, if Paper Constitution and oft-repeated

BOOK V  
Oct. 1791

repeated National Oath could avail aught, were to follow in softly strong indissoluble sequence while Time ran,—it had to vanish dolefully within *one* year, and there came no second like it. Alas! your biennial Parliaments in endless indissoluble sequence, they, and all that Constitutional Fabric, built with such explosive Federation Oaths, and its top-stone brought out with dancing and variegated radiance, went to pieces, like frail crockery, in the crash of things; and already, in eleven short months, were in that Lumbo near the Moon, with the ghosts of other Chimeras. There, except for rare specific purposes, let them rest, in melancholy peace.

On the whole, how unknown is a man to himself, or a public Body of men to itself! *Æsop's* fly sat on the chariot wheel exclaiming What a dust I do raise! Great Governors clad in purple with fasces and insignia, are governed by their valets by the pouting of their women and children, or, in Constitutional countries, by the paragraphs of their Able Editors. Say not, I am this or that, I am doing thus or that! For thou knowest it not, thou knowest only the name it as yet goes by. A purple Nebuchadnezzar rejoices to feel himself now verily Emperor of this great Babylon which he has builded, and is a nondescript biped-quadruped, on the eve of a seven years course of grazing! These Seven Hundred and Forty five elected individuals doubt not but they are the first biennial Parliament, come to govern France by parliamentary eloquence and they *are* what? And they have come to do what? Things foolish and not wise!

It is much lamented by many that this First Biennial had no members of the old Constituent in it, with their experience of parties and parliamentary tactics, that such was their foolish Self-denying Law. Most surely, old members of the Constituent had been welcome to us here. But, on the other hand what old or what new members of any Constituent under the Sun could have effectually profited? There are first biennial Parliaments so postured as to be, in a sense, beyond wisdom, where wisdom and folly differ only in degree, and wreckage and dissolution are the appointed issue for both.

O'd Constituents, your Barnaves, Lameths, and the like, for whom a special Gallery has been set apart, where they may sit in honour and listen, are in the habit of sneering at these

these new Legislators ;<sup>1</sup> but let not us ! The poor Seven Hundred and Forty-five, sent together by the active citizens of France, are what they could be ; do what is fated them. That they are of Patriot temper we can well understand. Aristocrat Noblesse had fled over the marches, or sat brooding silent in their unburnt Châteaux ; small prospect had they in Primary Electoral Assemblies. What with Flights to Varennes, what with Days of Poniards, with plot after plot, the People are left to themselves ; the People must needs choose Defenders of the People, such as can be had. Choosing, as *they* also will ever do, ' if not the ablest man, yet the man ablest to be chosen ' ! Fervour of character, decided Patriot-Constitutional feeling ; these are qualities : but free utterance, mastership in tongue-fence ; this is the quality of qualities. Accordingly one finds, with little astonishment, in this First Biennial, that as many as Four hundred Members are of the Advocate or Attorney species. Men who can speak, if there be aught to speak : nay here are men also who can think, and even act. Candour will say of this ill-fated First French Parliament, that it wanted not its modicum of talent, its modicum of honesty ; that it, neither in the one respect nor in the other, sank below the average of Parliaments, but rose above the average. Let average Parliaments, whom the world does *not* guillotine, and cast forth to long infamy, be thankful not to themselves but to their stars !

France, as we say, has once more done what it could : fervid men have come together from wide separation ; for strange issues. Fiery Max Isnard is come, from the utmost Southeast ; fiery Claude Fauchet, Te-Deum Fauchet Bishop of Calvados, from the utmost Northwest. No Mirabeau now sits here, who had swallowed formulas : our only Mirabeau now is Danton, working as yet out of doors ; whom some call ' Mirabeau of the Sansculottes.'

Nevertheless we have our gifts,—especially of speech and logic. An eloquent Vergniaud we have ; most mellifluous yet most impetuous of public speakers ; from the region named Gironde, of the Garonne : a man unfortunately of indolent habits ; who will sit playing with your children, when he ought to be scheming and perorating. Sharp-bustling Guadet ; considerate grave Gensonné ; kind-sparkling mirthful young

<sup>1</sup> Dumouriez, ii. 150, etc.

BOOK V  
Oct. 1791

Ducos; Valazé doomed to a sad end: all these likewise are of that Gironde or Bordeaux region: men of terrific Constitutional principles; of quick talent, irrefragable logic, clear respectability; who will have the Reign of Liberty establish itself, but only by respectable methods. Round whom others of like temper will gather; known by and by as *Girondins*, to the sorrowing wonder of the world. Of which sort note Con-



VERGNIAUD.

dorcet, Marquis and Philosopher; who has worked at much, at Paris Municipal Constitution, Differential Calculus, Newspaper *Chronique de Paris*, Biography, Philosophy; and now sits here as two-years Senator: a notable Condorcet, with stoical Roman face and fiery heart; 'volcano hid under snow'; styled likewise, in irreverent language, '*mouton enragé*,' peaceablest of creatures bitten rabid! Or note, lastly, Jean-Pierre Brissot; whom Destiny, long working noisily with him, has hurled hither, say, to have done with him. A biennial Senator

he

he too; nay, for the present, the king of such. Restless, scheming, scribbling Brissot; who took to himself the style *de Warville*, heralds know not in the least why;—unless it were that the father of him did, in an unexceptionable manner, perform Cookery and Vintnery in the Village of *Ouarville*? A man of the windmill species, that grinds always, turning towards all winds; not in the steadiest manner.

In all these men there is talent, faculty to work; and they will do it: working and shaping, not *without* effect, though alas not in marble, only in quicksand!—But the highest faculty of them all remains yet to be mentioned; or indeed has yet to unfold itself for mention: Captain Hippolyte Carnot, sent hither from the Pas de Calais; with his cold mathematical head, and silent stubbornness of will: iron Carnot, far-planning, imperturbable, unconquerable; who, in the hour of need, shall not be found wanting. His hair is yet black; and it shall grow gray, under many kinds of fortune, bright and troublous; and with iron aspect, this man shall face them all.

Nor is *Côté Droit*, and band of King's friends, wanting: Vaublanc, Dumas, Jaucourt the honoured Chevalier; who love Liberty, yet with Monarchy over it; and speak fearlessly according to that faith;—whom the thick-coming hurricanes will sweep away. With them let a new military Theodore Lameth be named;—were it only for his two Brothers' sake, who look down on him, approvingly there, from the Old-Constituents' Gallery. Frothy professing Pastorets, honey-mouthed conciliatory



ÉLIE GUADET.

CHAP. II  
Oct. 1791.



BOOK 1  
Oct. 1791

conciliatory Lamourettes, and speechless nameless individuals sit plentiful, as Moderates, in the middle. Still less is a *Côte Gauche* wanting • extreme Left, sitting on the topmost berches, as if aloft on its speculatory Height or *Mountain*, which will become a practical fulminatory Height, and make the name of *Mountain* famous infamous to all times and lands.

Honour waits not on this mountain, nor as yet even loud dishonour. Gifts it boasts not, nor graces, of speaking or of thinking; solely this one gift of assured faith, of audacity that will defy the Earth and the Heavens. Foremost here are the Cordelier trio • hot Merlin from Thionville, hot Baraure, Attorneys both; Chabot, disrobed Capuchin, skilful in agio. Lawyer Lacroix, who wore once as subaltern the single epaulette, has loud lungs and a hungry heart. There too is Couthon, little dreaming what he is, —whom a sad chance has paralysed in the lower extremities. For, it seems, he sat once a whole night, not warm in his true-love's bower (who indeed was by law another's), but sunken to the middle in a cold peat bog being hunted out from her; quaking for his life, in the cold quaking morass;<sup>1</sup> and goes now on crutches to the end. Cambon likewise, in whom slumbers undeveloped such a finance talent for printing of Assignats, Father of Paper-money; who, in the hour of menace, shall utter this stern sentence, 'War to the Manor house, peace to the Hut, *Guerre aux Châteaux, paix aux Chaumières!*'<sup>2</sup> Lecointre, the intrepid draper of Versailles is welcome here, known since the Opera Repast and *Insurrection of Women*. Thunot too; Flector Thunot, who stood in the embrasures of the Bastille, and saw Saint Antoine rising in mass; who has many other things to see. Last and grimmest of all, note old Ruhl, with his brown dusky face and long white hair; of Alsatian Lutheran breed; a man whom age and book learning have not taught; who, haranguing the old men of Rheims shall hold up the Sacred *Aripulla* (Heaven sent, wherefrom Clovis and all Kings have been anointed) as a mere worthless oil bottle, and dash it to shreds on the pavement there; who alas, shall dash much to shreds, and finally his own wild head by pistol shot, and so end it.

Such lava welters red-hot in the bowels of this Mountain, unknown to the world and to itself! A mere commonplace Mountain hitherto; distinguished from the *P'lain* chiefly by

<sup>1</sup> *Thionville* 1. 35

<sup>2</sup> *Ch. de la Fayette* 26. 19



BOOK V  
1791

and without dissidence grows opposition, ever widening; waxing into incompatibility and internecine feud; till the strong is abolished by a stronger, himself in his turn by a strongest! Who can help it? Jaucourt and his Monarchists, Feuillans, or Moderates; Brissot and his Brissotins, Jacobins, or Girondins; these, with the Cordelier Trio, and all men, must work what is appointed them and in the way appointed them

And to think what fate these poor Seven Hundred and Forty five are assembled, most unwittingly, to meet! Let no heart be so hard as not to pity them. Their souls wish was to live and work as the First of the French Parliaments; and make the Constitution march. Did they not, at their very instalment, go through the most affecting Constitutional ceremony, almost with tears? The Twelve eldest are sent solemnly to fetch the Constitution itself, the printed Book of the Law Archivist Camus, an Old Constituent appointed Archivist, he and the Ancient Twelve, amid blare of military pomp and clangour, enter, bearing the divine Book and President and all Legislative Senators laying their hand on the same, successively take the Oath, with cheers and heart-effusion, universal three-times three<sup>1</sup> In this manner they begin their Session Unhappy mortals! For, that same day, his Majesty having received their Deputation of welcome, as seemed, rather dñly, the Deputation cannot but feel slighted, cannot but lament such slight and thereupon our cheering swearing First Parliament sees itself, on the morrow, obliged to explode into fierce retaliatory sputter of anti royal Enactment as to how they, for their part, will receive Majesty, and how Majesty shall not be called Sir any more, except they please and then on the following day, to recall this Enactment of theirs, as too hasty, and a mere sputter, though not unprovoked

An effervescent well intentioned set of Senators, too combustible, where continual sparks are flying! Their History is a series of sputters and quarrels, true desire to do their function fatal impossibility to do it Denunciations, reprimandings of King's Ministers, of traitors supposed and real, hot rage and fulmination against fulminating Emigrants, terror of Austrian Kaiser, of 'Austrian Committee' in the Tuilleries itself, rage and haunting terror, haste and doubt

<sup>1</sup> *Mém. de l'Assemblée Nationale* 1791

and dim bewilderment!—Haste, we say; and yet the Constitution had provided against haste. No Bill can be passed till it have been printed, till it have been thrice read, with intervals of eight days;—‘unless the Assembly shall beforehand decree that there is urgency.’ Which, accordingly the Assembly, scrupulous of the Constitution, never omits to do: Considering this, and also considering that, and then that other, the Assembly decrees always ‘*qu’il y a urgence*’; and thereupon ‘the Assembly, having decreed that there is urgency,’ is free to decree—what indispensable distracted thing seems best to it. Two thousand and odd decrees, as men reckon, within Eleven months!

The haste of the Constituent seemed great; but this is treble-quick. For the time itself is rushing treble-quick; and they have to keep pace with that. Unhappy Seven Hundred and Forty-five: true-patriotic, but so combustible; being fired, they must needs sling fire: Senate of touch-wood and rockets, in a world of smoke-storm, with sparks wind-driven continually flying!



CAMUS.

Or think, on the other hand, looking forward some months, of that scene they call *Baiser de Lamourette*! The dangers of the country are now grown imminent, immeasurable; National Assembly, hope of France, is divided against itself. In such extreme circumstances, honey-mouthed Abbé Lamourette, new Bishop of Lyons, rises, whose name, *l'amourette*, signifies *the sweetheart*, or Delilah doxy,—he rises, and, with pathetic honeyed eloquence, calls on all august Senators to forget mutual griefs and grudges, to swear a new oath, and unite as brothers. Whereupon they all, with vivats, embrace

<sup>1</sup> Montgaillard, iii. 1, 237.

BOOK I  
1720-21

warfare an Army, from three to fifteen thousand strong, called the Brigands of Avignon; which title they themselves accept, with the addition of an epithet, 'The brave Brigands of Avignon!' It is even so Jourdan the Headsman fled hither from that Châtelet Inquest, from that Insurrection of Women; and began dealing in madder - but the scene was ripe in other than dye-stuffs; so Jourdan shut his madder-shop, and has risen, for he was the man to do it. The tile-beard of Jourdan is shaven off; his fat visage has got coppered and studded with black carbuncles; the Silenus trunk is swollen with drink and high living: he wears blue National uniform with epaulettes, 'an enormous sabre, two horse-pistols crossed in his belt, and other two smaller sticking from his pockets', styles himself General, and is the tyrant of men.<sup>1</sup> Consider this one fact, O Reader; and what sort of facts must have preceded it, must accompany it! Such things come of old René; and of the question which has risen, Whether Avignon cannot now cease wholly to be Papal, and become French and free?

For some twenty five months the confusion has lasted. Say three months of arguing; then seven of raging; then finally some fifteen months now of fighting and even of hanging. For already in February 1790, the Papal Aristocrats had set up four gibbets, for a sign, but the People rose in June, in retributive frenzy, and, forcing the public Hangman to act, hanged four Aristocrats, on each Papal gibbet a Papal Heman. Then were Avignon Emigrations, Papal Aristocrats emigrating over the Rhone River; demission of Papal Consul, flight, victory - re entrance of Papal Legate, truce, and new onslaught; and the various turns of war. Petitions there were to National Assembly; Congresses of Townships; threescore and odd Townships voting for French Reunion and the blessings of liberty; while some twelve of the smaller, manipulated by Aristocrats, gave vote the other way: with shrieks and discord! Township against Township, Town against Town - Carpentras, long jealous of Avignon, is now turned out in open war with it, - and Jourdan *Coupe-tête*, your first General being killed in mutiny, closes his dye-shop; and does there visibly, with siege-artillery, above all with bluster and tumult, with the 'brave Brigands of Avignon,' beleaguer the rival Town, for two months, in the face of the world

<sup>1</sup> D'ARNAUD *Levée* 1790

Feats were done, doubt it not, far-famed in Parish History ; but to Universal History unknown. Gibbets we see rise, on the one side and on the other ; and wretched carcasses swinging there, a dozen in the row ; wretched Mayor of Vaison buried before dead.<sup>1</sup> The fruitful seedfields lie unreaped, the vineyards trampled down ; there is red cruelty, madness of universal choler and gall. Havoc and anarchy everywhere ; a combustion most fierce, but *unluculent*, not to be noticed here ! —Finally, as we saw, on the 14th of September last, the National Constituent Assembly,—having sent Commissioners and heard them ;<sup>2</sup> having heard Petitions, held Debates, month after month ever since August 1789 ; and on the whole ‘spent thirty sittings’ on this matter,—did solemnly decree that Avignon and the Comtat were incorporated with France, and his Holiness the Pope should have what indemnity was reasonable.

CHAP. III  
1789-91

And so hereby all is amnestied and finished ? Alas, when madness of choler has gone through the blood of men, and gibbets have swung on this side and on that, what will a parchment Decree and Lafayette Amnesty do ? Oblivious Lethe flows not *above* ground ! Papal Aristocrats and Patriot Brigands are still an eye-sorrow to each other ; suspected, suspicious, in what they do and forbear. The august Constituent Assembly is gone but a fortnight, when, on Sunday the Sixteenth morning of October 1791, the unquenched combustion suddenly becomes luminous. For Anti-constitutional Placards are up, and the Statue of the Virgin is said to have shed tears, and grown red.<sup>3</sup> Wherefore, on that morning, Patriot l’Escuyer, one of our ‘six leading Patriots,’ having taken counsel with his brethren and General Jourdan, determines on going to Church, in company with a friend or two : not to hear mass, which he values little ; but to meet all the Papalists there in a body, nay to meet that same weeping Virgin, for it is the Cordeliers Church ; and give them a word of admonition. Adventurous errand ; which has the fatalest issue ! What L’Escuyer’s word of admonition might be, no History records ; but the answer to it was a

<sup>1</sup> Barbaroux, *Mémoires*, p. 26.

<sup>2</sup> Lescène Desmaisons, *Compte rendu à l’Assemblée Nationale 10 Septembre 1791* (*Choix des Rapports*, vii. 273-93).

<sup>3</sup> *Procès-verbal de la Commune d’Avignon*, etc. (in *Hist. Parl.* xii. 419-23).

shrieking

BOOK 1  
1791-92

brisk youth of Avignon, with Choisi Dragoons, close in his rear! With such swollen mass of a rider no nag can run to advantage. The tired nag, spur-driven, does take the River Sorgue; but sticks in the middle of it; firm on that *chiero fondo di Sorga*; and will proceed no further for spurring! Young Lagonnet dashes up; the Copper face menaces and bellows, draws pistol, perhaps even snaps it; is nevertheless seized by the collar, is tied firm, ankles under horse's belly, and ridden back to Avignon, hardly to be saved from massacre on the streets there.<sup>1</sup>

Such is the combustion of Avignon and the Southwest, when it becomes luminous. Long loud debate is in the august Legislative, in the Mother Society, as to what now shall be done with it. Amnesty, cry eloquent Vergnaud and all Patriots let there be mutual pardon and repentance, restoration, pacification, and, if so might anyhow be, an end! Which vote ultimately prevails. So the Southwest smoulders and welters again in an 'Amnesty,' or Non remembrance, which alas cannot *but* remember, no Lethe flowing above ground! Jourdan himself remains unchanged, gets loose again, as one not yet gallows ripe, nay, as we transiently discern from the distance, is 'carried in triumph through the cities of the South.'<sup>2</sup> What things men carry!

With which transient glimpse, of a Copper-faced Portent faring in this manner through the cities of the South, we must quit these regions;—and let them smoulder. They want not their Aristocrats; proud old Nobles, not yet emigrated. Arles has its 'Chiffonne,' so, in symbolical cant, they name that Aristocrat Secret Association; Arles has its pavements piled up, by and by, into Aristocrat barricades. Against which Rebecqui, the hot-clear Patriot, must lead Marseill'ese with cannon. The Bar of Iron has not yet risen to the top in the Bay of Marseilles; neither have these hot Sons of the Phœceans submitted to be slaves. By clear management and hot instance, Rebecqui dissipates that *Chiffonne*, without bloodshed; restores the pavement of Arles. He sails in Coast barks, this Rebecqui, scrutinising suspicious Martello-towers, with the keen eye of Patriotism, marches overland with despatch, singly, or in

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, 21 Decr.

<sup>2</sup> *Leveur d'Armée* (Paris, 1792), v. 1, pp. 57-71

force; to City after City; dim scouring far and wide;<sup>1</sup>—argues, and if it must be, fights. For there is much to do; Jâlès itself is looking suspicious. So that Legislator Fauchet, after debate on it, has to propose Commissioners and a Camp on the Plain of Beaucaire; with or without result.

Of all which, and much else, let us note only this small consequence, that young Barbaroux, Advocate, Town-Clerk of Marseilles, being charged to have these things remedied, arrives at Paris in the month of February 1792. The beautiful and brave: young Spartan, ripe in energy, not ripe in wisdom; over whose black doom there shall flit nevertheless a certain ruddy fervour, streaks of bright Southern tint, not wholly swallowed of Death! Note also that the Rolands of Lyons are again in Paris; for the second and final time. King's Inspectorship is abrogated at Lyons, as elsewhere: Roland has his retiring-pension to claim, if attainable; has Patriot friends to commune with; at lowest, has a Book to publish. That young Barbaroux and the Rolands came together; that elderly Spartan Roland liked, or even loved the young Spartan, and was loved by him, one can fancy: and Madame——? Breathe not, thou poison-breath, Evil-speech! That soul is taintless, clear as the mirror-sea. And yet if they two did look into each other's eyes, and each, in silence, in tragical renunciance, did find that the other was all-too lovely? *Honi soit!* She calls him 'beautiful as Antinous': he 'will speak elsewhere of that astonishing woman.'—A Madame d'Udon (or some such name, for Dumont does not recollect quite clearly) gives copious Breakfast to the Brissotin Deputies and us Friends of Freedom, at her House in the Place Vendôme; with temporary celebrity, with graces and wreathed smiles; not without cost. There, amid wide babble and jingle, our plan of Legislative Debate is settled for the day, and much counselling held. Strict Roland is seen there, but does not go often.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Barbaroux, p. 21; *Hist. Parl.* xiii. 421-4.

<sup>2</sup> Dumont, *Souvenirs*, p. 374.



## CHAPTER IV

## NO SUGAR

SUCH are our inward troubles; seen in the Cities of the South; extant, seen or unseen, in all cities and districts, North as well as South. For in all are Aristocrats, more or less malignant; watched by Patriotism; which again, being of various shades, from light Fayetteist Feuillant down to deep-sombre Jacobin, has to watch even *itself*.

Directories of Departments, what we call County Magistracies, being chosen by Citizens of a too 'active' class, are found to pull one way; Municipalities, Town Magistracies, to pull the other way. In all places too are Dissident Priests; whom the Legislative will have to deal with: contumacious individuals, working on that angriest of passions; plotting enlisting for Coblenz; or suspected of plotting: fuel of a universal unconstitutional heat. What to do with them? They may be conscientious as well as contumacious gently they should be dealt with, and yet it must be speedily. In unilluminated La Vendée the simple are like to be seduced by them; many a simple peasant, a Cathelineau the wooldealer wayfaring meditative with his woolpacks, in these hamlets, dubiously shakes his head! Two Assembly Commissioners went thither last Autumn; considerate Gensonné, not yet called to be a senator; Gallois, an editorial man. These Two, consulting with General Dumouriez, spake and worked, softly, with judgment; they have hushed down the irritation, and produced a soft Report,—for the time.

The General himself doubts not in the least but he can keep peace there; being an able man. He passes these frosty months among the pleasant people of Niort, occupies 'tolerably hand some apartments in the Castle of Niort,' and tempers the minds of men.<sup>1</sup> Why is there but one Dumouriez? Elsewhere you find, South or North, nothing but untempered obscure jarring; which breaks forth ever and anon into open clangour of riot. Southern Perpignan has its tocsin, by torchlight; with rushing and onslaught. Northern Caen, not less, by day-

<sup>1</sup> *Dumouriez*, *ib.* 179.

light; with Aristocrats ranged in arms at Places of Worship; Departmental compromise proving impossible; breaking into musketry and a Plot discovered!<sup>1</sup> Add Hunger too: for bread, always dear, is getting dearer: not so much as Sugar can be had; for good reasons. Poor Simoneau, Mayor of Étampes, in this Northern region, hanging out his Red Flag in some riot of grains, is trampled to death by a hungry exasperated People. What a trade this of Mayor, in these times! Mayor of Saint-Denis hung at the Lanterne, by Suspicion and Dyspepsia, as we saw long since; Mayor of Vaison, as we saw lately, buried before dead; and now this poor Simoneau the Tanner, of Étampes,—whom legal Constitutionalism will not forget.

CHAP. IV  
1791-92

With factions, suspicions, want of bread and sugar, it is verily what they call *déchiré*, torn asunder, this poor country: France and all that is French. For, over seas too come bad news. In black Saint-Domingo, before that variegated Glitter in the Champs Élysées was lit for an Accepted Constitution, there had risen, and was burning contemporary with it, quite another variegated Glitter and nocturnal Fulgor, had we known it: of molasses and ardent-spirits; of sugar-boileries, plantations, furniture, cattle and men: sky-high; the Plain of Cap Français one huge whirl of smoke and flame!

What a change here, in these two years; since that first 'Box of Tricolor Cockades' got through the Custom-house and atrabiliar Creoles too rejoiced that there was a levelling of Bastilles! Levelling is comfortable, as we often say: levelling, yet only down to oneself. Your pale-white Creoles have their grievances:—and your yellow Quarteroons? And your dark-yellow Mulattoes? And your Slaves soot-black? Quarteroon Ogé, Friend of our Parisian-Brissotin *Friends of the Blacks*, felt, for his share too, that Insurrection was the most sacred of duties. So the tricolor Cockades had fluttered and swashed only some three months on the Creole hat, when Ogé's signal conflagrations went aloft; with the voice of rage and terror. Repressed, doomed to die, he took black powder or seedgrains in the hollow of his hand, this Ogé; sprinkled a film of white ones on the top, and said to his Judges, 'Behold, they are white'; then *shook* his hand, and said, 'Where are the whites, *Où sont les blancs?*'

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Parl.* xii. 131, 141; xiii. 114, 417.

BOOK I  
1791-92

So now, in the Autumn of 1791, looking from the sky windows of Cap Français, thick clouds of smoke girdle our horizon, smoke in the day, in the night fire: preceded by fugitive shrieking white women, by Terror and Rumour. Black demonised squadrons are massacring and harrying, with nameless cruelty. They light and fire 'from behind thickets and coverts,' for the Black man loves the Rush; they rush to the attack, thousands strong, with brandished cutlasses and fusils, with caperings, shoutings and vociferation,—which, if the White Volunteer Company stands firm, dwindle into staggerings, into quick gabblement, into panic flight at the first volley, perhaps before it.<sup>1</sup> Poor Ogé could be broken on the wheel; this fire-whirlwind too can be abated, driven up into the Mountains: but Saint Domingo is *shaken*, as Ogé's seedgrains were; shaking, writhing in long horrid death throes, it is Black without remedy; and remains, as African Haiti, a monition to the world

O my Parisian Friends, is not *this*, as well as Regraters and Feuillant Plotters, one cause of the astonishing dearth of Sugar! The Grocer, palpitant, with drooping lip, sees his Sugar *taxé*; weighed out by female Patriotism, in instant retail, at the inadequate rate of twenty five sous, or thirteen pence a pound. 'Abstain from it!' Yes, ye Patriot Sections, all ye Jacobins, abstain! Louvet and Collot-d'Herbois so advise; resolute to make the sacrifice; though 'how shall literary men do without coffee?' Abstain, with an oath; that is the surest!<sup>2</sup>

Also, for like reason, must not Brest and the Shipping Interest languish? Poor Brest languishes, sorrowing, not without spleen; denounces an Aristocrat Bertrand Moleville, traitorous Aristocrat Marine-Minister. Do not her Ships and King's Ships lie rotting piecemeal in harbour; Naval Officers morose fed, and on furlough too, with pay? Little stirring there, if it be not the Brest Gallies, whip-driven, with their Gallies-Slaves,—alas, with some Forty of our hapless Swiss Soldiers of Château Vieux, among others! These Forty Swiss, too mindful of Nanci, do now, in their red wool caps, tug sorrowfully at the oar; looking into the Atlantic brine, which reflects only their own sorrowful shaggy faces; and seem forgotten of Hope

<sup>1</sup> *Deux Ans*, c. 137

<sup>2</sup> *Discours de Jacobins*, etc. (*Hist. de Paris* vol. 1791, 92 &c.)  
D.J.



THE TWENTY-FIVE  
MILLIONS OF FRANCE.



But, on the whole, may we not say, in figurative language, that the French Constitution which shall march is very *rheumatic*, full of shooting internal pains, in joint and muscle; and will not march without difficulty?

CHAP. IV  
1791-92

## CHAPTER V

### KINGS AND EMIGRANTS

EXTREMELY rheumatic Constitutions have been known to march, and keep on their feet, though in a staggering sprawling manner, for long periods, in virtue of one thing only: that the *Head* were healthy. But this Head of the French Constitution! What King Louis is and cannot help being, Readers already know. A King who cannot take the Constitution, nor reject the Constitution: nor do anything at all, but miserably ask, What shall I do? A King environed with endless confusions; in whose own mind is no germ of order. Haughty implacable remnants of Noblesse struggling with humiliated repentant Barnave-Lameths; struggling in that obscure element of fetchers and carriers, of Half-pay braggarts from the Café Valois, of Chambermaids, whisperers, and subaltern officious persons; fierce Patriotism looking on all the while, more and more suspicious, from without: what, in such struggle, can they do? At best, *cancel* one another, and produce *zero*. Poor King! Barnave and your Senatorial Jaucourts speak earnestly into this ear; Bertrand-Moleville, and Messengers from Coblenz, speak earnestly into that: the poor Royal head turns to the one side and to the other side; can turn itself fixedly to no side. Let Decency drop a veil over it: sorrier misery was seldom enacted in the world. This one small fact, does it not throw the saddest light on much? The Queen is lamenting to Madame Campan: 'What am I to do? When they, these Barnaves, get us advised to any step which the Noblesse do not like, then I am pouted at; nobody comes to my card-table; the King's Couchée is solitary.'<sup>1</sup> In such a case of dubiety, what *is* one to do? Go inevitably to the ground!

<sup>1</sup> Campan, ii. 177, 202.

BOOK 1  
171-02

The King has accepted this Constitution, knowing beforehand that it will not serve. He studies it, and executes it in the hope mainly that it will be found inexecutable. King's Ships lie rotting in harbour, their officers gone, the Armies disorganised, robbers scour the Highways, which wear down unrepaired, all Public Service lies slack and waste. The Executive makes no effort, or an effort only to throw the blame on the Constitution. Shamming death, '*faisant la mort*'! What Constitution, used in this manner, can march? 'Grow to disgust the Nation,' it will truly 'unless you first grow to disgust the Nation.' It is Bertrand de Moleville's plan, and his Majesty's, the best they can form.

Or if, after all, this best plan proved too slow, proved a failure? Provident of that too the Queen, shrouded in deepest mystery, writes all day, in cipher day after day to Coblenz. Engineer Goguelat, one of the *Night of Spurs* whom the Lafayette Amnesty has delivered from Prison, rides and runs. Now and then, on fit occasion, a Royal familiar visit can be paid to that *Salé de Marégo* an affecting encouraging Royal Speech (sincere doubt it not, for the moment) can be delivered there and the Senators all cheer and almost weep—at the same time Mallet du Pan has visibly ceased editing and visibly bears abroad a King's Autograph, soliciting help from the Foreign Potentates. Unhappy Louis, do this thing or else that other—if thou couldst!

The thing which the King's Government did do was to stagger distractedly from contradiction to contradiction and *wedding Fire to Water* envelope itself in hissing and ashy steam. Danton and needy corruptible Patriots are sopped with presents of cash—they accept the sop, they rise refreshed by it, and—travel their own way. Nay, the King's Government did likewise hire Hand-clappers, or *claqueurs* persons to applaud. Subterranean Rivard has Fifteen Hundred Men in King's pay at the rate of some 10,000L sterling per month what he calls 'a staff of genius.' Paragraph writers, Picard Journalists 'two hundred and eighty Applauders, at three shillings a day' one of the strangest staffs ever commanded by man,—the muster-rolls and account books of which still exist. Bertrand Moleville himself in a way he thinks very

Parliamentary History, 1848, 4  
\* *Parliamentary History*

\* *Parliamentary History*  
\* *Parliamentary History*

dexterous, contrives to pack the Galleries of the Legislative ; gets Sansculottes hired to go thither, and applaud at a signal given, they fancying it was Pétion that bade them : a device which was not detected for almost a week. Dexterous enough ; as if a man, finding the Day fast decline, should determine on altering the Clock-bands : *that* is a thing possible for him.

Here too let us note an unexpected apparition of Philippe d'Orléans at Court : his last at the Levee of any King. D'Orléans, some time in the winter months seemingly, has been appointed to that old first-coveted rank of Admiral,—though only over ships rotting in port. The wished-for comes too late ! However, he waits on Bertrand-Moleville to give thanks : nay to state that he would willingly thank his Majesty in person : that, in spite of all the horrible things men have said and sung, he is far from being his Majesty's enemy ; at bottom, how far ! Bertrand delivers the message, brings about the royal Interview, which does pass to the satisfaction of his Majesty ; D'Orléans seeming clearly repentant, determined to turn over a new leaf. And yet, next Sunday, what do we see ? 'Next Sunday,' says Bertrand, 'he came to the King's Levee ; but the Courtiers ignorant of what had passed, the Crowd of Royalists who were accustomed to resort thither on that day specially to pay their court, gave him the most humiliating reception. They came pressing round him ; managing, as if by mistake, to tread on his toes, to elbow him towards the door, and not let him enter again. He went downstairs to her Majesty's Apartments, where cover was laid ; so soon as he showed face, sounds rose on all sides, "*Messieurs, take care of the dishes,*" as if he had carried poison in his pockets. The insults, which his presence everywhere excited, forced him to retire without having seen the Royal Family : the crowd followed him to the Queen's staircase ; in descending, he received a spitting (*crachat*) on the head, and some others on his clothes. Rage and spite were seen visibly painted on his face' :<sup>1</sup> as indeed how could they miss to be ? He imputes it all to the King and Queen, who know nothing of it, who are even much grieved at it ; and so descends to his Chaos again. Bertrand was there at the Château that day himself, and an eye-witness to these things.

For the rest, Non-jurant Priests, and the repression of them,

<sup>1</sup> Bertrand-Moleville, i. 177.



BOOK V  
1791-92

will distract the King's conscience; Emigrant Princes and Noblesse will force him to double-dealing; there must be *réso* on *réso*; amid the ever-waxing indignation of men. For Patriotism, as we said, looks on from without, more and more suspicious. Waxing tempest, blast after blast, of Patriotic indignation, from without; dim inorganic whirl of Intrigues, Fatuities, within! Inorganic, fatuous; from which the eye turns away. De Staël intrigues for her so gallant Narbonne, to get him made War Minister; and ceases not, having got him made The King shall fly to Rouen; shall there, with the gallant Narbonne, properly 'modify the Constitution.' This is the same brisk Narbonne, who, last year, cut out from their entanglement, by force of dragoons, those poor fugitive Royal Aunts: men say he is at bottom their Brother, or even *more*, so scandalous is scandal. He drives now, with his De Staël, rapidly to the Armies, to the Frontier Towns, produces rose-coloured Reports, not too credible, perorates, gesticulates; wavers poising himself on the top, for a moment, seen of men; then tumbles, dismissed, washed away by the Time flood.

Also the fair Princess de Lamballe intrigues, bosom friend of her Majesty: to the angering of Patriotism. Beautiful Unfortunate, why did she ever return from England? Her small silver voice, what can it profit in that piping of the black World tornado? which will whirl her, poor fragile Bird of Paradise, against grim rocks. Lariballe and De Staël intrigue visibly, apart or together: but who shall reckon how many others, and in what infinite ways, invisibly! Is there not what one may call an 'Austrian Committee,' sitting invisible in the Tuileries; 'centre of an invisible Anti National Spiderweb, which, for we sleep among mysteries, stretches its threads to the ends of the Earth? Journalist Carra has now the clearest certainty of it: to Brissotin Pa'tiotism, and France generally, it is growing more and more probable.

O Reader, hast thou no pity for this Constitution? It trembles shooting pains in its members, pressure of hydrocephalus and hygienic vapours on its Brain: a Constitution disabled against itself; which will never march, hardly even stagger! Why were not Drouet and Procureur Sausse in their beds, that un-blessed Varennes Night? Why did they not, in the name of Heaven, let the Korff Berline go whither it List'd? Name-

less incoherency, incompatibility, perhaps prodigies at which the world still shudders, had been spared.

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1791-92

But now comes the third thing that bodes ill for the marching of this French Constitution: besides the French People, and the French King, there is thirdly—the assembled European World. It has become necessary now to look at that also. Fair France is so luminous; and round and round it, is troublous Cimmerian Night. Calonnes, Breteuils hover dim, far-flown; overnetting Europe with intrigues. From Turin to Vienna; to Berlin, and utmost Petersburg in the frozen North! Great Burke has raised his great voice long ago; eloquently demonstrating that the end of an Epoch is come, to all appearance the end of Civilised Time. Him many answer: Camille Desmoulins, Clootz Speaker of Mankind, Paine the rebellious Needleman, and honourable Gaelic Vindicators in that country and in this: but the great Burke remains unanswerable; ‘the Age of Chivalry is gone,’ and could not but go, having now produced the still more indomitable Age of Hunger. Alters enough, of the Dubois-Rohan sort, changing to the Gobel-and-Talleyrand sort, are faring by rapid transmutations to—shall we say, the right Proprietor of them? French Game and French Game-Preservers did alight on the Cliffs of Dover, with cries of distress. Who will say that the end of much is not come? A set of mortals has risen, who believe that Truth is not a printed Speculation, but a practical Fact; that Freedom and Brotherhood are possible in this Earth, supposed always to be Belial’s, which ‘the Supreme Quack’ was to inherit! Who will say that Church, State, Throne, Altar are not in danger; that the sacred Strongbox itself, last Palladium of effete Humanity, may not be blasphemously blown upon, and its padlocks undone?

The poor Constituent Assembly might act with what delicacy and diplomacy it would; declare that it abjured meddling with its neighbours, foreign conquest, and so forth: but from the first this thing was to be predicted: that old Europe and new France could not subsist together. A Glorious Revolution oversetting State-Prisons and Feudalism; publishing, with outburst of Federative Cannon, in face of all the earth that Appearance is not Reality, how shall it subsist amid Governments which, if Appearance is not Reality, are—*one move not*

BOOK 1  
1791-2

extra national Versailles, a Versailles in partibus briguing intriguing favouritism strumpetocracy itself they say, goes on there, all the old activities, on a small scale quickened by hungry Revenge

Enthusiasm, of loyalty, of hatred and hope has risen to a high pitch, as, in any Coblenz tavern you may hear in speech and in singing Maury assists in the interior Council, much is decided on for one thing they keep lists of the dates of your emigrating, a month sooner or a month later determines your greater or your less right to the coming Division of the Spoil Cazalès himself, because he had occasionally spoken with a Constitutional tone, was looked on coldly at first so pure are our principles.<sup>1</sup> And arms are a hammering at Liège, 'three thousand horses' ambling hitherward from the Fairs of Germany Cavalry enrolling, likewise Foot-soldiers, 'in blue coat, red waistcoat and nankeen trousers.'<sup>2</sup> They have their secret domestic correspondences as their open foreign with disaffected Crypto-Aristocrats with contumacious Priests, with Austrian Committee in the Tuileries. Deserters are spirited over by assiduous crimps, Royal Allemand is gone almost wholly Their route of march towards France and the Division of the Spoil, is marked out were the Kaiser once ready 'It is said, they mean to poison the sources, but,' adds Patriotism making report of it 'they will not poison the source of Liberty', whereat on *applaudis* we cannot but applaud Also they have manufactories of False Assignats and men that circulate in the interior distributing and distributing the same, one of these we denounce now to Legislative Patriotism 'a man Lebrun by name, about thirty years of age with blonde hair and in quantity has only for the time being surely 'a black-eye and pox'd, goes in a mule with a black horse'<sup>3</sup> always keeping his G g

Unhappy Emigrants it was their lot and the lot of France! They are ignorant of much that they should know of themselves, of what is around them A Political Party that knows not when it is beaten may become one of the fatalists of things, to itself, and to all Nothing will convince these men that they cannot scatter the French Revolution at the first blast of their

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur* 24. 3. 1791 *Ten. regim.* 2. 2. 11. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *See 2. of Part 2. 2. 11. 35. 41. 61. 155. etc.*

<sup>3</sup> *Journal de la Nation* 28. 2. 1791 (*Rev. Part.* 2. 2. 11.)

war-trumpet; that the French Revolution is other than a blustering Effervescence, of brawlers and spouters, which, at the flash of chivalrous broadswords, at the rustle of gallows-ropes, will burrow itself, in dens the deeper the welcomer. But, alas, what man does know and measure himself, and the things that are round him;—else where were the need of physical fighting at all? Never, till they are cleft asunder, can these heads believe that a Sansculottic arm has any vigour in it: cleft asunder, it will be too late to believe.

One may say, without spleen against his poor erring brothers of any side, that above all other mischiefs, this of the Emigrant Nobles acted fatally on France. Could they have known, could they have understood! In the beginning of 1789, a splendour and a terror still surrounded them: the Conflagration of their Châteaux, kindled by months of obstinacy, went out after the Fourth of August; and might have continued out, had they at all known what to defend, what to relinquish as indefensible. They were still a graduated Hierarchy of Authorities, or the accredited similitude of such: they sat there, uniting King with Commonalty; transmitting and translating *gradually*, from degree to degree, the command of the one into the obedience of the other; rendering command and obedience still possible. Had they understood their place, and what to do in it, this French Revolution, which went forth explosively in years and in months, might have spread itself over generations: and not a torture-death but a quiet euthanasia have been provided for many things.

But they were proud and high, these men; they were not wise to consider. They spurned all from them in disdainful hate, they drew the sword and flung away the scabbard. France has not only no Hierarchy of Authorities, to translate command into obedience; its Hierarchy of Authorities has fled to the enemies of France; calls loudly on the enemies of France to interfere armed, who want but a pretext to do that. Jealous Kings and Kaisers might have looked on long, meditating interference, yet afraid and ashamed to interfere: but now do not the King's Brothers, and all French Nobles, Dignitaries and Authorities that are free to speak, which the King himself is not,—passionately invite us, in the name of Right and of Might? Ranked at Coblenz, from Fifteen to Twenty thousand stand now brandishing their weapons,

BOOK V  
1792

agitated Breakfasts there may be at Madame d'Udon's in the Place Vendôme! The alarm of all men is great. H-p, ye Patriots; and O at least agree; for the hour presses. Frost was not yet gone, when in that 'tolerably handsome apartment of the Castle of Niort,' there arrived a Letter. General Dumouriez must to Paris. It is War-Minister Narbonne that writes; the General shall give counsel about many things. In the month of February 1792, Brissotin friends welcome their Dumouriez *Polytechnus*,—comparable really to an antique-Ulysses in modern costume; quick, elastic, shifty, insuppressible, a 'many-counselled man.'

Let the Reader fancy this fair France with a whole Cimmerian Europe girdling her, rolling it on her, black, to burst in red thunder of War; fair France herself hand-shackled and foot-shackled in the weltering complexities of this Social Clothing, or Constitution, which they have made for her; a France that, in such Constitution, cannot march! And Hunger too; and plotting Aristocrats, and excommunicating Dissident Priests 'the man Lebrun by name' urging his black trucks, visible to the eye; and, still more terrible in his invisibility, Engineer Goguelat, with Queen's cipher, riding and running!

The excommunicatory Priests give new trouble to the Maine and Loire. La Vendée, not Cathelineau the wool-dealer, has not ceased grumbling and rumbling. Nay behold Jallès itself once more: how often does that real imaginary Camp of the Fiend require to be extinguished! For near two years now, it has waned faint and again waxed bright, in the bewildered soul of Patriotism: actually, if Patriotism knew it, one of the most surprising products of Nature working with Art. Royalist Seigneurs, under this or the other pretext, assemblable the simple people of these Cévennes Mountains; men not unused to revolt, and with heart for fighting, could their poor heads be got persuaded. The Royalist Seigneur harangues; harping mainly on the religious string: 'True Priests mal-treated, false Priests intruded, Protestants (once dragooned) now triumphing things sacred given to the dogs'; and so produces, from the pious Mountaineer throat, rough growl-ings:—'Shall we not testify, then, ye brave hearts of the

Cévennes; march to the rescue? Holy Religion; duty to God and the King?—‘*Si fait, si fait*, Just so, just so,’ answer the brave hearts always: ‘*Mais il y a de bien bonnes choses dans la Révolution*, But there are main good things in the Revolution too!’—And so the matter, cajole as we may, will only turn on its axis, not stir from the spot, and remains theatrical merely.<sup>1</sup>

Nevertheless deepen your cajolery, harp quick and quicker, ye Royalist Seigneurs; with a dead-lift effort you may bring it to that. In the month of June next, this *Camp of Jalès* will step forth as a theatricality suddenly become real; Two thousand strong, and with the boast that it is Seventy thousand: most strange to see; with flags flying, bayonets fixed; with Proclamation, and D’Artois Commission of civil war! Let some Rebecqui, or other the like hot-clear Patriot; let some ‘Lieutenant-Colonel Aubry,’ if Rebecqui is busy elsewhere, raise instantaneous National Guards, and disperse and dissolve it; and blow the Old Castle asunder,<sup>2</sup> that so, if possible, we hear of it no more!

In the Months of February and March, it is recorded, the terror, especially of rural France, had risen even to the transcendental pitch: not far from madness. In Town and Hamlet is rumour, of war, massacre: that Austrians, Aristocrats, above all, that *The Brigands* are close by. Men quit their houses and huts; rush fugitive, shrieking, with wife and child, they know not whither. Such a terror, the eye-witnesses say, never fell on a Nation; nor shall again fall, even in Reigns of Terror expressly so called. The Countries of the Loire, all the Central and Southeast regions, start up distracted, ‘simultaneously as by an electric shock’;—for indeed grain too gets scarcer and scarcer. ‘The people barricade the entrances of Towns, pile stones in the upper stories, the women prepare boiling water; from moment to moment, expecting the attack. In the Country, the alarm-bell rings incessant; troops of peasants, gathered by it, scour the highways, seeking an imaginary enemy. They are armed mostly with scythes stuck in wood; and, arriving in wild troops at the barricaded Towns, are themselves sometimes taken for Brigands.’<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dampmartin, i. 201.

<sup>2</sup> *Moniteur*, Séance du 15 Juillet 1792.

<sup>3</sup> Newspapers, etc. (in *Hist. Parl.* xiii. 325).

BOOK 1  
1791-4 So rushes old France old France is rushing down. What the end will be is known to no mortal, that the end is near all mortals may know

## CHAPTER VII

### CONSTITUTION WILL NOT MARCH

To all which our poor Legislative, tied up by an unmarching Constitution, can oppose nothing by way of remedy, but mere bursts of parliamentary eloquence! They go on, debating, denouncing, objugating loud weltering Chaos, which devours itself

But their two thousand and odd Decrees? Reader these happily concern not thee nor me Mere Occasional Decrees, foolish and not foolish, sufficient for *that* day was its own evil! Of the whole two thousand there are not now half a score, and these mostly blighted in the bud by royal *Ido*, that will profit or disprofit us. On the 1<sup>st</sup> January the Legislative, for one thing got its High Court, its *Haute Cour*, set up at Orléans. The theory had been given by the Constituent, in May last, but this is the reality a Court for the trial of Political Offences, a Court which cannot wait work. To this it was decreed that there needed no royal Acceptance therefore that there could be no *Ido*. Also Priests can now be married, ever since last October. A patriotic adventurous Priest had made bold to marry himself then, and not thinking this enough came to the bar with his new spouse, that the whole world might hold honeymoon with him and a Law be obtained.

Less joyful are the Laws against Refractory Priests, and yet no less needful! Decrees on Priests and Decrees on Emigrants: these are the two brief series of Decrees, worked out with endless debate and then cancelled by *Ido* which mainly concern us here. For an august National Assembly must needs conquer these Refractories, Clerical or Laic and thumb-screw them into obedience yet, behold, always as you turn your legislative thumb-screw and will press and even crush till Refractories give way—king's *Ido* steps in with magical

magical paralysis; and your thumbscrew, hardly squeezing, much less crushing, does not act !

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1791-92

Truly a melancholy Set of Decrees, a pair of Sets; paralysed by *Veto*! First, under date the 28th of October 1791, we have Legislative Proclamation, issued by herald and bill-sticker; inviting Monsieur, the King's Brother, to return within two months, under penalties. To which invitation Monsieur replies nothing; or indeed replies by Newspaper Parody, inviting the august Legislative 'to return to common sense within two months,' under penalties. Whereupon the Legislative must take stronger measures. So, on the 9th of November, we declare all Emigrants to be 'suspect of conspiracy'; and, in brief, to be 'outlawed,' if they have not returned at Newyear's-day:—Will the King say *Veto*? That 'triple impost' shall be levied on these men's Properties, or even their Properties be 'put in sequestration,' one can understand. But further, on Newyear's-day itself, not an individual having 'returned,' we declare, and with fresh emphasis some fortnight later again declare, That Monsieur is *déchu*, forfeited of his eventful Heirship to the Crown; nay more, that Condé, Calonne, and a considerable List of others are accused of high treason; and shall be judged by our High Court of Orléans: *Veto*!—Then again as to Non-jurant Priests: it was decreed, in November last, that they should forfeit what Pensions they had; be 'put under inspection, under *surveillance*,' and, if need were, be banished: *Veto*! A still sharper turn is coming; but to this also the answer will be, *Veto*.

*Veto* after *Veto*; your thumbscrew paralysed! Gods and men may see that the Legislative is in a false position. As, alas, who is in a true one? Voices already 'murmur for a 'National Convention.'<sup>1</sup> This poor Legislative, spurred and stung into action by a whole France and a whole Europe, cannot act; can only objurgate and perorate; with stormy 'motions,' and motion in which is no *way*; with effervescence, with noise and fuliginous fury!

What scenes in that National Hall! President jingling his inaudible bell; or, as utmost signal of distress, clapping on his hat; 'the tumult subsiding in twenty minutes,' and this or the other indiscreet Member sent to the Abbaye Prison for three days! Suspected Persons must be summoned and

<sup>1</sup> December 1791 (*Hist. Parl.* xii, 257).

questioned;



MARK T  
1791-97

questioned: did M. de Serbelloni of the Jacobins has to give account of himself, and why he leaves his Gun open. Several smoke rose from the Stems Pottery, indicating conspiracy; the Pottery explained that it was Necker-Lamotte's *Memoire*, brought up by her Majesty, which they were endeavouring to suppress by fire; which contributed to that runs may still run.

Again, it would seem, Duke de Brissac and the King's Constitutional Guard are making cartridges secretly in the cellars; a set of Royalists, poor and impure; black out throats many of them, picked out of gaming-houses and stobs; in all Six thousand instead of Eighteen hundred; who evidently given on us every time we enter the Chateau. Wherefore, with life's debate, let Brissac and King's Guard be disbanded. Disbanded accordingly they are; after only two months of existence, for they did not get on foot till March of this same year. So ends briefly the King's new Constitutional *Maison Militaire*; he must now be guarded by more Swiss and Blue National's again. It seems the lot of Constitutional things. New Constitutional *Maison Civile* he would never even establish, much as Brissac urged it; all resident Duchesses smiled at it, and held aloof; on the whole her Majesty thought it not worth while, the National would so soon be back triumphant!

Oh, looking out into this National Hall and its scenes, behold Pichey Tond, a Constitutional Depute, not of severe morals, demanding that 'religious customs and such customs' be abolished. Pichey Tond warms, catches fire, strikes by wringing, and hot greatly flying on the table, as if he gave it hot, his own periculous crown. Which crown, at any rate, is instantly rescued by the arms of To Dream Father, then by other arms and laughs till all are stopped; the clerical Senator clashing with a staff cap, that either he falls or his last Parliament return on us!

Quick is the movement here! And then as confusion is established, you might call it almost spiritual, political in nature, like the Kingdom of Dal. Utterly Lingue, almost to a kind of apoplexy for us, please here a new cause that he has; avoid comment and interruption, which even human passions,

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, *Journal* de 22 Mars 1792, *Journal* de 4 Mars.

<sup>2</sup> *Moniteur*, 2 Mars.

<sup>3</sup> *Moniteur*, 2 Mars.

<sup>4</sup> *Moniteur*, 27 Mars 1792, *Journal* de 2 Mars, p. 1.

he 'tears his papers, and withdraws,' the irascible adust little man. Nay honourable Members will tear their papers, being effervescent: Merlin of Thionville tears his papers, crying: 'So, the People cannot be saved by *you*!' Nor are Deputations wanting: Deputations of Sections; generally with complaint and denouncement, always with Patriot fervour of sentiment: Deputation of Women, pleading that they also may be allowed to take Pikes, and exercise in the Champ-de-Mars. Why not, ye Amazons, if it be in you? Then occasionally, having done our message and got answer, we 'defile through the Hall singing *ça-ira*'; or rather roll and whirl through it, 'dancing our *ronde patriotique* the while,'—our new *Carmagnole*, or Pyrrhic war-dance and liberty-dance. Patriot Huguenin, Ex-Advocate, Ex-Carbineer, Ex-Clerk of the Barriers, comes deputed, with Saint-Antoine at his heels; denouncing Anti-patriotism, Famine, Forestalment and Man-eaters; asks an august Legislative: 'Is there not a *toesin* in your hearts against these *mangeurs d'hommes*!'<sup>1</sup>

But above all things, for this is a continual business, the Legislative has to reprimand the King's Ministers. Of his Majesty's Ministers we have said hitherto, and say, next to nothing. Still more spectral these! Sorrowful; of no permanency any of them, none at least since Montmorin vanished: the 'eldest of the King's Council' is occasionally not ten days old.<sup>2</sup> Feuillant-Constitutional, as your respectable Cahier de Gerville, as your respectable unfortunate Delesarts; or Royalist-Constitutional, as Montmorin last Friend of Necker; or Aristocrat, as Bertrand-Moleville: they flit there phantom-like, in the huge simmering confusion; poor shadows, dashed in the racking winds; powerless, without meaning;—whom the human memory need not charge itself with.

But how often, we say, are these poor Majesty's Ministers summoned over; to be questioned, tutored; nay threatened, almost bullied! They answer what, with adroitest simulation and casuistry, they can: of which a poor Legislative knows not what to make. One thing only is clear, That Cimmerian Europe is girdling us in; that France (not actually dead, surely?) cannot march. Have a care, ye Ministers! Sharp Guadet transfixes you with cross-questions, with sudden

<sup>1</sup> See *Moniteur*, Séances (in *Hist. Parl.* xiii. xiv.).

<sup>2</sup> Dumouriez, ii. 137.

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Advocate conclusions; the sleeping temper that in Vergnaud can be awakened. Notion Bonnet brings up Regrets, Accusations, collects this Legion: it is the man's highest even now. Condorcet reacts, with his firm pen, on "Address of the Legislative Assembly to the French Nation". "Very Max Insult who for the rest, will 'carry out Fair and Sweet' on those Christian Nations, 'but Liberty,'—is for declaring



MARQUIS DE LAMOTHE

"that we tell 'Madame' something; and that by reason of it we mean death, and execution is next."

The really it grows serious: the time passes, and the men there are. Bonnet's M. de La Fayette has a speech to make, the French Army, put in the front. How he answers and explains the new order; for the people to the east. The picture the picture is this, which, but I know when Lamotte had done something and was with him. Bonnet's had the great Assembly began considering what was to be done with it, when the Parliament was made. That was made, as

oratory, only wheezing and barking ;—irremediable ; so that the august Assembly has to adjourn !<sup>1</sup> A miracle ? Typical miracle ? One knows not : only ' this one seems to know, that ' the Keeper of the Stoves *was appointed* by Bertrand ' or by some underling of his !—O fuliginous confused Kingdom of Dis, with thy Tantalus-Ixion toils, with thy angry Fire-floods, and Streams named of Lamentation, why hast thou not thy Lethe too, that so one might *finish* ?

CHAP. VII  
1702

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE JACOBINS

NEVERTHELESS let not Patriotism despair. Have we not in Paris at least, a virtuous Pétion, a wholly Patriotic Municipality ? Virtuous Pétion, ever since November, is Mayor of Paris : in our Municipality, the Public, for the Public is now admitted too, may behold an energetic Danton ; further an epigrammatic slow-sure Manuel ; a resolute unrepentant Billaud-Varennes, of Jesuit breeding ; Tallien able-editor ; and nothing but Patriots, better or worse. So ran the November Elections : to the joy of most citizens ; nay the very Court supported Pétion rather than Lafayette. And so Bailly and his Feuillants, long waning like the Moon, had to withdraw then, making some sorrowful obeisance,<sup>2</sup> into extinction :—or indeed into worse, into lurid half-light, grimmed by the shadow of that Red Flag of theirs, and bitter memory of the Champ-de-Mars. How swift is the progress of things and men ! Not now does Lafayette, as on that Federation-day, when *his* noon was, ' press<sup>3</sup> his sword firmly on the Fatherland's Altar,' and swear in sight of France : ah, no ; he, waning and setting ever since that hour, hangs now, disastrous, on the edge of the horizon ; commanding one of those Three moulting Crane-flights of Armies, in a most suspected, unfruitful, uncomfortable manner.

But, at worst, cannot Patriotism, so many thousands strong in this Metropolis of the Universe, help itself ? Has it not

<sup>1</sup> *Courrier de Paris*, 14 Janvier 1792 (Gorsas's Newspaper), in *Hist. Parl.* xiii. 83.

<sup>2</sup> *Discours de Bailly, Réponse de Pétion* (*Moniteur* du 20 Novembre 1791).

BOOK 1  
1792

right hands, pikes? Hammering of Pikes, which was not to be prohibited by Mayor Bailly, has been sanctioned by Mayor Pétion, sanctioned by Legislative Assembly. How not, when the King's so-called Constitutional Guard 'was making cartridges in secret'? Changes are necessary for the National Guard itself, this whole Feuillant Aristocrat Staff of the Guard must be disbanded. Likewise citizens without uniform may surely rank in the Guard, the pike beside the musket, in such a time the 'active' citizen and the passive who can fight for us, are they not both welcome?—Oh my Patriot friends, indubitably Yes! Nay the truth is, Patriotism throughout, were it never so white-frilled, logical, respectable must either lean itself heartily on Sansculottism the black bottomless, or else vanish in the frightfullest way to Limbo! Thus some, with upturned nose will altogether sniff and disdain Sansculottism, others will lean heartily on it, nay others again will lean what we call *heartlessly* on it three sorts, each sort with a destiny corresponding.

In such point of view however have we not for the present a Volunteer Ally, stronger than all the rest, namely Hunger? Hunger, and what rushing of Panic Terror this and the sum total of our other miseries may bring! For Sansculottism grows by what all other things die of. Stupid Peter Baille almost made an epigram though unconsciously and with the Patriot world laughing not at it but at him when he wrote: *Tout va bien ici le pain manque* All goes well here food is not to be had!<sup>1</sup>

Neither if you knew it, is Patriotism without her Constitution that can march her not impotent Parliament or call it, Ecumenic Council, and General Assembly of the Jean-Jacques Churches the MORRIS SOCIETY namely! Mother Society with her three hundred full grown Daughters, with what we can call little Grand-daughters trying to walk in every village of France numerable as Burke thinks, by the hundred thousand. This is the true Constitution, made not by Twelve hundred august Senators, but by Nature herself, and has grown, unconsciously out of the wants and the efforts of these Twenty five Millions of men. They are 'Lords of the Articles,' our Jacobins, they originate debates for the Legislative, discuss Peace and War, settle beforehand what the Legislative

<sup>1</sup> Barbareux, p. 94.

is to do. Greatly to the scandal of philosophical men, and of most Historians;—who do in that judge naturally, and yet not wisely. A Governing power must exist : your other powers here are simulacra ; this power is *it*.

CHAP. VIII  
1792

Great is the Mother Society ; she has had the honour to be denounced by Austrian Kaunitz ;<sup>1</sup> and is all the dearer to Patriotism. By fortune and valour she has extinguished Feuillantism itself, at least the Feuillant Club. This latter, high as it once carried its head, she, on the 18th of February, has the satisfaction to see shut, extinct ; Patriots having gone thither, with tumult, to hiss it out of pain. The Mother Society has enlarged her locality, stretches now over the whole nave of the Church. Let us glance in, with the worthy Toulangeon, our old Ex-Constituent Friend, who happily has eyes to see. ‘The nave of the Jacobins Church,’ says he, ‘is changed into a vast Circus, the seats of which mount up circularly, like an amphitheatre to the very groin of the domed roof. A high Pyramid of black marble, built against one of the walls, which was formerly a funeral monument, has alone been left standing : it serves now as back to the Office-bearers’ Bureau. Here on an elevated Platform sit President and Secretaries, behind and above them the white Busts of Mirabeau, of Franklin, and various others, nay finally of Marat. Facing this is the Tribune, raised till it is midway between floor and groin of the dome, so that the speaker’s voice may be in the centre. From that point thunder the voices which shake all Europe : down below, in silence, are forging the thunderbolts and the fire-brands. Penetrating into this huge circuit, where all is out of measure, gigantic, the mind cannot repress some movement of terror and wonder ; the imagination recalls those dread temples which Poetry, of old, had consecrated to the Avenging Deities.’<sup>2</sup>

Scenes too are in this Jacobin Amphitheatre,—had History time for them. Flags of the ‘Three Free Peoples of the Universe,’ trinal brotherly flags of England, America, France, have been waved here in concert ; by London Deputation, of Whigs or *Wighs* and their Club, on this hand, and by young French Citoyennes on that ; beautiful sweet-tongued Female Citizens, who solemnly send over salutation and brotherhood, also Tricolor stitched by their own needle, and finally Ears of

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, Séance du 29 Mars 1792.

<sup>2</sup> Toulangeon, ii. 124.

Wheat ;

BOOK I  
March 1792

Woollen Caps or *Bonnets Rouges*, against many things; and is the Trismegistus and Dalai Lama of Patriot men. Whom nevertheless a shrill voiced little man, yet with fine eyes and a broad beautifully sloping brow, rises respectfully to controvert; he is, say the Newspaper Reporters, 'M. Louvet, Author of the charming Romance of *Faublas*' Steady, ye Patriots! Pull not yet two ways; with a France rushing panic-stricken in the rural districts, and a Cimmerian Europe storming in on you!

## CHAPTER IX

## MINISTER ROLAND

ABOUT the vernal equinox, however, one unexpected gleam of hope does burst forth on Patriotism. the appointment of a thoroughly Patriot Ministry. This also his Majesty, among his innumerable experiments of wedding fire to water, will try. *Quod bonum sit* Madame d'Udon's Breakfasts have jungled with a new significance, not even Genevese Dumont but had a word in it. Finally, on the 15th and onwards to the 23d day of March 1792, when all is negotiated,—this is the blessed issue; this Patriot Ministry that we see

General Dumouriez, with the Foreign Portfolio, shall ply Kaunitz and the Kaiser, in another style than did poor Deles sarts; whom indeed we have sent to our High Court of Orléans for his sluggishness. War-Minister Narbonne is washed away by the Time-flood; poor Chevalier de Grave, chosen by the Court, is fast washing away then shall austere Servan, able Engineer Officer, mount suddenly to the War Department. Genevese Clavière sees an omen realised; passing the Finance Hôtel, long years ago, as a poor Genevese exile, it was borne wondrously on his mind that he was to be Finance Minister; and now he is it;—and his poor Wife, given up by the Doctors rises and walks, not the victim of nerves but their vanquisher! And above all, our Minister of the Interior? Roland de la Platière, he of Lyons! So have the Brissotins, public or private Opinion, and Breakfasts in the Place Vendôme, decided it. Stnet Roland, compared to a *Quaker endimanché*, or Sunday

<sup>1</sup> Dumont, c. 22, 21



DEMOCRACY ENTHRONED.





Quaker, goes to kiss hands at the Tuileries, in round hat and sleek hair, his shoes tied with mere riband or ferrat. The Supreme Usher twitches Dumouriez aside: '*Quoi, Monsieur!* No buckles to his shoes?'—'Ah, Monsieur,' answers Dumouriez, glancing towards the ferrat: '*All is lost, Tout est perdu.*'<sup>1</sup>

CHAP. IX  
March 1792

And so our fair Roland removes from her upper floor in the Rue Saint-Jacques, to the sumptuous saloons once occupied by Madame Necker. Nay still earlier, it was Calonne that did all this gilding; it was he who ground these lustres, Venetian mirrors; who polished this inlaying, this veneering and or-moulu; and made it, by rubbing of the proper *lamp*, an Aladdin's Palace:—and now behold, he wanders dim-flitting over Europe; half-drowned in the Rhine-stream, scarcely saving his Papers! *Vos non vobis.*—The fair Roland, equal to either fortune, has her public Dinner on Fridays, the Ministers all there in a body: she withdraws to her desk (the cloth once removed), and seems busy writing; nevertheless loses no word: if, for example, Deputy Brissot and Minister Clavière get too hot in argument, she, not without timidity, yet with a cunning gracefulness, will interpose. Deputy Brissot's head, they say, is getting giddy, in this sudden height; as feeble heads do.

Envious men insinuate that the Wife Roland is Minister, and not the Husband: it is happily the worst they have to charge her with. For the rest, let whose head soever be getting giddy, it is not this brave woman's. Serene and queenly here, as she was of old in her own hired garret of the Ursulines Convent! She who has quietly shelled French-beans for her dinner; being led to that, as a young maiden, by quiet insight and computation; and knowing what that was, and what she was: such a one will also look quietly on or-moulu and veneering, not ignorant of these either. Calonne did the veneering: he gave dinners here, old Besenval diplomatically whispering to him; and was great: yet Calonne we saw at last 'walk with long strides.' Necker next; and where now is Necker? Us also a swift change has brought hither; a swift change will send us hence. Not a Palace but a Caravansera!

So wags and wavers this unrestful World, day after day, month after month. The streets of Paris, and all Cities, roll

<sup>1</sup> Madame Roland, ii. 80-115.

BOOK V from the opposite gallery.<sup>1</sup> Thou canst look, O Philippe - it  
 March-April 1792 is a War big with issues, for thee and for all men. Cimmerian  
 Obscurantism and this thrice-glorious Revolution shall wrestle  
 for it, then : some Four-and Twenty years ; in immeasurable  
 Briareus wrestle ; trampling and tearing ; before they can come  
 to any, not agreement, but compromise, and approximate  
 ascertainment each of what is in the other.

Let our Three Generals on the Frontier look to it, there-  
 fore ; and poor Chevalier de Grave, the War Minister, con-  
 sider what he will do. What is in the three Generals and  
 Armies we may guess. As for poor Chevalier de Grave, he,  
 in this whirl of things all coming to a press and pinch upon  
 him, loses head, and merely whirls with them, in a totally dis-  
 tracted manner ; signing himself at last, ' De Grave, Mayor of  
 Paris ' ; whereupon he demits, returns over the Channel, to  
 walk in Kensington Gardens ;<sup>2</sup> and austere Servan, the able  
 Engineer-Officer, is elevated in his stead. To the post of  
 Honour ? To that of Difficulty, at least.

## CHAPTER X

### Patriot-National-Pique

AND yet, how, on dark bottomless Cataracts there plays  
 the foolishlest fantastic coloured spray and shadow ; hiding the  
 Abyss under vapoury rainbows ! Alongside of this discussion  
 as to Austrian Prussian War, there goes on not less but more  
 vehemently a discussion, Whether the Forty or Two-and  
 Forty Swiss of Château Vieux shall be liberated from the Brest  
 Gallies ? And then, Whether, being liberated, they shall  
 have a public Festival, or only private ones ?

Théroigne, as we saw, spoke, and Collot took up the tale  
 Has not Bouillé's final display of himself, in that final Night  
 of Spury, stamped your so-called ' Revolt of Nancy ' into a  
 ' Massacre of Nancy,' for all Patriot judgments ? Hatelul is  
 that massacre ; hateful the Lafayette-Feuillant ' public thanks '  
 given for it ! For indeed, Jacobin Patriotism and dispersed  
 Feuillantism are now at death grips ; and do fight with all  
 weapons, even with scenic shows. The walls of Paris, accord-

<sup>1</sup> *Dixième Ann.* vol. 146-66.

<sup>2</sup> *Dumont*, t. 19, 21

CHAP. X  
April 9,  
1792

ingly, are covered with Placard and Counter-Placard, on the subject of Forty Swiss blockheads. Journal responds to Journal; Player Collet to Poetaster Roucher; Joseph Chénier the Jacobin, squire of Théroigne, to his Brother André the Feuillant; Mayor Pétion to Dupont de Nemours: and for the space of two months, there is nowhere peace for the thought of man,—till this thing be settled.

*Gloria in excelsis!* The Forty Swiss are at last got 'amnestied.' Rejoice, ye Forty; doff your greasy wool Bonnets, which shall become Caps of Liberty. The Brest Daughter Society welcomes you from on board, with kisses on each cheek: your iron Handcuffs are disputed as Relics of Saints; the Brest Society indeed can have one portion, which it will beat into Pikes, a sort of sacred Pikes; but the other portion must belong to Paris, and be suspended from the dome there, along with the Flags of the Three Free Peoples! Such a goose is man; and cackles over plush-velvet Grand Monarques and woollen Galley-slaves; over everything and over nothing, —and will cackle with his whole soul, merely if others cackle!

On the ninth morning of April, these Forty Swiss blockheads arrive. From Versailles; with *vivats* heaven-high; with the affluence of men and women. To the Townhall we conduct them; nay to the Legislative itself, though not without difficulty. They are harangued, bedinnered, begifted,—the very Court, *not* for conscience-sake, contributing something; and their Public Festival shall be next Sunday. Next Sunday accordingly it is.<sup>1</sup> They are mounted into a 'triumphal Car resembling a ship'; are carted over Paris, with the clang of cymbals and drums, all mortals assisting applausive; carted to the Champ-de-Mars and Fatherland's Altaïr; and finally carted, for Time always brings deliverance,—into invisibility for evermore.

Whereupon dispersed Feuillantism, or that Party which loves Liberty yet *not* more than Monarchy, will likewise have its Festival: Festival of Simoneau, unfortunate Mayor of Étampes, who died for the Law; most surely for the Law, though Jacobinism disputes; being trampled down with his Red Flag in the riot about grains. At which Festival the Public again assists, *unapplausive*: not we.

<sup>1</sup> Newspapers of February, March, April 1792; Iambe d'André Chénier *sur la Fête des Suisses*; etc. etc. (in *Hist. Parl.* xiii. xiv.).

BOOK V  
April 9,  
1792

On the whole, Festivals are not wanting, beautiful rainbow spray when all is now rushing treble quick towards its Niagara Fall National Repasts there are, countenanced by Mayor Pétion, Saint Antoine, and the Strong Ones of the Halles defiling through Jacobin Club, 'their felicity,' according to Santerre, 'not perfect otherwise', singing many voiced their *ça ira*, dancing their *ronde patriotique* Among whom one is glad to discern Saint Huruge, expressly 'in white hat,' the Saint Christopher of the Carmagnole Nay a certain *Tambour*, or National Drummer, having just been presented with a little daughter, determines to have the new Frenchwoman christened, on Fatherland's Altar, then and there Repast once over, he accordingly has her christened, Fauchet the Te Deum Bishop acting in chief, Thuriot and honourable persons standing gossips by the name, Pétion National Pique!<sup>1</sup> Does this remarkable Citizeness, now past the meridian of life, still walk the Earth? Or did she die perhaps of teething? Universal History is not indifferent

## CHAPTER XI

### THE HEREDITARY REPRESENTATIVE

AND yet it is not by carmagnole dances, and singing of *ça ira*, that the work can be done Duke Brunswick is not dancing carmagnoles, but has his drill sergeants busy

On the Frontiers, our Armies be it treason or not, behave in the worst way Troops badly commanded, shall we say? Or troops intrinsically bad? Unappointed, undisciplined, mutinous, that, in a thirty years peace, have never seen fire? In any case, Lafayette's and Rochambeau's little clutch, which they made at Austrian Flanders, has prospered as badly as clutch need do soldiers starting at their own shadow, suddenly shrieking, '*On nous trahit*,' and flying off in wild panic, at or before the first shot,—managing only to hang some two or three prisoners they had picked up, and massacre their own Commander, poor Theobald Dillon driven into a granary by them in the Town of Lille

<sup>1</sup> *Patriote Français* (Brassot's Newspaper) in *Hist. Parl.* x i 451

And

And poor Gouvion : he who sat shiftless in that Insurrection of Women ! Gouvion quitted the Legislative Hall and Parliamentary duties, in disgust and despair, when those Galley-slaves of Château-Vieux were admitted there. He said, 'Between the Austrians and the Jacobins there is nothing but

CHAP. XI

June 10,

1792



DUKE CHARLES OF BRUNSWICK.

a soldier's death for it' ;<sup>1</sup> and so, 'in the dark stormy night,' he has flung himself into the throat of the Austrian cannon, and perished in the skirmish at Maubeuge on the ninth of June. Whom Legislative Patriotism shall mourn, with black mort-cloths and melody in the Champ-de-Mars : many a Patriot shiftier, truer none. Lafayette himself is looking

<sup>1</sup> Toulangeon, ii. 149.*altogether*

BOOK V  
June 10,  
1792

altogether dubious, in place of beating the Austrians, is about writing to denounce the Jacobins Rochambeau, all disconsolate, quits the service there remains only Lückner, the babbling old Prussian Grenadier

Without Armies, without Generals! And the Cimmerian Night has gathered itself, Brunswick preparing his proclamation, just about to march! Let a Patriot Ministry and Legislative say, what in these circumstances it will do? Suppress internal enemies, for one thing, answers the Patriot Legislative, and proposes, on the 24th of May, its Decree for the Banishment of Priests Collect also some nucleus of determined internal friends, adds War Minister Servan, and proposes, on the 7th of June, his Camp of Twenty thousand Twenty thousand National Volunteers, Five out of each Canton, picked Patriots, for Roland has charge of the Interior they shall assemble here in Paris, and be for a defence, cunningly devised against foreign Austrians and domestic *Austrian Committee* alike So much can a Patriot Ministry and Legislative do

Reasonable and cunningly devised as such Camp may, to Servan and Patriotism, appear, it appears not so to Feullantism, to that Feillant Aristocrat Staff of the Paris Guard, a Staff, one would say again, which will need to be *dissolved* These men see, in this proposed Camp of Servan's, an offence, and even, as they pretend to say, an insult Petitions there come, in consequence, from blue Feuillants in epaulettes, all received Nay, in the end there comes one Petition, called 'of the Eight thousand National Guards' so many names are on it, including women and children Which famed Petition of the Eight thousand is indeed received and the Petitioners, all under arms are admitted to the honours of the sitting—if honours or even if sitting there be, for the instant their bayonets appear at the one door, the Assembly 'adjourns,' and begins to flow out at the other<sup>1</sup>

Also in these same days it is lamentable to see how National Guards escorting *Fête Dieu* or *Corpus Christi* ceremonial, do collar and smite down any Patriot that does not uncover as the Hostie passes They clap their bayonets to the breast of Cattle butcher Legendre, a known Patriot ever since the Bastille days, and threaten to butcher him, though he sat quite respectfully, he says in his Gig at a distance of fifty paces,

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires* Séance du 10 Ju n 1792

waiting till the thing were by. Nay orthodox females were shrieking to have down the *Lanterne* on him.<sup>1</sup>

CHAP. 3  
June 1793

To such height has Feuillantism gone in this Corps. For indeed, are not their Officers creatures of the chief Feuillant, Lafayette? The Court too has, very naturally, been tampering with them; caressing them, ever since that dissolution of the so-called Constitutional Guard. Some Battalions are altogether '*pétris*, kneaded full' of Feuillantism, mere Aristocrats at bottom: for instance, the Battalion of the *Filles-Saint-Thomas*, made up of your Bankers, Stockbrokers, and other Full-purses of the Rue Vivienne. Our worthy old Friend Weber, Queen's Foster-brother Weber, carries a musket in that Battalion,—one may judge with what degree of Patriotic intention.

Heedless of all which, or rather heedful of all which, the Legislative, backed by Patriot France and the feeling of Necessity, decrees this Camp of Twenty-thousand. Decisive though conditional Banishment of malign Priests it has already decreed.

It will now be seen therefore, Whether the Hereditary Representative is for us or against us? Whether or not, to all our other woes, this intolerablest one is to be added; which renders us not a menaced Nation in extreme jeopardy and need, but a paralytic Solecism of a Nation; sitting wrapped as in dead ceremonies, of a Constitutional-Vesture that were no other than a winding-sheet; our right hand glued to our left: to wait there, writhing and wriggling, unable to stir from the spot, till in Prussian rope we mount to the gallows? Let the Hereditary Representative consider it well: The Decree of Priests? The Camp of Twenty-thousand?—By Heaven, he answers, *Veto! Veto!*—Strict Roland hands-in his *Letter to the King*; or rather it was Madame's Letter, who wrote it all at a sitting; one of the plainest-spoken Letters ever handed-in to any King. This plain-spoken Letter King Louis has the benefit of reading overnight. He reads, inwardly digests; and next morning, the whole Patriot Ministry finds itself turned out. It is the 18th of June 1792.<sup>2</sup>

Dumouriez the many-counselled, he, with one Duranthon called Minister of Justice, does indeed linger for a day or two; in rather suspicious circumstances; speaks with the Queen,

<sup>1</sup> *Débats des Jacobins* (in *Hist. Parl.* xiv. 429).

<sup>2</sup> Madame Roland, ii. 115.



BOOK V  
June 1792

almost weeps with her but in the end, he too sets off for the Army, leaving what Un Patriot or Semi Patriot Ministry and Ministries can now accept the helm, to accept it. Name them not, new quick-changing Phantasms, which shift like magic lantern figures, more spectral than ever!

Unhappy Queen, unhappy Louis! The two *Vetos* were so natural are not the Priests martyrs, also friends? This Camp of Twenty thousand, could it be other than of storm fulest Sansculottes? Natural, and yet, to France, unendurable Priests that co-operate with Coblenz must go elsewhither with their martyrdom. stormful Sansculottes, these and no other kind of creatures will drive back the Austrians. If thou prefer the Austrians, then, for the love of Heaven, go join them. If not, join frankly with what will oppose them to the death. Middle course is none

Or, alas, what extreme course was there left now for a man like Louis? Underhand Royalists, Ex Minister Bertrand Moleville, Ex Constituent Malouet, and all manner of unhelpful individuals, advise and advise. With face of hope turned now on the Legislative Assembly, and now on Austria and Coblenz, and round generally on the Chapter of Chances an ancient Kingship is reeling and spinning, one knows not whitherward, on the flood of things

## CHAPTER XII

### PROCESSION OF THE BLACK BREECHES

BUT is there a thinking man in France who, in these circumstances, can persuade himself that the Constitution will march? Brunswick is stirring, *he*, in few days now, will march. Shall France sit still, wrapped in dead cerements and grave-clothes, its right hand glued to its left, till the Brunswick Saint Bartholomew arrive, till France be as Poland, and its Rights of Man become a Prussian Gibbet?

Verily it is a moment frightful for all men. National Death, or else some preternatural convulsive outburst of National Life, —that same *demonic* outburst! Patriots whose audacity has limits had in truth better retire like Barnave, court private felicity

felicity at Grenoble. Patriots whose audacity has no limits must sink down into the obscure ; and, daring and defying all things, seek salvation in stratagem, in Plot of Insurrection. Roland and young Barbaroux have spread out the Map of France before them, Barbaroux says ' with tears ' : they consider what Rivers, what Mountain-ranges are in it ; they will retire behind this Loire-stream, defend these Auvergne stone-labyrinths ; save some little sacred Territory of the Free ; die at least in their last ditch. Lafayette indites his emphatic Letter to the Legislative against Jacobinism ;<sup>1</sup> which emphatic Letter will not heal the unhealable.

CHAP. XII

June 20,

1792

Forward, ye Patriots whose audacity has no limits ; it is you now that must either do or die ! The Sections of Paris sit in deep counsel ; send out Deputation after Deputation to the Salle de Manège, to petition and denounce. Great is their ire against tyrannous *Veto*, *Austrian Committee*, and the combined Cimmerian Kings. What boots it ? Legislative listens to the ' tocsin in our hearts ' ; grants us honours of the sitting, sees us defile with jingle and fanfaronade ; but the Camp of Twenty-thousand, the Priest-Decree, be-vetoed by Majesty, are become impossible for Legislative. Fiery Isnard says, ' We will have Equality, should we descend for it to the tomb.' Vergniaud utters, hypothetically, his stern Ezekiel-visions of the fate of Anti-national Kings. But the question is : Will hypothetic prophecies, will jingle and fanfaronade demolish the *Veto* ; or will the *Veto*, secure in its Tuileries Château, remain undemolishable by these ? Barbaroux, dashing away his tears, writes to the Marseilles Municipality, that they must send him ' Six hundred men who know how to die, *qui savent mourir*.'<sup>2</sup> No wet-eyed message this, but a fire-eyed one ;—which will be obeyed !

Meanwhile the Twentieth of June is nigh, anniversary of that world-famous Oath of the Tennis-Court : on which day, it is said, certain citizens have in view to plant a *Mai* or Tree of Liberty in the Tuileries Terrace of the Feuillants ; perhaps also to petition the Legislative and Hereditary Representative about these Vetos ;—with such demonstration, jingle and evolution, as may seem profitable and practicable. Sections have gone singly, and jingled and evolved : but if they all went, or great part of them, and there, planting their *Mai* in

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, Séance du 18 Juin 1792.

<sup>2</sup> Barbaroux, p. 40.

these

BOOK V  
June 20,  
1792

these alarming circumstances, sounded the tocsin in their hearts?

Among King's Friends there can be but one opinion as to such a step among Nation's Friends there may be two On the one hand, might it not by possibility scare away these unblest Vetos? Private Patriots and even Legislative Deputies may have each his own opinion, or own no opinion but the hardest task falls evidently on Mayor Pétion and the Municipals, at once Patriots and Guardians of the public Tranquillity Hushing the matter down with the one hand,



ROEDERER

tickling it up with the other! Mayor Pétion and Municipality may lean this way, Department Directory with Procureur-Syndic Roederer, having a Feuillant tendency, may lean that On the whole, each man must act according to his one opinion or to his two opinions, and all manner of influences, official representations cross one another in the foolish way Perhaps after all, the Project,

desirable and yet not desirable, will dissipate itself, being run athwart by so many complexities, and come to nothing?

Not so, on the Twentieth morning of June, a large Tree of Liberty, Lombardy Poplar by kind, lies visibly tied on its car, in the Suburb Saint Antoine Suburb Saint Marceau too, in the uttermost Southeast, and all that remote Oriental region, Pikemen and Pikewomen, National Guards, and the unarmed curious are gathering—with the peaceablest intentions in the world A tricolor Municipal arrives, speaks Tush it is all peaceable, we tell thee, in the way of Law are not Petitions allowable, and the Patriotism of *Mais*? The tricolor Municipal returns without effect your Sansculottic rills

rills continue flowing, combining into brooks ; towards noontide, led by tall Santerre in blue uniform, by tall Saint-Huruge in white hat, it moves westward, a respectable river, or complication of still-swelling rivers.

CHAP. XII

June 20,

1792

What Processions have we not seen : *Corpus-Christi* and Legendre waiting in his Gig ; Bones of Voltaire with bullock chariots, and goadsman in Roman Costume ; Feasts of Château-Vieux and Simoneau ; Gouvion Funerals, Rousseau Sham funeral, and the Baptism of Pétion-National-Pike ! Nevertheless this Procession has a character of its own. Tricolor ribands streaming aloft from Pike-heads ; ironshod batons ; and emblems not a few ; among which see specially these two, of the tragic and the untragic sort : a Bull's Heart transfixed with iron, bearing this epigraph, '*Cœur d'Aristocrate*, Aristocrat's heart' ; and, more striking still, properly the standard of the host, a pair of old Black Breeches (silk, they say), extended on cross-staff, high overhead, with these memorable words : '*Tremblez, tyrans ; voilà les Sansculottes*, Tremble, tyrants ; here are the Sans-indispensables !' Also, the Procession trails two cannons.

Scarfed tricolor Municipals do now again meet it, in the Quai Saint-Bernard, and plead earnestly, having called halt. Peaceable, ye virtuous tricolor Municipals, peaceable are we as the sucking dove. Behold our Tennis-Court *Mai*. Petition is legal ; and as for arms, did not an august Legislative receive the so-called Eight-thousand in arms, Feuillants though they were ? Our Pikes, are they not of National iron ? Law is our father and mother, whom we will not dishonour ; but Patriotism is our own soul. Peaceable, ye virtuous Municipals ;—and on the whole, limited as to time ! Stop we cannot ; march ye with us.—The Black Breeches agitate themselves, impatient ; the cannon-wheels grumble : the many-footed Host tramps on.

How it reached the Salle de Manège, like an ever-waxing river ; got admittance after debate ; read its Address ; and defiled, dancing and *ça-ira-ing*, led by tall sonorous Santerre and tall sonorous Saint-Huruge : how it flowed, not now a waxing river but a shut Caspian lake, round all Precincts of the Tuileries ; the front Patriot squeezed by the rearward against barred iron Grates, like to have the life squeezed out of him, and looking too into the dread throat of cannon, for

National

BOOK V  
June 20,  
1792

having recognised themselves to be incongruous, something must be made of it. The Fates know what.

This is the world-famous Twentieth of June, more worthy to be called the *Procession of the Black Breeches*. With which, what we had to say of this First French biennial Parliament, and its products and activities, may perhaps fitly enough terminate.

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## BOOK SIXTH

# THE MARSEILLESE

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### CHAPTER I

#### EXECUTIVE THAT DOES NOT ACT

How could your paralytic National Executive be put 'in action,' in any measure, by such a Twentieth of June as this? Quite contrariwise: a large sympathy for Majesty so insulted arises everywhere; expresses itself in Addresses, Petitions, 'Petition of the Twenty-thousand inhabitants of Paris,' and suchlike, among all Constitutional persons; a decided rallying round the throne.

Of which rallying it was thought King Louis might have made something. However, he does make nothing of it, or attempt to make; for indeed his views are lifted beyond domestic sympathy and rallying, over to Coblenz mainly. Neither in itself is this same sympathy worth much. It is sympathy of men who believe still that the Constitution can march. Wherefore the old discord and ferment, of Feuillant sympathy for Royalty, and Jacobin sympathy for Fatherland, acting against each other from within; with terror of Coblenz and Brunswick acting from without:—this discord and ferment must hold on its course, till a catastrophe do ripen and come. One would think, especially as Brunswick is near marching, such catastrophe cannot now be distant. Busy, ye Twenty-five French Millions: ye foreign Potentates, minatory Emigrants, German drill-sergeants; each do what his hand findeth! Thou, O Reader, at such safe distance, wilt see what they make of it among them.

Consider, therefore, this pitiable Twentieth of June as a futility; no catastrophe, rather a *catastasis*, or heightening.  
Do

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by War-minister, are shy of affording cash; it may be, your poor Federates cannot arm themselves, cannot march, till the Daughter Society of the place open her pocket and subscribe. There will not have arrived, at the set day, Three-thousand of them in all. And yet, thin and feeble as these streaks of Federates seem, they are the only thing one discerns moving with any clearness of aim in this strange scene. Angry buzz and simmer; uneasy tossing and moaning of a huge France, all enchanted, spellbound by unmarching Constitution, into frightful conscious and unconscious Magnetic sleep; which frightful Magnetic sleep must now issue soon in one of two things: Death or Madness! The *Fédérés* carry mostly in their pocket some earnest cry and Petition, to have the 'National Executive put in action'; or as a step towards that, to have the King's *Déchéance*, King's Forfeiture, or at least his Suspension, pronounced. They shall be welcome to the Legislative, to the Mother of Patriotism, and Paris will provide for their lodging.

*Déchéance*, indeed. and what next? A France spell free, a Revolution saved, and anything, and all things next! so answer grimly Danton and the unlimited Patriots, down deep in their subterranean region of Plot, whither they have now dived. *Déchéance*, answers Brissot with the limited. and if next the little Prince Royal were crowned, and some Regency of Girondins and recalled Patriot Ministry set over him? Alas, poor Brissot; looking, as indeed poor man does always, on the nearest morrow as his peaceable promised land; deciding what must reach to the world's end, yet with an insight that reaches not beyond his own nose! Wiser are the unlimited subterranean Patriots, who with light for the hour itself, leave the rest to the gods.

Or were it not, as we now stand, the probablest issue of all, that Brunswick, in Coblenz, just gathering his huge limbs towards him to rise, might arrive first; and stop both *Déchéance*; and theonsing on it? Brunswick is on the eve of marching, with Eighty thousand, they say; fell Prussians, Hessians, feller Emigrants: a General of the Great Frederick, with such an Army. And our Armies? And our Generals? As for Lafayette, on whose late visit a Committee is sitting and all France is jarring and censuring, he seems readier to fight us than fight Brunswick. Lückner and Lafayette pretend to be interchanging corps, and are making movements, which Patriotism cannot

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cannot understand. This only is very clear, that their corps go marching and shuttling, in the interior of the country; much nearer Paris than formerly! Lückner has ordered Dumouriez down to him; down from Maulde, and the Fortified Camp there. Which order the many-counselled Dumouriez, with the Austrians hanging close on him, he busy meanwhile training a few thousands to stand fire and be soldiers, declares that, come of it what will, he cannot obey.<sup>1</sup> Will a poor Legislative, therefore, sanction Dumouriez; who applies to it, 'not knowing whether there is any War-ministry'? Or sanction Lückner and these Lafayette movements?

The poor Legislative knows not what to do. It decrees, however, that the Staff of the Paris Guard, and indeed all such Staffs, for they are Feuillants mostly, shall be broken and replaced. It decrees earnestly, in what manner one can declare, that the *Country is in Danger*. And finally, on the 11th of July, the morrow of that day when the Ministry struck work, it decrees that *the Country be*, with all despatch, *declared in Danger*. Whereupon let the King sanction; let the Municipality take measures: if such Declaration will do service, it need not fail.

In Danger truly, if ever Country was! Arise, O Country; or be trodden down to ignominious ruin! Nay, are not the chances a hundred to one that no rising of the Country will save it; Brunswick, the Emigrants, and Feudal Europe drawing nigh?

## CHAPTER II

### LET US MARCH

BUT, to our minds, the notablest of all these moving phenomena is that of Barbaroux's 'Six-hundred Marseillaise who know how to die.'

Prompt to the request of Barbaroux, the Marseilles Municipality has got these men together: on the fifth morning of July, the Townhall says, '*Marchez, abattez le Tyran*, March, strike down the Tyrant';<sup>2</sup> and they, with grim appropriate '*Marchons*,' are marching. Long journey, doubtful errand;

<sup>1</sup> Dumouriez, ii. 1, 5.

<sup>2</sup> Dampmartin, ii. 183.



BOOK VI *Enfans de la Patrie*, may a good genius guide you! Their own wild heart and what faith it has will guide them and is not that the monition of some genius, better or worse? Five hundred and Seventeen able men, with Captains of fifties and tens, well armed all, musket on shoulder, sabre on thigh nay they drive three pieces of cannon, for who knows what obstacles may occur? Municipalities there are, paralysed by War minister, Commandants with orders to stop even Federation Volunteers good, when sound arguments will not open a Towngate, if you have a petard to shiver it! They have left their sunny Phocæan City and Seahaven, with its bustle and its bloom the thronging *Course*, with high frondent Avenues, pitchy dockyards, almond and olive groves, orange trees on house tops and white glittering *bastides* that crown the hills, are all behind them They wend on their wild way, from the extremity of French land through unknown cities, toward an unknown destiny, with a purpose that they know

Much wondering at this phenomenon, and how, in a peaceable trading City, so many householders and hearthholders do severally fling down their crafts and industrial tools, gird themselves with weapons of war, and set out on a journey of six hundred miles, to 'strike down the tyrant,'—you search in all Historical Books, Pamphlets and Newspapers, for some light on it unhappily without effect Rumour and Terror precede this march, which still echo on you, the march itself an unknown thing Weber, in the back stairs of the Tuileries has understood that they were *Forçats*, Galley slaves and mere scoundrels, these Marseillèse, that, as they marched through Lyons, the people shut their shops,—also that the number of them was some *Four Thousand* Equally vague is Blanc Gilli, who likewise murmurs about *Forçats* and danger of plunder<sup>1</sup> *Forçats* they were not, neither was there plunder or danger of it Men of regular life, or of the best filled purse, they could hardly be, the one thing needful in them was that they 'knew how to die' Friend Dampmartin saw them, with his own eyes, march 'gradually' through his quarters at *Villefranche* in the *Beaufolais* but saw in the vaguest manner, being indeed preoccupied, and himself munded for marching just then—across the Rhine Deep was his astonishment to think of such a march, without appointment or arrange

<sup>1</sup> See Barbaroux *Mémoires* (Note in pp. 40 41).

ment, station or ration ; for the rest, it was ' the same men he had seen formerly ' in the troubles of the South ; ' perfectly civil ' ; though his soldiers could not be kept from talking a little with them.<sup>1</sup>

CHAP. II  
July 5, 1792

So vague are all these ; *Moniteur*, *Histoire Parlementaire* are as good as silent : garrulous History, as is too usual, will say nothing where you most wish her to speak ! If enlightened Curiosity ever get sight of the Marseilles Council-Books, will it not perhaps explore this strangest of Municipal procedures ; and feel called to fish-up what of the Biographies, creditable or discreditable, of these Five-hundred and Seventeen, the stream of Time has not yet irrevocably swallowed ?

As it is, these Marseillaise remain inarticulate, undistinguishable in feature ; a blackbrowed Mass, full of grim fire, who wend there, in the hot sultry weather : very singular to contemplate. They wend ; amid the infinitude of doubt and dim peril ; they not doubtful : Fate and Feudal Europe, having decided, come girdling in from without ; they, having also decided, to march within. Dusty of face, with frugal refreshment, they plod onwards ; unwearable, not to be turned aside. Such march will become famous. The Thought, which works voiceless in this blackbrowed mass, an inspired Tyrtæan Colonel, Rouget de Lille, whom the Earth still holds,<sup>2</sup> has translated into grim melody and rhythm ; into his *Hymn* or *March of the Marseillaise* : luckiest musical-composition ever promulgated. The sound of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins ; and whole Armies and Assemblages will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death, Despot and Devil.

One sees well, these Marseillaise will be too late for the Federation Feast. In fact, it is not Champ-de-Mars Oaths that they have in view. They have quite another feat to do : a paralytic National Executive to set in action. They must ' strike down ' whatsoever ' Tyrant,' or Martyr-Fainéant, there may be who paralyses it ; strike and be struck ; and on the whole prosper, and know how to die.

<sup>1</sup> Dampmartin, ubi suprâ.—As to Dampmartin himself and what became of him further, see *Mémoires de la Comtesse de Lichtenau*, écrits par elle-même ; traduits de l'Allemand (à Londres 1809), i. 200-7 ; ii. 78-91.

<sup>2</sup> A.D. 1836.

BOOK VI  
July 1793

## CHAPTER III

## SOME CONSOLATION TO MANKIND

Of the Federation Feast itself we shall say almost nothing. There are Tents pitched in the Champ de Mars, tent for National Assembly, tent for Hereditary Representative—who indeed is there too early, and has to wait long in it. There are Eighty three symbolic Departmental Trees of Liberty, trees and *maïs* enough beautiful of all, there is one huge *maïs*, hung round with effete Scutcheons, Emblazonries and Genealogy books, nay better still, with Lawyers' bags, '*sacs de procédure*', which shall be burnt. The Thirty seat rows of that famed Slope are again full, we have a bright Sun, and all is marching streamering and blaring but what avails it? Virtuous Mayor Petion, whom Feuillantism had suspended was reinstated only last night, by Decree of the Assembly. Men's humour is of the sourest. Men's hats have on them, written in chalk, '*Vive Pétion*', and even, '*Pétion or Death Pétion ou la Mort*'.

Poor Louis, who has waited till five o'clock before the Assembly would arrive, swears the National Oath this time, with a quilted cuirass under his waistcoat which will turn pistol bullets.<sup>1</sup> Madame de Staël, from that Royal Tent stretches out the neck in a kind of agony, lest the waving multitude which received him may not render him back alive. No cry of *Vive le Roi* salutes the ear, cries only of *Vive Pétion*, *Pétion ou la Mort*. The National Solemnity is as it were huddled by, each covering off almost before the evolutions are gone through. The very *Maïs* with its Scutcheons and Lawyers' bags is forgotten, stands unburnt, till 'certain Patriot Deputies,' called by the people, set a torch to it, by way of voluntary after piece. Sadder Feast of Pikes no man ever saw.

Mayor Petion, named on hats is at his zenith in this Federation. Lafayette again is close upon his nadir. Why does the storm bell of Saint Roch speak out, next Saturday, why do

<sup>1</sup> Campan c. 20 De Staël i. c. 7

the citizens shut their shops ?<sup>1</sup> It is Sections defiling, it is fear of effervescence. Legislative Committee, long deliberating on Lafayette and that Anti-Jacobin visit of his, reports, this day, that there is 'not ground for Accusation' ! Peace, ye Patriots, nevertheless ; and let that tocsin cease : the Debate is not finished, nor the Report accepted ; but Brissot, Isnard and the Mountain will sift it, and resift it, perhaps for some three weeks longer.

So many bells, storm-bells and noises do ring ;—scarcely audible ; one drowning the other. For example : in this same Lafayette tocsin, of Saturday, was there not withal some faint bob-minor, and Deputation of Legislative, ringing the Chevalier Paul Jones to his long rest ; tocsin or dirge now all one to him ! Not ten days hence Patriot Brissot, beshouted this day by the Patriot Galleries, shall find himself begroaned by them, on account of his limited Patriotism ; nay pelted at while perorating, and 'hit with two prunes.'<sup>2</sup> It is a distracted empty-sounding world ; of bob-minors and bob-majors, of triumph and terror, of rise and fall !

The more touching is this other Solemnity, which happens on the morrow of the Lafayette tocsin : Proclamation that the *Country is in Danger*. Not till the present Sunday could such Solemnity be. The Legislative decreed it almost a fortnight ago ; but Royalty and the ghost of a Ministry held back as they could. Now however, on this Sunday, 22d day of July 1792, it will hold back no longer ; and the Solemnity in very deed is. Touching to behold ! Municipality and Mayor have on their scarfs ; cannon-salvo booms alarm from the Pont-Neuf, and single-gun at intervals all day. Guards are mounted, scarfed Notabilities, Halberdiers, and a Cavalcade ; with streamers, emblematic flags ; especially with one huge Flag, flapping mournfully : *Citoyens, la Patrie est en Danger*. They roll through the streets, with stern-sounding music, and slow rattle of hoofs ; pausing at set stations, and with doleful blast of trumpet singing out through Herald's throat, what the Flag says to the eye : 'Citizens, our Country is in Danger !'

Is there a man's heart that hears it without a thrill ? The many-voiced responsive hum or bellow of these multitudes is not of triumph ; and yet it is a sound deeper than triumph. But when the long Cavalcade and Proclamation ended ; and

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, Séance du 21 Juillet 1792.

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. Parl.* xvi. 185.

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July 2<sup>d</sup>  
1792

our huge Flag was fixed on the Pont Neuf, another like it on the *Hôtel de Ville*, to wave there till better days; and each Municipal sat in the centre of his Section, in a Tent raised in some open square, Tents surmounted with flags of *Patrie en Danger*, and topmost of all a Pike and *Bonnet Rouge*, and, on two drums in front of him, there lay a plank table, and on thus an open Book, and a Clerk sat, like recording angel, ready to write the lists, or as we say to enlist! O, then, it seems, the very gods might have looked down on it Young Patriotism, Culottic and Sansculottic, rushes forward emulous That is my name, name, blood and life is all my country's, why have I nothing more! Youths of short stature weep that they are below size Old men come forward, a son in each hand Mothers themselves will grant the son of their travail, send him, though with tears And the multitude bellows *Vive la Patrie*, far reverberating And fire flashes in the eyes of men, —and at eventide, your Municipal returns to the Townhall followed by his long train of Volunteer valour, hands in his List, says proudly, looking round, This is my day's harvest.<sup>1</sup> They will march, on the morrow, to Soissons, small bundle holding all their chattels

So, with *Vive la Patrie, Vive la Liberté*, stone Paris reverberates like Ocean in his caves, day after day, Municipals enlisting in tricolor Tent, the Flag flapping on Pont Neuf and Townhall, *Citoyens, la Patrie est en Danger* Some Ten thousand fighters, without discipline but full of heart, are on march in few days The like is doing in every Town of France —Consider, therefore, whether the Country will want defenders, had we but a National Executive? Let the Sections and Primary Assemblies, at any rate, become Permanent! They do become Permanent, and sit continually in Paris, and over France, by Legislative Decree, dated Wednesday the 25th<sup>2</sup>

Mark contrariwise how, in these very hours, dated the 25th, Brunswick 'shakes himself, s'ébranle,' in Coblenz, and takes the road! Shakes himself indeed, one spoken word becomes such a shaking Successive, simultaneous *dirl* of thirty-thousand muskets shouldered, prance and jingle of ten thousand horsemen, fanfaronading Emigrants in the van, drum, kittle-drum, noise of weeping, swearing; and the

<sup>1</sup> *Tableau de la Révolution* § *Patrie en Danger*

<sup>2</sup> *Mémorial*, Séance du 25 Juillet 1792



BOOK VI  
July 1<sup>st</sup> 1793

black terror haunts him O brave Barbaroux, wilt thou not smuggle me to Marseilles, 'disguised as a jockey'?' In Palais Royal and all public places, as we read, there is sharp activity, private individuals haranguing that Valour may enlist, haranguing that the Executive may be put in action. Royalist Journals ought to be solemnly burnt argument thereupon, debates, which generally end in single-stick, *coups de cannes*! Or think of this, the hour midnight place Salle de Manege, august Assembly just adjourning 'Citizens of both sexes enter in a rush, exclaiming, *Vengeance, they are poisoning our Brothers*';—baking braved glass among their bread at Soissons! Vergniaud has to speak soothing words. How Commissioners are already sent to investigate this brayed glass, and do what is needful therein;—till the rush of Citizens 'makes profound silence', and goes home to its bed.

Such is Paris, the heart of a France like to it. Preter natural suspicion, doubt, disquietude, nameless anticipation from shore to shore—and those blackbrowed Marseillaise marching dusty, unweaned, through the midst of it, not doubtful they Marching to the grim music of their hearts, they consume continually the long road, these three weeks and more, heralded by Terror and Rumour The Brest Fédérés arrive on the 26th, through hurrahing streets. Determined men are these also, bearing or not bearing the Sacred Pikes of Château Vieux, and on the whole decidedly disinclined for Soissons as yet. Surely the Marseillaise Brethren do draw nigher all days.

## CHAPTER V

### AT DENVER

It was a bright day for Charenton, that 29th of the month, when the Marseillaise Brethren actually came in sight. Barbaroux, Santerre and Patriots have gone out to meet the grim Warfarers. Patriot clasps dusty Patriot to his bosom, there is footwashing and refection 'dinner of twelve-hundred covers at the Blue Dial *Cadran Bleu*', and deep interior

<sup>1</sup> *PARLEMENT* p. 60.

<sup>2</sup> Newspapers, *NOTES* and DOCUMENTS (*hist. Parl.* xv. 40. xlv. 399).

consultation,



THE REIGN OF TERROR.



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consultation, that one wots not of.<sup>1</sup> Consultation indeed which comes to little; for Santerre, with an open purse, with a loud voice, has almost no head. Here, however, we repose this night: on the morrow is public entry into Paris.

CHAP. IV  
July 29,  
1792

Of which public entry the Day-Historians, *Diurnalists*, or Journalists as they call themselves, have preserved record enough. How Saint-Antoine male and female, and Paris generally, gave brotherly welcome, with bravo and hand-clapping, in crowded streets; and all passed in the peaceablest manner;—except it might be our Marseillaise pointed out here and there a riband-cockade, and beckoned that it should be snatched away, and exchanged for a wool one; which was done. How the Mother Society in a body has come as far as the Bastille-ground, to embrace you. How you then wend onwards, triumphant, to the Townhall, to be embraced by Mayor Pétion; to put down your muskets in the Barracks of Nouvelle France, not far off;—then towards the appointed Tavern in the Champs Élysées, to enjoy a frugal Patriot repast.<sup>2</sup>

Of all which the indignant Tuileries may, by its Tickets of Entry, have warning. Red Swiss look doubly sharp to their Château-Grates;—though surely there is no danger? Blue Grenadiers of the Filles-Saint-Thomas Section are on duty there this day: men of Agio, as we have seen; with stuffed purses, riband-cockades; among whom serves Weber. A party of these latter, with Captains, with sundry Feuillant Notabilities, Moreau de Saint-Méry of the three-thousand orders, and others, have been dining, much more respectably, in a Tavern hard by. They have dined, and are now drinking Loyal-Patriotic toasts; while the Marseillaise, *National-Patriotic* merely, are about sitting down to their frugal covers of delf. How it happened remains to this day undemonstrable; but the external fact is, certain of these Filles-Saint-Thomas Grenadiers do issue from their Tavern; perhaps touched, surely not yet muddled with any liquor they have had;—issue in the professed intention of testifying to the Marseillaise, or to the multitude of Paris Patriots who stroll in these spaces, That they, the Filles-Saint-Thomas men, if well seen into, are not a whit less Patriotic than any other class of men whatever.

<sup>1</sup> *Deux Amis*, viii. 90-101.

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. Parl.* xvi. 196. See Barbaroux, pp. 51-5.

BOOK VI August, that miserable business of Lafayette may be expected  
 Aug 3-5, to terminate on the eighth  
 1792

Or will the humane Reader glance into the Levee day of Sunday the fifth? The last Levee! Not for a long time, 'never,' says Bertrand Moleville, had a Levee been so brilliant, at least so crowded. A sad presaging interest sat on every face, Bertrand's own eyes were filled with tears. For indeed, outside of that Tricolor Riband on the Feuillants Terrace, Legislative is debating, Sections are defiling, all Paris is astir this very Sunday, demanding *Déchéance*<sup>1</sup>. Here, however, within the riband, a grand proposal is on foot, for the hundredth time, of carrying his Majesty to Rouen and the Castle of Gaillon. Swiss at Courbevoye are in readiness, much is ready, Majesty himself seems almost ready. Nevertheless, for the hundredth time, Majesty, when near the point of action, draws back, writes, after one has waited palpitating an endless summer day, that 'he has reason to believe the Insurrection is not so ripe as you suppose.' Whereat Bertrand Moleville breaks forth 'into extremity at once of spleen and despair, *d'humeur et de désespoir*'<sup>2</sup>.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE STEEPLES AT MIDNIGHT

FOR, in truth, the Insurrection is just about ripe. Thursday is the ninth of the month August. If Forfeiture be not pronounced by the Legislative that day, we must pronounce it ourselves.

Legislative? A poor water-logged Legislative can pronounce nothing. On Wednesday the eighth, after endless oratory once again, they cannot even pronounce Accusation against Lafayette, but absolve him,—hear it, Patriotism!—by a majority of two to one. Patriotism hears it, Patriotism, hounded on by Prussian terror, by Preternatural Suspicion, roars tumultuous round the Salle de Manège, all day, insults many leading Deputies, of the absolvent Right side, nay chases them, collars them with loud menace. Deputy Vaublanc, and others of the like, are glad to take refuge in

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Parl.* xvi. 337 9.

<sup>2</sup> Bertrand Moleville *Mémoires* vol. ii. 129  
 Guardhouses,

Guardhouses, and escape by the back window. And so, next CHAP. VI  
day, there is infinite complaint; Letter after Letter from Aug. 9, 1792  
insulted Deputy: mere complaint, debate and self-cancelling  
jargon: the sun of Thursday sets like the others, and no  
Forfeiture pronounced. Wherefore in fine, To your tents, O  
Israel!

The Mother Society ceases speaking; groups cease haranguing; Patriots, with closed lips now, 'take one another's arm'; walk off, in rows, two and two, at a brisk business-pace; and vanish afar in the obscure places of the East.<sup>1</sup> Santerre is ready; or we will make him ready. Forty-seven of the Forty-eight Sections are ready; nay, Filles-Saint-Thomas itself turns up the Jacobin side of it, turns down the Feuillant side of it, and is ready too. Let the unlimited Patriot look to his weapon, be it pike, be it firelock; and the Brest brethren,—above all, the black-browed Marseillaise, prepare themselves for the extreme hour! Syndic Reederer knows, and laments or not as the issue may turn, that 'five-thousand ball-cartridges, within these few days, have been distributed to Fédérés, at the Hotel-de-Ville.'<sup>2</sup>

And ye likewise, gallant gentlemen, defenders of Royalty, crowd ye on your side to the Tuileries. Not to a Levee: no, to a Couchée; where much will be put to bed. Your Tickets of Entry are needful; needfuler your blunderbusses!—They come and crowd, like gallant men who also know how to die: old Maillé the Camp-Marshal has come, his eyes gleaming once again, though dimmed by the rheum of almost fourscore years. Courage, Brothers! We have a thousand red Swiss; men stanch of heart, stedfast as the granite of their Alps. National Grenadiers are at least friends of Order; Commandant Mandat breathes loyal ardour, will 'answer for it on his head.' Mandat will, and his Staff; for the Staff, though there stands a doom and Decree to that effect, is happily never yet dissolved.

Commandant Mandat has corresponded with Mayor Pétion; carries a written Order from him these three days, to repel force by force. A squadron on the Pont-Neuf with cannon shall turn back these Marseillaise coming across the River: a squadron at the Townhall shall cut Saint-Antoine in two, 'as it issues from the Arcade Saint-Jean'; drive one-half back to

<sup>1</sup> *Deux Amis*, viii. 129-88.

<sup>2</sup> Reederer à la Barre (Séance du 9 Août, in *Hist. Parl.* xvi. 393).

BOOK VI the obscure East, drive the other half forward 'through the Arc 9, 1792 Wickets of the Louvre.' Squadrons not a few, and mounted squadrons; squadrons in the Palais Royal, in the Place Vendôme: all these shall charge, at the right moment; sweep this street, and then sweep that. Some new Twentieth of June we shall have; only still more ineffectual? Or probably the Insurrection will not dare to rise at all? Mandat's



JÉRÔME PÉTION.

Squadrons, Horse-gendarmes and blue Guards march, clattering, tramping; Mandat's Cannoneers rumble. Under cloud of night; to the sound of his *général*, which begins drumming when men should go to bed. It is the 9th night of August 1792.

On the other hand, the Forty-eight Sections correspond by swift messengers; are choosing each their 'three Delegates with full powers.' Syndic Roderer, Mayor Pétion are sent for to the Tuilleries: courageous Legislators, when the drum beats danger, should repair to their *Salé*. Demoiselle Thérèse has

has on her grenadier-bonnet, short-skirted riding-habit; two pistols garnish her small waist, and sabre hangs in baldric by her side. CHAP. VI  
Aug. 9, 1792

Such a game is playing in this Paris Pandemonium, or City of All the Devils!—And yet the Night, as Mayor Pétion walks here in the Tuileries Garden, 'is beautiful and calm'; Orion and the Pleiades glitter down quite serene. Pétion has come forth, the 'heat' inside was so oppressive.' Indeed, his Majesty's reception of him was of the roughest; as it well might be. And now there is no outgate; Mandat's blue Squadrons turn you back at every Grate; nay the Filles-Saint-Thomas Grenadiers give themselves liberties of tongue, How a virtuous Mayor 'shall pay for it, if there be mischief,' and the like; though others again are full of civility. Surely if any man in France is in straits this night, it is Mayor Pétion: bound, under pain of death, one may say, to smile dexterously with the one side of his face, and weep with the other;—death if he do it not dexterously enough! Not till four in the morning does a National Assembly, hearing of his plight, summon him over 'to give account of Paris'; of which he knows nothing: whereby, however, he shall get home to bed, and only his gilt coach be left. Scarcely less delicate is Syndic Rœderer's task; who must wait, whether he will lament or not, till he see the issue. Janus Bifrons, or *Mr. Facing-both-ways*, as vernacular Bunyan has it! They walk there, in the meanwhile, these two Januses, with others of the like double conformation; and 'talk of indifferent matters.'

Rœderer, from time to time, steps in; to listen, to speak; to send for the Department-Directory itself, he their Procureur Syndic not seeing how to act. The Apartments are all crowded; some seven-hundred gentlemen in black elbowing, bustling; red Swiss standing like rocks; ghost, or partial-ghost of a Ministry, with Rœderer and advisers, hovering round their Majesties; old Marshal Maille kneeling at the King's feet to say, He and these gallant gentlemen are come to die for him. List! through the placid midnight; clang of the distant storm-bell! So, in very sooth: steeple after steeple takes up the wondrous tale. Black Courtiers listen at the windows, opened

<sup>1</sup> Rœderer, *Chronique de Cinquante Jours; Récit de Pétion*. Townhall Records, etc. (in *Hist. Parl.* xvi. 399-466).

BOOK VI for air; discriminate the steeple bells:<sup>1</sup> this is the tocsin of Aug 9, 1792 Saint Roch; that again, is it not Saint Jacques, named *de la Boucherie*? Yes, Messieurs! Or even Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, hear ye it not? The same metal that rang storm, two hundred and twenty years ago; but by a Majesty's order then; on Saint-Bartholomew's Eve!<sup>2</sup>—So go the steeple bells; which Courtiers can discriminate Nay, meseems, there is the Townhall itself; we know it by its sound! Yes, Friends, that is the Townhall; discoursing so, to the Night. Miraculously; by miraculous metal tongue and man's arm: Marat himself, if you knew it, is pulling at the rope there! Marat is pulling; Robespierre lies deep, invisible for the next forty hours; and some men have heart, and some have as good as none, and not even frenzy will give them any.

What struggling confusion, as the issue slowly draws on; and the doubtful Hour, with pain and blind struggle, brings forth its Certainty, never to be abolished!—The Full power Delegates, three from each Section, a Hundred and forty-four in all, got gathered at the Townhall, about midnight Mandat's Squadron, stationed there, did not hinder their entering—are they not the 'Central Committee of the Sections' who sit here usually; though in greater number tonight? They are there: presided by Confusion, Irresolution, and the Clack of Tongues. Swift scouts fly; Rumour buzzes, of black Courtiers, red Swiss, of Mandat and his Squadrons that shall charge Better put off the Insurrection? Yes, put it off Ha, hark! Saint-Antoine booming out eloquent tocsin, of its own accord!—Friends, no. ye cannot put off the Insurrection; but must put it on, and live with it, or die with it

Swift now, therefore: let these actual Old Municipals, on sight of the Full powers, and mandate of the Sovereign elective People, lay down their functions, and this New Hundred and Forty four take them up! Will ye nill ye, worthy Old Municipals, go ye must. Nay is it not a happiness for many a Municipal that he can wash his hands of such a business; and sit there paralysed, unaccountable, till the hour do bring forth; or even go home to his night's rest?<sup>3</sup> Two only of the old, or at most three, we retain: Mayor Pétion, for the present walking in the Tuileries; Procureur Manuel; Procureur-

<sup>1</sup> Roderer, ubi *supra*<sup>2</sup> 24th August 1792<sup>3</sup> Section Documents, Townhall Documents (*Hist. Parl.* ubi *supra*)





BOOK VI  
Aug 10  
1792

storm is in the air! If the Insurrection come? If it come, and fail? Alas in that case, may not black Courtiers with blunderbusses, red Swiss with bayonets rush over, flushed with victory, and ask us Thou undefinable, water logged self distractive self destructive Legislative, what dost thou here *unsunk*?—Or figure the poor National Guards bivouacking in 'temporary tents' there, or standing ranked, shifting from leg to leg all through the weary night, New tricolor Municipals ordering one thing old Mandat Captains ordering another Procureur Manuel has ordered the cannons to be withdrawn from the Pont Neuf, none ventured to disobey him It seems certain, then the old Staff so long doomed, has finally been dissolved, in these hours, and Mandat is not our Commandant now, but Santerre? Yes, friends Santerre henceforth,—surely Mandat no more! The Squadrons that were to charge see nothing certain, except that they are cold hungry, worn down with watching, that it were sad to slay French brothers, sadder to be slain by them Without the Tuileries Circuit, and within it, sour uncertain humour sways these men only the red Swiss stand steadfast Them their officers refresh now with a slight wetting of brandy, wherein the Nationals, too far gone for brandy, refuse to participate

King Louis meanwhile had laid him down for a little sleep, his wig when he reappeared had lost the powder on one side<sup>1</sup> Old Marshal Maillé and the gentlemen in black rise always in spirits, as the Insurrection does not rise there goes a witty saying now, '*Le tocsin ne rend pas*,' The tocsin, like a dry milk cow, does not yield For the rest, could not one proclaim Martial Law? Not easily, for now, it seems Mayor Pétion is gone On the other hand our Interim Commandant, poor Mandat being off 'to the Hôtel de Ville' complains that so many Courtiers in black encumber the service, are an eyesorrow to the National Guards To which her Majesty answers with emphasis, That they will obey all, will suffer all that they are sure men these

And so the yellow lamplight dies out in the gray of morning in the King's Palace over such a scene Scene of jostling elbowing of confusion and indeed conclusion for the thing is about to end Rœderer and spectral Ministers jostle in the

<sup>1</sup> Rœderer ubi supra.

press ; consult, in side-cabinets, with one or with both Majesties. Sister Elizabeth takes the Queen to the window : ‘ Sister, see what a beautiful sunrise,’ right over the Jacobins Church and that quarter ! How happy if the tocsin did not yield ! But Mandat returns not ; Pétion is gone : much hangs wavering in the invisible Balance. About five o’clock, there rises from the Garden a kind of sound ; as of a shout which had become a howl, and instead of *Vive le Roi* were ending in *Vive la Nation*. ‘ *Mon Dieu !* ’ ejaculates a spectral Minister, ‘ what is he doing down there ? ’ For it is his Majesty, gone down with old Marshal Maillé to review the troops ; and the nearest companies of them answer *so*. Her Majesty bursts into a stream of tears. Yet on stepping from the cabinet, her eyes are dry and calm, her look is even cheerful. ‘ The Austrian lip, and the aquiline nose, fuller than usual, gave to her countenance,’ says Peltier,<sup>1</sup> ‘ something of majesty, which they that did not see her in these moments cannot well have an idea of.’ O thou Theresa’s Daughter !

King Louis enters, much blown with the fatigue ; but for the rest with his old air of indifference. Of all hopes now, surely the joyfulest were, that the tocsin did not yield.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE SWISS

UNHAPPY Friends, the tocsin does yield, has yielded ! Lo ye, how with the first sunrays its Ocean-tide, of pikes and fusils, flows glittering from the far East ;—immeasurable ; born of the Night ! They march there, the grim host ; Saint-Antoine on this side the River ; Saint-Marceau on that, the blackbrowed Marseillaise in the van. With hum, and grim murmur, far-heard ; like the Ocean-tide, as we say : drawn up, as if by Luna and Influences, from the great Deep of Waters, they roll gleaming on ; no King, Canute or Louis, can bid them roll back. Wide-eddying side-currents, of onlookers, roll hither and thither, unarmed, not voiceless ; they, the steel host, roll on. New-Commandant Santerre, indeed, has taken

<sup>1</sup> In Toulangeon, ii. 241.

BOOK VI is clear to them, that of standing by their post, and they  
 Aug 10, will perform that.  
 1792

But the glittering steel tide has arrived ; it beats now against the Château barriers and eastern Courts ; irresistible, loud surging far and wide ;—breaks in, fills the Court of the Carrousel, blackbrowed Marseillaise in the van King Louis gone, say you ; over to the Assembly ! Well and good : but till the Assembly pronounce Forfeiture of him, what boots it ? Our post is in that Château or stronghold of his, there till then must we continue Think, ye stanch Swiss, whether it were good that grim murder began, and brothers blasted one another in pieces for a stone edifice ?—Poor Swiss ! they know not how to act— from the southern windows, some fling cartridges, in sign of brotherhood ; on the eastern outer staircase, and within through long stairs and corridors, they stand firm ranked, peaceable and yet refusing to stir Westermann speaks to them in Alsatian German ; Marseillaise plead, in hot Provençal speech and pantomime ; stunning hubbub pleads and threatens, infinite, around. The Swiss stand fast, peaceable and yet immovable ; red granite pier in that waste-flashing sea of steel

Who can help the inevitable issue ; Marseillaise and all France on this side ; granite Swiss on that ? The pantomime grows hotter and hotter ; Marseillaise sabres flourishing by way of action ; the Swiss brow also clouding itself, the Swiss thumb bringing its firelock to the cock And hark ! high thundering above all the din, three Marseillaise cannon from the Carrousel, pointed by a gunner of bad aim, come rattling over the roofs ! Ye Swiss, therefore : *Fire !* The Swiss fire ; by volley, by platoon, in rolling fire . Marseillaise men not a few, and ' a tall man that was louder than any,' he silent, smashed upon the pavement ;—not a few Marseillaise, after the long dusty march, have made halt *here* The Carrousel is void ; the black tide receding ; ' fugitives rushing as far as Saint-Antoine before they stop.' The Cannoneers without instock have squatted invisible, and left their cannon ; which the Swiss seize.

Think what a volley . reverberating doomsful to the four corners of Paris, and through all hearts ; like the clang of Bellona's thongs ! The blackbrowed Marseillaise, rallying on the instant, have become black Demons that know how to die. Nor is Brest behindhand ; nor Alsatian Westermann,

Demoiselle

Demoiselle Théroigne is Sibyl Théroigne: Vengeance, *Victoire ou la mort!* From all Patriot artillery, great and small; from Feuillants Terrace, and all terraces and places of the wide-spread Insurrectionary sea, there roars responsive a red blazing whirlwind. Blue Nationals, ranked in the Garden, cannot help their muskets going off, *against* Foreign murderers. For there is a sympathy in muskets, in heaped masses of men: nay, are not Mankind, in whole, like tuned strings, and a cunning infinite concordance and unity; you smite one string, and all strings will begin sounding,—in soft sphere-melody, in deafening screech of madness! Mounted Gendarmerie gallop distracted; are fired on merely as a thing running; galloping over the Pont Royal, or one knows not whither. The brain of Paris, brain-fevered in the centre of it here, has gone mad; what you call, taken fire.

Behold, the fire slackens not; nor does the Swiss rolling-fire slacken from within. Nay they clutched cannon, as we saw; and now, from the other side, they clutch three pieces more; alas, cannon without linstock; nor will the steel-and-flint answer, though they try it.<sup>1</sup> Had it chanced to answer! Patriot onlookers have their misgivings; one strangest Patriot onlooker thinks that the Swiss, had they a commander, would beat. He is a man not unqualified to judge; the name of him Napoleon-Buonaparte.<sup>2</sup> And onlookers, and women, stand gazing, and the witty Dr. Moore of Glasgow among them, on the other side of the River: cannon rush rumbling past them; pause on the Pont Royal; belch out their iron entrails there, against the Tuileries; and at every new belch, the women and onlookers 'shout and clap hands.'<sup>3</sup> City of all the Devils! In remote streets, men are drinking breakfast-coffee; following their affairs; with a start now and then, as some dull echo reverberates a note louder. And here? Marseillaise fall wounded; but Barbaroux has surgeons; Barbaroux is close by, managing, though underhand and under cover. Marseillaise fall death-struck; bequeath their firelock, specify in which pocket are the cartridges; and die murmuring, 'Revenge me, Revenge thy country!' Brest Fédéré Officers, galloping in red coats, are shot as Swiss. Lo you,

CHAP. VII  
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<sup>1</sup> *Deux Amis*, viii. 179-88.

<sup>2</sup> See *Hist. Parl.* xvii. 56; Las Cases, etc.

<sup>3</sup> Moore, *Journal during a Residence in France* (Dublin, 1793), i. 26.

BOOK VI them to some Twelve hundred No child's play was it,—nor  
 Aug 10, is it! Till two in the afternoon the massacring, the breaking  
 1792 and the burning has not ended, nor the loose Bedlam shut  
 itself again

How deluges of frantic Sansculottism roared through all passages of this Tuileries, ruthless in vengeance, how the Valets were butchered, hewn down, and Dame Campan saw the Marseillaise sabre flash over her head, but the Blackbrowed said, '*Va t'en*, Get thee gone,' and flung her from him unstruck,<sup>1</sup> how in the cellars wine bottles were broken, wine butts were staved in and drunk, and, upwards to the very garrets, all windows tumbled out their precious royal furnitures and, with gold mirrors, velvet curtains, down of ript feather beds, and dead bodies of men, the Tuileries was like no Garden of the Earth—all this let him who has a taste for it see amply in Mercier, in acrid Montgaillard, or Beaulieu of the *Deux Amis*. A hundred and eighty bodies of Swiss lie piled there, naked, unremoved till the second day. Patriotism has torn their red coats into snips, and marches with them at the Pike's point the ghastly bare corpses lie there, under the sun and under the stars, the curious of both sexes crowding to look. Which let not us do. Above a hundred carts, heaped with Dead, fare towards the Cemetery of Sainte Madeleine, bewailed, bewept, for all had kindred, all had mothers if not here, then there. It is one of those Carnage fields, such as you read of by the name 'Glorious Victory,' brought home in this case to one's own door.

But the blackbrowed Marseillaise have struck down the tyrant of the Château. He is struck down, low, and hardly again to rise. What a moment for an august Legislative was that when the Hereditary Representative entered, under such circumstances, and the Grenadier, carrying the little Prince Royal out of the Press, set him down on the Assembly table! A moment,—which one had to smooth off with oratory, waiting what the next would bring! Louis said few words. 'He was come hither to prevent a great crime, he believed himself safer nowhere than here.' President Vergniaud answered briefly, in vague oratory as we say, about 'defence of Constituted Authorities,' about dying at our post.<sup>2</sup> And so King

<sup>1</sup> Campan li c. 21

<sup>2</sup> *Mon leur Séance du 10 Août 1792*

Louis sat him down; first here, then there; for a difficulty arose, the Constitution not permitting us to debate while the King is present: finally he settles himself with his Family in the '*Loge of the Logographe*,' in the Reporter's-Box of a Journalist; which is beyond the enchanted Constitutional Circuit, separated from it by a rail. To such Lodge of the *Logographe*, measuring some ten feet square, with a small closet at the entrance of it behind, is the King of broad France now limited: here can he and his sit pent, under the eyes of the world, or retire into their closet at intervals; for the space of sixteen hours. Such quite peculiar moment has the Legislative lived to see.

CHAP. VIII  
Aug. 10,  
1792

But also what a moment was that other, few minutes later, when the three Marseillaise cannon went off, and the Swiss rolling-fire and universal thunder, like the crack of Doom, began to rattle! Honourable Members start to their feet; stray bullets singing epicedium even here, shivering-in with window-glass and jingle. 'No, this is our post; let us die here!' They sit therefore, like stone Legislators. But may not the Loge of the *Logographe* be forced from behind? Tear down the railing that divides it from the enchanted Constitutional Circuit! Ushers tear and tug; his Majesty himself aiding from within: the railing gives way; Majesty and Legislative are united in place, unknown Destiny hovering over both.

Rattle, and again rattle, went the thunder; one breathless wide-eyed messenger rushing in after another: King's order to the Swiss went out. It was a fearful thunder; but, as we know, it ended. Breathless messengers, fugitive Swiss, denunciatory Patriots, trepidation; finally tripudiation!—Before four o'clock much has come and gone.

The New Municipals have come and gone; with Three Flags, *Liberté, Égalité, Patrie*, and the clang of vivats. Vergniaud, he who as President few hours ago talked of dying for Constituted Authorities, has moved, as Committee-Reporter, that the Hereditary Representative *be suspended*; that a NATIONAL CONVENTION do forthwith assemble to say what further! An able Report; which the President must have had ready in his pocket? A President, in such cases, must have much ready, and yet not ready; and Janus-like look before and after.

King Louis listens to all; retires about midnight 'to three little rooms on the upper floor'; till the Luxembourg be prepared

BOOK VI  
Aug 13,  
1792

pared for him, and 'the safeguard of the Nation' Safer if Brunswick were once here! Or, alas, not so safe? Ye hapless discrowned heads! Crowds came, next morning, to catch a glimpse of them, in their three upper rooms Montgaillard says the august Captives wore an air of cheerfulness, even of gaiety, that the Queen and Princess Lamballe, who had joined her overnight, looked out of the opened window, 'shook powder from their hair on the people below, and laughed'<sup>1</sup> He is an acrid distorted man

For the rest, one may guess that the Legislative, above all that the New Municipality continues busy Messengers, Municipal or Legislative, and swift despatches rush off to all corners of France, full of triumph, blended with indignant wail, for Twelve hundred have fallen France sends up its blended shout responsive, the Tenth of August shall be as the Fourteenth of July, only bloodier and greater The Court has conspired? Poor Court the Court has been vanquished, and will have both the scath to bear and the scorn How the statues of Kings do now all fall! Bronze Henri himself though he wore a cockade once, jingles down from the Pont Neuf, where *Patrie* floats in *Danger* Much more does Louis Fourteenth, from the Place Vendôme, jingle down, and even breaks in falling The curious can remark, written on his horse's shoe '12 Août 1692', a Century and a day

The tenth of August was Friday The week is not done, when our old Patriot Ministry is recalled, what of it can be got strict Roland, Genevise Clavière, add heavy Monge the Mathematician, once a stone hewer, and for Minister of Justice,—Danton, 'led hither,' as himself says, in one of his gigantic figures 'through the breach of Patriot cannon!' These, under Legislative Committees, must rule the wreck as they can confusedly enough, with an old Legislative water logged, with a new Municipality so brisk. But National Convention will get itself together, and *then!* Without delay, however, let a new Jury Court and Criminal Tribunal be set up in Paris, to try the crimes and conspiracies of the Tenth High Court of Orléans is distant, slow the blood of the Twelve-hundred Patriots whatever become of other blood shall be inquired after Tremble, ye Criminals and Conspirators, the

<sup>1</sup> Montgaillard i 135 67

Minister of Justice is Danton! Robespierre too, after the victory, sits in the New Municipality; insurrectionary 'improvised Municipality,' which calls itself Council General of the Commune.

CHAP. VIII  
Aug. 13,  
1792

For three days now, Louis and his Family have heard the Legislative Debates in the Lodge of the *Logographe*; and retired nightly to their small upper rooms. The Luxembourg and safeguard of the Nation could not be got ready: nay, it seems the Luxembourg has too many cellars and issues; no Municipality can undertake to watch it. The compact Prison of the Temple, not so elegant indeed, was much safer. To the Temple, therefore! On Monday 13th day of August 1792, in Mayor Pétion's carriage, Louis and his sad suspended Household fare thither; all Paris out to look at them. As they pass through the Place Vendôme, Louis Fourteenth's Statue lies broken on the ground. Pétion is afraid the Queen's looks may be thought scornful, and produce provocation; she casts down her eyes, and does not look at all. The 'press is prodigious,' but quiet: here and there, it shouts *Vive la Nation*; but for most part gazes in silence. 'French Royalty vanishes within the gates of the Temple: these old peaked Towers, like peaked Extinguisher or *Bonsoir*, do cover it up;—from which same Towers, poor Jacques Molay and his Templars were burnt out, by French Royalty, five centuries since. Such are the turns of Fate below. Foreign Ambassadors, English Lord Gower have all demanded passports; are driving indignantly towards their respective homes.

So, then, the Constitution is over? For ever and a day! Gone is that wonder of the Universe; First biennial Parliament, water-logged, waits only till the Convention come; and will then sink to endless depths. One can guess the silent rage of Old-Constituents, Constitution-builders, extinct Feuillants, men who thought the Constitution would march! Lafayette rises to the altitude of the situation; at the head of his Army. Legislative Commissioners are posting towards him and it, on the Northern Frontier, to congratulate and perorate; he orders the Municipality of Sedan to arrest these Commissioners, and keep them strictly in ward as Rebels, till he say further. The Sedan Municipals obey.

The



BOOK VI  
Aug 13,  
1792

The Sedan Municipals obey, but the Soldiers of the Lafayette Army? The Soldiers of the Lafayette Army have, as all Soldiers have a kind of dim feeling that they themselves are Sansculottes in buff belts, that the victory of the Tenth of August is also a victory for them. They will not rise and follow Lafayette, to Paris, they will rise and *send* him thither! On the 18th, which is but next Saturday, Lafayette with some two or three indignant Staff officers one of whom is Old Constituent Alexandre de Lameth, having first put his Lines in what order he could—rides swiftly over the marches towards Holland. Rides, alas swiftly into the claws of Austrians! He, long wavering, trembling on the verge of the Horizon, has set, in Olmutz Dungeons, this History knows him no more. Adieu, thou Hero of two Worlds, thinnest but compact honour worthy man! Through long rough night of captivity, through other tumults, triumphs and changes, thou wilt swing well, 'fast anchored to the Washington Formula', and be the Hero and Perfect-character, were it only of one idea. The Sedan Municipals repent and protest, the Soldiers shout *Vive la Nation*. Dumouriez Polymetus from his camp at Maulde sees himself made Commander in Chief.

And, O Brunswick! what sort of 'military execution' will Paris merit now? Forward, ye well drilled exterminatory men, with your artillery wagons, and camp kettles jingling Forward, tall chivalrous King of Prussia, fanfaronading Emigrants and wargod Broglie, 'for some consolation to man kind' which verily is not without need of some

III  
THE GUILLOTINE

Alle Streichholz-Äpfel, sie waren mir immer zuvörder  
Willst du auch noch nur Peter am Ende sitzst  
Wißt du viele befreien, so mag es vielen zu dienen.  
Wie gefährlich das sey, wußt du es wissen? Versuch es!  
Goethe

# THE GUILLOTINE

## BOOK FIRST

### SEPTEMBER

#### CHAPTER I

##### THE IMPROVISED COMMUNE

YE have roused her, then, ye Emigrants and Despots of the world; France is roused. Long have ye been lecturing and tutoring this poor Nation, like cruel uncalled-for pedagogues, shaking over her your ferulas of fire and steel: it is long that ye have pricked and filliped and affrighted her, there as she sat helpless in her dead cerements of a Constitution, you gathering in on her from all lands, with your armaments and plots, your invadings and truculent bullyings;—and lo now, ye have pricked her to the quick, and she is up, and her blood is up. The dead cerements are rent into cobwebs, and she fronts you in that terrible strength of Nature, which no man has measured, which goes down to Madness and Tophet: see now how ye will deal with her.

This month of September 1792, which has become one of the memorable months of History, presents itself under two most diverse aspects; all of black on the one side, all of bright on the other. Whatsoever is cruel in the panic frenzy of Twenty-five million men, whatsoever is great in the simultaneous death-defiance of Twenty-five million men, stand here in abrupt contrast, near by one another. As indeed is usual when a man, how much more when a Nation of men, is hurled suddenly beyond the limits. For Nature, as green as she looks, rests everywhere on dread foundations, were we farther  
down;

BOOK I  
Aug-Sept  
1792

down, and Pan, to whose music the Nymphs dance, has a cry in him that can drive all men distracted

Very frightful it is when a Nation, rending asunder its Constitutions and Regulations which were grown dead ceremonies for it, becomes *transcendental*, and must now seek its wild way through the New, Chaotic,—where Force is not yet distinguished into Bidden and Forbidden, but Crime and Virtue welter unseparated—in that domain of what is called the Passions, of what we call the Miracles and the Portents! It is thus that, for some three years to come, we are to contemplate France, in this final Third Part of our History Sansculottism reigning in all its grandeur and in all its hideousness the Gospel (God's message) of Man's Rights, Man's *rights* or strengths, once more preached irrefragably abroad, along with this, and still louder for the time, the fearfulest Devil's Message of Man's weaknesses and sins,—and all on such a scale, and under such aspect: cloudy 'death birth of a world' huge smoke cloud, streaked with rays as of heaven on one side, girt on the other as with hell fire! History tells us many things but for the last thousand years and more, what thing has she told us of a sort like this? Which therefore let us two, O Reader, dwell on willingly, for a little, and from its endless significance endeavour to extract what may, in present circumstances, be adapted for us

It is unfortunate, though very natural, that the history of this Period has so generally been written in hysterics Exaggeration abounds, execration, wailing, and, on the whole, darkness But thus too, when foul old Rome had to be swept from the Earth, and those Northmen, and other horrid sons of Nature, came in, 'swallowing formulas,' as the French now do, foul old Rome screamed execratively her loudest; so that the true shape of many things is lost for us Attila's Huns had arms of such length that they could lift a stone without stooping Into the body of the poor Tatars execrative Roman History intercalated an alphabetic letter, and so they continue Tartars, of fell Tartarean nature, to this day Here, in like manner, search as we will in these multiform innumerable French Records, darkness too frequently covers, or sheer distraction bewilders One finds it difficult to imagine that the Sun shone in this September month, as he does in others Nevertheless it is an indisputable fact that the Sun did shine; and there

there was weather and work,—nay as to that, very bad weather for harvest-work ! An unlucky Editor may do his utmost ; and after all, require allowances.

CHAP. I  
Aug.-Sept.  
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He had been a wise Frenchman, who, looking close at hand on this waste aspect of France all stirring and whirling, in ways new, untried, had been able to discern where the cardinal movement lay ; which tendency it was that had the rule and primary direction of it then ! But at forty-four years' distance, it is different. To all men now, two cardinal movements or grand tendencies, in the September whirl, have become discernible enough : that stormful effluence towards the Frontiers ; that frantic crowding towards Town-houses and Council-halls in the interior. Wild France dashes, in desperate death-defiance, towards the Frontiers, to defend itself from foreign Despots ; crowds towards Townhalls and Election Committee-rooms, to defend itself from domestic Aristocrats. Let the Reader conceive well these two cardinal movements ; and what side-currents and endless vortexes might depend on these. He shall judge too, whether, in such sudden wreckage of all old Authorities, such a pair of cardinal movements, half-frantic in themselves, could be of soft nature ? As in dry Sahara, when the winds waken, and lift and winnow the immensity of sand ! The air itself (Travellers say) is a dim sand-air ; and dim looming through it, the wonderfulest uncertain colonnades of Sand-Pillars rush whirling from this side and from that, like so many mad Spinning-Dervishes, of a hundred feet in stature ; and dance their huge Desert-waltz there !—

Nevertheless, in all human movements, were they but a day old, there is order, or the beginning of order. Consider two things in this Sahara-waltz of the French Twenty-five millions ; or rather one thing, and one hope of a thing ; the *Commune* (Municipality) of Paris, which is already here ; the National Convention, which shall in a few weeks be here. The Insurrectionary Commune, which, improvising itself on the eve of the Tenth of August, worked this ever-memorable Deliverance by explosion, must needs rule over it,—till the Convention meet. This Commune, which they may well call a spontaneous or 'improvised' Commune, is, for the present, *sovereign of France*. The Legislative, deriving its authority from the  
Old,

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Old, how can it now have authority when the Old is exploded by insurrection? As a floating piece of wreck, certain things persons, and interests may still cleave to it volunteer defenders, riflemen or pikemen in green uniform, or red night cap (of *bonnet rouge*) defile before it daily, just on the wing towards Brunswick, with the brandishing of arms, always with some touch of Leonidas-eloquence, often with a fire of daring that threatens to outhier Herod,—the Galleries especially the Ladies, never done with applauding<sup>1</sup> Ad dresses of this or the like sort can be received and answered in the hearing of all France, the Salle de Manège is still useful as a place of proclamation. For which use, indeed, it now chiefly serves Vergniaud delivers spirit stirring orations, but always with a prophetic sense only, looking towards the coming Convention 'Let our memory perish,' cries Vergniaud, 'but let France be free!'—whereupon they all start to their feet, shouting responsive 'Yes yes, *périssse notre mémoire, pourvu que la France soit libre!*'<sup>2</sup> Disrobed Chabot adjures Heaven that at least we may 'have done with Kings', and fast as powder under spark, we all blaze-up once more and with waved hats shout and swear 'Yes *nous le jurons, plus de rois!*'<sup>3</sup> All which, as a method of proclamation is very convenient.

For the rest, that our busy Brissots, rigorous Rolands men who once had authority, and now have less and less, men who love law, and will have even an Explosion explode itself as far as possible according to rule, do find this state of matters most unofficial unsatisfactory,—is not to be denied Com plaints are made, attempts are made but without effect. The attempts even recoil, and must be desisted from for fear of worse the sceptre has departed from this Legislative once and always A poor Legislative, so hard was fate, had let itself be hand gyved, nailed to the rock like an Andromeda, and could only wail there to the Earth and Heavens, miracu lously a winged Perseus (or *Improvised Commune*) has dawned out of the void Blue and cut her loose but whether now is it she, with her softness and musical speech or is it he with his hardness and sharp falchion and ægis that shall have casting vote? Melodious agreement of vote, this were the rule! But if otherwise, and votes diverge then surely

<sup>1</sup> Moore's *Journal* i 85.

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. Parl.* xvii. 467

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* xv i. 437  
Andromeda's



THE GODS ARE ATHIRST.



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Andromeda's part is to weep,—if possible, tears of gratitude alone.

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Be content, O France, with this Improvised Commune, such as it is! It has the implements, and has the hands: the time is not long. On Sunday the twenty-sixth of August, our Primary Assemblies shall meet, begin electing of Electors; on Sunday the second of September (may the day prove lucky!) the Electors shall begin electing Deputies; and so an all-healing National Convention will come together. No *marc d'argent*, or distinction of Active and Passive, now insults the French Patriot: but there is universal suffrage, unlimited liberty to choose. Old-Constituents, Present-Legislators, all France is eligible. Nay it may be said, the flower of all the Universe (*de l'Univers*) is eligible; for in these very days we, by act of Assembly, 'naturalise' the chief Foreign Friends of Humanity: Priestley, burnt out for us in Birmingham; Klopstock, a genius of all countries; Jeremy Bentham, useful Jurisconsult; distinguished Paine, the rebellious Needleman;—some of whom may be chosen. As is most fit; for a Convention of this kind. In a word, Seven-hundred and Forty-five unshackled sovereigns, admired of the universe, shall replace this hapless impotency of a Legislative,—out of which, it is likely, the best Members, and the Mountain in mass, may be re-elected. Roland is getting ready the *Salle des Cent Suisses*, as preliminary rendezvous for them; in that void Palace of the Tuileries, now void and National, and not a Palace, but a Caravansera.

As for the Spontaneous Commune, one may say that there never was on Earth a stranger Town-Council. Administration, not of a great City, but of a great Kingdom in a state of revolt and frenzy, this is the task that has fallen to it. Enrolling, provisioning, judging; devising, deciding, doing, endeavouring to do: one wonders the human brain did not give way under all this, and reel. But happily human brains have such a talent of taking up simply what they can carry, and ignoring all the rest; leaving all the rest, as if it were not there! Whereby somewhat is verily shifted for; and much shifts for itself. This Improvised Commune walks along, nothing doubting; promptly making front, without fear or flurry, at what moment soever, to the wants of the moment. Were the world on fire, one improvised tricolor Municipal has but

one

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one life to lose They are the elixir and chosen men of Sans culottic Patriotism, promoted to the forlorn hope, un speakable victory or a high gallows, this is their meed They sit there, in the Townhall, these astonishing tricolor Municipals, in Council General, in Committee of Watchfulness (*de Surveillance*, which will even become *de Salut Public*, of Public Salvation), or what other Committees and Sub committees are needful,—managing infinite Correspondence, passing infinite Decrees one hears of a Decree being 'the ninety eighth of the day' Ready! is the word They carry loaded pistols in their pocket, also some improvised luncheon by way of meal Or indeed, by and by, *traiteurs* contract for the supply of repasts, to be eaten on the spot,—too lavishly, as it was afterwards grumbled. Thus they gurt in their tricolor sashes, Municipal note paper in the one hand fire arms in the other They have their Agents out all over France, speaking in townhouses, market places highways and byways, agitating urging to arm, all hearts tingling to hear Great is the fire of Anti aristocrat eloquence nay some, as Bibliopolic Momoro, seem to hunt afar off at something which smells of Agrarian Law, and a surgery of the over swollen dropsical strongbox itself,—whereat indeed the bold Bookseller runs risk of being hanged and Ex Constituent Buzot has to smuggle him off<sup>1</sup>

Governing Persons, were they never so insignificant intrinsically, have for most part plenty of Memoir writers, and the curious in after times, can learn minutely their goings out and comings in which, as men always love to know their fellow men in singular situations, is a comfort, of its kind Not so with these Governing Persons, now in the Townhall! And yet what most original fellow man, of the Governing sort, high chancellor, king, kaiser, secretary of the home or the foreign department, ever showed such a phasis as Clerk Tallien, Procureur Manuel, future Procureur Chaumette, here in this Sand waltz of the Twenty five millions now do? O brother mortals—thou Advocate Panis, friend of Danton, kinsman of Santerre, Engraver Sergeant, since called *Agate* Sergeant, thou Huguenin, with the tocsin in thy heart! But, as Horace says they wanted the sacred memoir writer (*sacro rate*), and we know them not. Men bragged of August and its doings, publishing them in high places, but of this Sep-

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires de Buzot* (Paris, 1823) p. 83.

tember

tember none now or afterwards would brag. The September world remains dark, fuliginous, as Lapland witch-midnight;—from which, indeed, very strange shapes will evolve themselves.

Understand this, however: that incorruptible Robespierre is not wanting, now when the brunt of battle is past; in a stealthy way the seagreen man sits there, his feline eyes excellent in the twilight. Also understand this other, a single fact worth many: that Marat is not only there, but has a seat of honour assigned him, a *tribune particulière*. How changed for Marat; lifted from his dark cellar into this luminous 'peculiar tribune'! All dogs have their day; even rabid dogs. Sorrowful, incurable Philoctetes Marat; without whom Troy cannot be taken! Hither, as a main element of the Governing Power, has Marat been raised. Royalist types, for we have 'suppressed' innumerable Durosos, Royous, and even clapt them in prison.—Royalist types replace the worn types often snatched from a People's-Friend in old ill days. In our 'peculiar tribune' we write and redact: Placards, of due monitory terror; *Amis-du-Peuple* (now under the name of *Journal de la République*); and sit obeyed of men. 'Marat,' says one, 'is the conscience of the Hôtel-de-Ville.' *Keeper*, as some call it, of the Sovereign's Conscience; which surely in such hands will not lie hid in a napkin!

Two great movements, as we said, agitate this distracted National mind: a rushing against domestic Traitors, a rushing against foreign Despots. Mad movements both, restrainable by no known rule; strongest passions of human nature driving them on: love, hatred, vengeful sorrow, braggart Nationality also vengeful,—and pale Panic over all! Twelve-hundred slain Patriots, do they not, from their dark catacombs there, in Death's dumb-show, plead (O ye Legislators) for vengeance? Such was the destructive rage of these Aristocrats on the ever-memorable Tenth. Nay, apart from vengeance, and with an eye to Public Salvation only, are there not still, in this Paris (in round numbers) 'Thirty-thousand Aristocrats,' of the most malignant humour; driven now to their last trump-card?—Be patient, ye Patriots: our new High Court, 'Tribunal of the Seventeenth,' sits; each Section has sent Four Jurymen; and Danton, extinguishing improper judges,

improper

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hammered into pikes, chains themselves shall be welded together into pikes. The very coffins of the dead are raised, for melting into balls. All Church bells must down into the furnace to make cannon, all Church plate into the mint to make money. Also, behold the fair swan beves of *Citoyennes* that have alighted in Churches and sit there with swan neck, —sewing tents and regimentals! Nor are Patriotic Gifts wanting, from those that have aught left, not stingily given the fair Villaumes, mother and daughter, Milliners in the Rue St Martin, give a 'silver thimble, and a coin of fifteen *sous* (sevenpence halfpenny),' with other similar effects, and offer, at least the mother does to mount guard. Men who have not even a thimble, give a thimbleful,—were it but of invention. One *Citoyen* has wrought out the scheme of a wooden cannon, which France shall exclusively profit by, in the first instance. It is to be made of *staves*, by the coopers,—of almost boundless calibre, but uncertain as to strength! Thus they hammering scheming stitching, founding with all their heart and with all their soul. Two bells only are to remain in each Parish—for tocsin and other purposes.

But mark also, precisely while the Prussian batteries were playing their briskest at Longwi in the Northeast, and our dastardly Lavergne saw nothing for it but surrender,—south westward, in remote, patriarchal La Vendée, that sour ferment about Nonjuring Priests, after long working is ripe, and explodes at the wrong moment for us! And so we have 'eight thousand Peasants at Châtillon sur Sèvre' who will not be balloted for soldiers, will not have their Curates molested. To whom Bonchamps Larochejaqueleins, and Seigneurs enough of a Royalist turn, will join themselves, with Stofflets and Charettes, with Heroes and Chouan Smugglers, and the loyal warmth of a simple people, blown into flame and fury by theological and seignorial bellows! So that there shall be fighting from behind ditches, death volleys bursting out of thickets and ravines of rivers, huts burning feet of the pitiful women hurrying to refuge with their children on their back, seed fields fallow, whitened with human bones,—'eighty thousand of all ages, ranks, sexes, flying at once across the Loire,' with wail borne far on the winds and in brief, for years coming such a suite of scenes as glorious war has not offered in these late ages, not since our Albigenes and Crusad  
ings

ings were over,—save indeed some chance Palatinate, or so, we might have to ‘burn,’ by way of exception. The ‘eight-thousand at Châtillon’ will be got dispelled for the moment; the fire scattered, not extinguished. To the dints and bruises of outward battle there is to be added henceforth a deadlier internal gangrene.

This rising in La Vendée reports itself at Paris on Wednesday

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CHARETTE.

the 29th of August;—just as we had got our Electors elected; and, in spite of Brunswick and Longwi, were hoping still to have a National Convention, if it pleased Heaven. But indeed otherwise this Wednesday is to be regarded as one of the noblest Paris had yet seen: gloomy tidings come successively, like Job’s messengers; are met by gloomy answers. Of Sardinia rising to invade the Southeast, and Spain threatening the South, we do not speak. But are not the Prussians masters of Longwi (treacherously yielded, one would say); and preparing

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to besiege Verdun? Clairfait and his Austrians are encomm passing Thionville, darkening the North Not Metzland now, but the Clermontais is getting harried, flying hulans and hussars have been seen on the Châlons road, almost as far as Sainte-Menehould Heart, ye Patriots, if ye lose heart, ye lose all!

It is not without a dramatic emotion that one reads in the Parliamentary Debates of this Wednesday evening 'past seven o'clock,' the scene with the military fugitives from Longwi Wayworn, dusty, disheartened, these poor men enter the Legislative, about sunset or after, gave the most pathetic detail of the frightful pass they were in Prussians billowing round by the myriad, volcanically spouting fire for fifteen hours we, scattered sparse on the ramparts hardly a cannoneer to two guns, our dastard Commandant Lavergne nowhere showing face, the priming would not catch, there was no powder in the bombs,—what could we do? '*Mourir, Die!*' answer prompt voices,<sup>1</sup> and the dusty fugitives must shrink else whither for comfort—Yes *Mourir*, that is now the word Be Longwi a proverb and a hissing among French strong places let it (says the Legislative) be obliterated rather, from the shamed face of the Earth,—and so there has gone forth Decree, that Longwi shall, were the Prussians once out of it, 'be rased' and exist only as ploughed ground

Nor are the Jacobins milder, as how could they, the flower of Patriotism? Poor Dame Lavergne wife of the poor Commandant, took her parasol one evening and escorted by her Father came over to the Hall of the mighty Mother, and 'reads a memoir tending to justify the Commandant of Longwi' *Lafarge, Président* makes answer, 'Citoyenne, the Nation will judge Lavergne, the Jacobins are bound to tell him the truth He would have ended his course there (*terminé sa carrière*) if he had loved the honour of his country'<sup>2</sup>

## CHAPTER II

DANTON

BUT better than rasing of Longwi or rebuking poor dusty soldiers or soldiers wives Danton had come over, last night,

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Parl.* xvii. 143.

<sup>2</sup> *Id.* xix. 300.

and demanded a Decree to *search* for arms, since they were not yielded voluntarily. Let 'Domiciliary visits,' with rigour of authority, be made to this end. 'To search for arms; for horses,—Aristocratism rolls in its carriage, while Patriotism cannot trail its cannon. To search generally for munitions of war, 'in the houses of persons suspect,'—and even, if it seem proper, to seize and imprison the suspect persons themselves! In the Prisons their Plots will be harmless; in the Prisons they will be as hostages for us, and not without use. This Decree the energetic Minister of Justice demanded last night, and got; and this same night it is to be executed; it is being executed at the moment when these dusty soldiers get saluted with *Mourir*. Two-thousand stand of arms, as they count, are foraged in this way; and some four-hundred head of new Prisoners; and, on the whole, such a terror and damp is struck through the Aristocrat heart, as all but Patriotism, and even Patriotism were it out of this agony, might pity. Yes, Messieurs! if Brunswick blast Paris to ashes, he probably will blast the Prisons of Paris too: pale Terror, if we have got it, we will also give it, and the depth of horrors that lie in it; the same leaky bottom, in these wild waters, bears us all.

One can judge what stir there was now among the 'thirty-thousand Royalists': how the Plotters, or the accused of Plotting, shrank each closer into his lurking-place,—like Bertrand-Moleville, looking eager towards Longwi, hoping the weather would keep fair. Or how they dressed themselves in valet's clothes, like Narbonne, and 'got to England as Dr. Bollman's famulus': how Dame de Staël bestirred herself, pleading with Manuel as a Sister in Literature, pleading even with Clerk Tallien; a prey to nameless chagrins!<sup>1</sup> Royalist Peltier, the Pamphleteer, gives a touching Narrative (not deficient in height of colouring) of the terrors of that night. From five in the afternoon, a great city is struck suddenly silent; except for the beating of drums, for the tramp of marching feet; and ever and anon the dread thunder of the knocker at some door, a Tricolor Commissioner with his blue Guards (*black-guards*!) arriving. All Streets are vacant, says Peltier; beset by Guards at each end: all Citizens are ordered to be within doors. On the River float sentinel barges, lest we

<sup>1</sup> De Staël, *Considérations sur la Révolution*, ii, 67-81.



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escape by water the Barriers hermetically closed Frightful! The Sun shines, serenely westering in smokeless mackerel sky, Paris is as if sleeping as if dead —Paris is holding its breath, to see what stroke will fall on it Poor Peltier! *Acts of Apostles*, and all jocundity of Leading Articles, are gone out, and it is become bitter earnest instead, polished satire changed now into coarse pike points (hammered out of railing), all logic reduced to this one primitive thesis An eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth!—Peltier, dolefully aware of it, ducks low, escapes unscathed to England, to urge there the inky war anew,—to have Trial by Jury, in due season, and deliverance by young Whig eloquence, world celebrated for a day

Of 'thirty thousand' naturally great multitudes were left unmolested, but as we said, some four hundred, designated as 'persons suspect' were seized, and an unspeakable terror fell on all Wo to him who is guilty of plotting of Anti civism, Royalism Feuillantism, who, guilty or not guilty, has an enemy in his Section to call him guilty! Poor old M de Cazotte is seized, his young loved Daughter with him, refusing to quit him Why, O Cazotte, wouldst thou quit romancing and *Diable Amoureux*, for such reality as this? Poor old M de Sombreuil he of the *Invalides*, is seized, a man seen askance by Patriotism ever since the Bastille days, whom also a fond Daughter will not quit With young tears hardly suppressed and old wavering weakness rousing itself once more,—O my brothers O my sisters!

The famed and named go, the nameless if they have an accuser Necklace Lamotte's Husband is in these Prisons (*she* long since squelched on the London Pavements), but gets delivered Gross de Morande, of the *Courrier de l'Europe*, hobbles distractedly to and fro there but they let him hobble out, on right numble crutches,—his hour not being yet come Advocate Maton de la Varenne very weak in health is snatched off from mother and kin, Tricolor Rossignol (journeyman gold smith and scoundrel lately, a risen man now) remembers an old Pleading of Maton's! Jourgniac de Saint Méard goes, the brisk frank soldier he was in the mutiny of Nanci, in that 'effervescent Regiment du Roi,'—on the wrong side Saddest of all Abbé Sicard goes, a Priest who could not take the Oath, but who could teach the Deaf and Dumb in his Section one man he says, had a grudge at him, one man, at the fit hour,

hour, launches an arrest against him ; which hits. In the Arsenal quarter, there are dumb hearts making wail, with signs, with wild gestures ; he their miraculous healer and speech-bringer is rapt away.

What with the arrestments on this night of the Twentyninth, what with those that have gone on more or less, day and night, ever since the Tenth, one may fancy what the Prisons now were. Crowding and confusion ; jostle, hurry, vehemence and terror ! Of the poor Queen's Friends, who had followed her to the Temple, and been committed elsewhere to Prison, some, as Governess de Tourzelle, are to be let go : one, the poor Princess de Lamballe, is not let go ; but waits in the strong-rooms of La Force there, what will betide further.

Among so many hundreds whom the launched arrest hits, who are rolled off to Townhall or Sectionhall, to preliminary Houses of Detention, and hurled in thither as into cattle-pens, we must mention one other : Caron de Beaumarchais, Author of *Figaro* ; vanquisher of Maupeou Parlements and Gozman helldogs ; once numbered among the demigods ; and now— ? We left him in his culminant state ; what dreadful decline is this, when we again catch a glimpse of him ! ' At midnight ' (it was but the 12th of August yet), ' the servant, in his shirt,' with wide-staring eyes, enters your room :—Monsieur, rise, all the people are come to seek you ; they are knocking, like to break-in the door ! ' And they were in fact knocking in a terrible manner (*d'une façon terrible*). I fling on my coat, forgetting even the waistcoat, nothing on my feet but slippers ; and say to him '—And *he*, alas, answers mere negatory incoherences, panic interjections. And through the shutters and crevices, in front or rearward, the dull street-lamps disclose only streetfuls of haggard countenances ; clamorous, bristling with pikes : and you rush distracted for an outlet, finding none ;—and have to take refuge in the crockery-press, down stairs ; and stand there, palpitating in that imperfect costume, lights dancing past your key-hole, tramp of feet overhead, and the tumult of Satan, ' for four hours and more ' ! And old ladies, of the quarter, started up (as we hear next morning) ; rang for their *bonnes* and cordial-drops, with shrill interjections : and old gentlemen, in their shirts, ' leapt garden-walls ' ; flying while none pursued ; one of whom unfortunately broke

CHAP. II  
Aug. 20,  
1792

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Aug 29,  
1792

broke his leg<sup>1</sup> Those sixty thousand stand of Dutch Arms (which never arrive), and the bold stroke of trade, have turned out so ill!—

Beaumarchais escaped for this time, but not for the next time, ten days after. On the evening of the Twenty ninth he is still in that chaos of the Prisons, in saddest wrestling condition, unable to get justice, even to get audience, 'Panis scratching his head' when you speak to him, and making off. Nevertheless let the lover of Figaro know that Procureur Manuel a Brother in Literature, found him, and delivered him once more. But how the lean demigod, now shorn of his splendour, had to lurk in barns, to roam over harrowed fields, panting for life, and to wait under eavesdrops, and sit in darkness 'on the Boulevard amid paving stones and boulders' longing for one word of any Minister, or Minister's Clerk, about those accursed Dutch muskets, and getting none, —with heart fuming in spleen, and terror, and suppressed canine madness, alas, how the swift sharp hound, once fit to be Diana's, breaks his old teeth now, gnawing mere whin stones, and must 'fly to England', and, returning from England, must creep into the corner, and lie quiet, toothless (moneyless),—all this let the lover of Figaro fancy, and weep for. We here, without weeping not without sadness, wave the withered tough fellow mortal our farewell. His Figaro has returned to the French stage, nay is, at this day, some times named the best piece there. And indeed, so long as Man's Life can ground itself only on artificiality and aridity, each new Revolt and Change of Dynasty turning up only a new stratum of *dry-rubbish*, and no *soil* yet coming to view, —may it not be good to protest against such a Life in many ways, and even in the Figaro way?

## CHAPTER III

### DUMOURIEZ

SUCH are the last days of August 1792; days gloomy, disastrous, and of evil omen. What will become of this poor France?

<sup>1</sup> Beaumarchais Narrative, *Mémoires sur les Prisons* (Paris, 1823) l. 179-90.

Dumouriez rode from the Camp of Maulde, eastward to Sedan, CHAP. III on Tuesday last, the 28th of the month; reviewed that so- Sept. 2, 1792 called Army left forlorn there by Lafayette: the forlorn soldiers gloomed on him; were heard growling on him, 'This is one of them, *ce b—e là*, that made War be declared.'<sup>1</sup> Unpromising Army! Recruits flow in, filtering through Dépôt after Dépôt; but recruits merely: in want of all; happy if they have so



DUMOURIEZ.

much as arms. And Longwi has fallen basely; and Brunswick, and the Prussian King, with his sixty-thousand, will beleaguer Verdun; and Clairfait and Austrians press deeper in, over the Northern marches: 'a hundred and fifty thousand' as fear counts, 'eighty-thousand' as the returns show, do hem us in; Cimmerian Europe behind them. There is Castries-and-Brogie chivalry; Royalist foot 'in red facing and nankeen trousers'; breathing death and the gallows.

And lo, finally, at Verdun on Sunday the 2d of September

<sup>1</sup> Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, ii. 383.

BOOK I 1792, Brunswick is here With his King and sixty thousand  
 t. 2, 1792 glittering over the heights, from beyond the winding Meuse  
 River, he looks down on us, on our 'high citadel' and all our  
 confectionery ovens (for we are celebrated for confectionery),  
 has sent courteous summons, in order to spare the effusion of  
 blood!—Resist him to the death? Every day of retardation  
 precious? How, O General Beaurepaire (asks the amazed  
 Municipality) shall we resist him? We, the Verdun Muni-  
 cipals, see no resistance possible Has he not sixty thousand,  
 and artillery without end? Retardation Patriotism is good,  
 but so likewise is peaceable baking of pastry, and sleeping in  
 whole skin—Hapless Beaurepaire stretches out his hands, and  
 pleads passionately, in the name of country, honour, of Heaven  
 and of Earth to no purpose The Municipals have by law,  
 the power of ordering it,—with an Army officered by Royalism  
 or Crypto Royalism, such a Law seemed needful and they order  
 it, as pacific Pastry cooks, not as heroic Patriots would—  
 To surrender! Beaurepaire strides home, with long steps  
 his valet, entering the room, sees him 'writing eagerly,' and  
 withdraws His valet hears then, in few minutes the report  
 of a pistol Beaurepaire is lying dead, his eager writing  
 had been a brief suicidal farewell In this manner died Beau-  
 repaire, wept of France, buried in the Pantheon, with honour-  
 able Pension to his Widow, and for Epitaph these words *He*  
*chose Death rather than yield to Despots* The Prussians,  
 descending from the heights are peaceable masters of Verdun

And so Brunswick advances, from stage to stage who shall  
 now stay him,—covering forty miles of country? Foragers  
 fly far, the villages of the Northeast are harried, your Hessian  
 forager has only 'three sous a-day' the very Emigrants, it  
 is said, will take silver plate—by way of revenge Clermont,  
 Sainte Menchould, Varennes especially, ye Towns of the *Night*  
*of Spurs*, tremble ye! Procureur Sausse and the Magistracy  
 of Varennes have fled, brave Boniface Le Blanc of the *Bras*  
*d'Or* is to the woods Mrs Le Blanc, a young woman fair to  
 look upon, with her young infant, has to live in greenwood,  
 like a beautiful Bessy Bell of Song her bower thatched with  
*rushes, catching premature rheumatism*<sup>1</sup> Clermont may  
 ring the tocsin now, and illuminate itself! Clermont lies at  
 the foot of its *Cow* (or *Vache*, so they name that Mountain) a

<sup>1</sup> Helen Maria Williams *Letters from France* (London 1791-93) l. 96.

prey to the Hessian spoiler : its fair women, fairer than most, are robbed ; not of life, or what is dearer, yet of all that is cheaper and portable ; for Necessity, on three half-pence a-day, has no law. At Sainte-Menchould the enemy has been expected more than once,—our Nationals all turning out in arms ; but was not yet seen. Postmaster Drouet, he is not in the woods, but minding his Election ; and will sit in the Convention, notable King-taker, and bold Old-Dragoon as he is.

Thus on the Northeast all roams and runs ; and on a set day, the *date* of which is irrecoverable by History, Brunswick 'has engaged to dine in Paris,'—the Powers willing. And at Paris, in the centre, it is as we saw ; and in La Vendée Southwest, it is as we saw ; and Sardinia is in the Southeast, and Spain in the South, and Clairfait with Austria and sieged Thionville is in the North ;—and all France leaps distracted like the winnowed Sahara waltzing in sand colonnades ! More desperate posture no country ever stood in. A country, one would say, which the Majesty of Prussia (if it so pleased him) might partition and clip in pieces, like a Poland ; flinging the remainder to poor Brother Louis,—with directions to keep it quiet, or else *we* will keep it for him !

Or perhaps the Upper Powers, minded that a new Chapter in Universal History shall begin here and not further on, may have ordered it all otherwise ? In that case, Brunswick will not dine in Paris on the set day ; nor, indeed, one knows not when !—Verily, amid this wreckage, where poor France seems grinding itself down to dust and bottomless ruin, who knows what miraculous salient-point of Deliverance and New-life may have already come into existence there ; and be already working there, though as yet human eye discern it not ! On the night of that same twenty-eighth of August, the unpromising Review-day in Sedan, Dumouriez assembles a Council of War at his lodgings there. He spreads out the map of this forlorn war-district ; Prussians here, Austrians there ; triumphant both, with broad highway, and little hinderance, all the way to Paris : we scattered, helpless, here and here : what to advise ? The Generals, strangers to Dumouriez, look blank enough ; know not well what to advise,—it if be not retreating, and retreating till our recruits accumulate ; till perhaps the chapter of chances turn up some leaf for us ; or Paris, at all events, be sacked at the latest day possible. The

Many-

BOOK I proposing that Twelve shall go and dig personally on Mont  
 Sept. 2, 1792 martre, which is decreed by acclaim

But better than digging personally with acclaim, see Danton enter,—the black brows clouded, the colossus figure tramping heavy, grim energy looking from all features of the rugged man! Strong is that grim Son of France and Son of Earth, a Reality and not a Formula he too and surely now if ever, being hurled *low* enough, it is on the Earth and on Realities that he rests 'Legislators!' so speaks the stentor voice, as the Newspapers yet preserve it for us, 'it is not the alarm cannon that you hear it is the *pas de charge* against our enemies To conquer them, to hurl them back, what do we require? *Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace* To dare, and again to dare, and without end to dare!'—Right so thou brawny Titan, there is nothing left for thee but that Old men, who heard it, will still tell you how the reverberating voice made all hearts swell, in that moment, and braced them to the sticking place, and thrilled abroad over France, like electric virtue, as a word spoken in season

But the Commune, enrolling in the Champ de Mars? But the Committee of Watchfulness, become now Committee of Public Salvation, whose conscience is Marat? The Commune enrolling enrolls many, provides tents for them in that Mars Field, that they may march with dawn on the morrow praise to this part of the Commune! To Marat and the Committee of Watchfulness not praise,—not even blame, such as could be meted out in these insufficient dialects of ours, expressive silence rather! Lone Marat, the man forbid, meditating long in his Cellars of refuge, on his Stylites Pillar, could see salvation in one thing only in the fall of 'two-hundred and sixty thousand Aristocrat heads' With so many score of Naples Bravoës, each a dirk in his right hand, a muff on his left, he would traverse France, and do it But the world laughed, mocking the severe-benevolence of a People's Friend, and his idea could not become an action but only a fixed idea. Lo now, however, he has come down from his Stylites Pillar to a *Tribune particulière*, here now, without the dirks without the muffs at least, were it not grown possible,—now in the knot of the crisis when salvation or destruction hangs in the hour!

The Ice-Tower of Avignon was noised of sufficiently, and lives in all memories ; but the authors were not punished : nay we saw Jourdan Coupe-tête, borne on men's shoulders, like a copper Portent, 'traversing the cities of the South.'—What phantasms, squalid-horrid, shaking their dirk and muff, may dance through the brain of a Marat, in this dizzy pealing of tocsin-miserere and universal frenzy, seek not to guess, O Reader ! Nor what the cruel Billaud 'in his short brown coat' was thinking ; nor Sergent, not yet *Agate*-Sergent ; Nor Panis the confidant of Danton ;—nor, in a word, how gloomy Orcus does breed in her gloomy womb, and fashion her monsters and prodigies of Events, which thou seest her visibly bear ! Terror is on these streets of Paris ; terror and rage, tears and frenzy : tocsin-miserere pealing through the air ; fierce desperation rushing to battle ; mothers, with streaming eyes and wild hearts, sending forth their sons to die. 'Carriage-horses are seized by the bridle,' that they may draw cannon ; 'the traces cut, the carriages left standing.' In such tocsin-miserere, and murky bewilderment of Frenzy, are not Murder, Até and all Furies near at hand ? On slight hint—who knows on how slight ?—may not Murder come ; and, with *her* snaky-sparkling head, illuminate this murk !

How it was and went, what part might be premeditated, what was improvised and accidental, man will never know, till the great Day of Judgment make it known. But with a Marat for keeper of the Sovereign's Conscience—And we know what the *ultima ratio* of Sovereigns, when they are driven to it, is ! In this Paris there are as wicked men, say a hundred or more, as exist in all the Earth : to be hired, and set on ; to set on, of their own accord, unhired.—And yet we will remark that premeditation itself is not performance, is not surety of performance ; that it is perhaps, at most, surety of *letting* whosoever wills perform. From the purpose of crime to the act of crime there is an abyss ; wonderful to think of. The finger lies on the pistol ; but the man is not yet a murderer : nay his whole nature staggering at such consummation, is there not a confused pause rather,—one last instant of possibility for him ? Not yet a murderer ; it is at the mercy of light trifles whether the most fixed idea may not yet become unfixed. One slight twitch of a muscle, the death-flash bursts ; and he is it, and will for Eternity be it ; and Earth has become a  
penal



BOOK I  
Sept. 2-6  
179"

this mood, law is as no-law, and killing, by what name soever called, is but work to be done

So sit these sudden Courts of Wild Justice, with the Prison Registers before them, unwonted wild tumult howling all round, the Prisoners in dread expectancy within Swift a name is called, bolts jungle, a Prisoner is there A few questions are put, swiftly this sudden Jury decides Royalist Plotter or not? Clearly not, in that case, let the Prisoner be enlarged with *Vive la Nation* Probably yea, then still, Let the Prisoner be enlarged, but without *Vive la Nation*, or else it may run, Let the Prisoner be conducted to La Force At La Force again their formula is Let the Prisoner be conducted to the Abbaye—'To La Force then!' Volunteer bailiffs seize the doomed man, he is at the outer gate, 'enlarged' or 'conducted,' not into La Force, but into a howling sea, forth under an arch of wild sabres axes and pikes, and sinks, hewn asunder And another sinks, and another, and there forms itself a piled heap of corpses, and the kennels begin to run red Fancy the yells of these men, their faces of sweat and blood, the crueller shrieks of these women for there are women too, and a fellow mortal hurled naked into it all! Jourgnac de Saint Méard has seen battle has seen an effervescent Régiment du Roi in mutiny, but the bravest heart may quail at this The Swiss Prisoners remnants of the Tenth of August, 'clasped each other spasmodically, and hung back, gray veterans crying "Mercy, Messieurs, ah mercy!" But there was no mercy Suddenly, however, one of these men steps forward He had on a blue frockcoat, he seemed about thirty, his stature was above common, his look noble and martial "I go first," said he, 'since it must be so adieu!' Then dashing his hat sharply behind him "Which way?" cried he to the Brigands "Show it me, then" They open the folding gate, he is announced to the multitude He stands a moment motionless, then plunges forth among the pikes and dies of a thousand wounds'<sup>1</sup>

Man after man is cut down, the sabres need sharpening the killers refresh themselves from wine-jugs Onward and onward goes the butchery, the loud yells wearing down into bass growls A sombre-faced shifting multitude looks on, in dull approval or dull disapproval, in dull recognition that

<sup>1</sup> Félémbesi *La Vieille tout entière* (at sup.) p. 173.



DANTON.

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it is Necessity. 'An *Anglais* in drab greatcoat' was seen, or seemed to be seen, serving liquor from his own dram-bottle; —for what purpose, 'if not set on by Pitt,' Satan and himself know best! Witty Dr. Moore grew sick on approaching, and turned into another street.<sup>1</sup>—Quick enough goes this Jury-Court; and rigorous. The brave are not spared, nor the beautiful, nor the weak. Old M. de Montmorin, the Minister's Brother, was acquitted by the Tribunal of the Seventeenth; and conducted back, elbowed by howling galleries; but is not acquitted here. Princess de Lamballe has lain down on bed: 'Madame, you are to be removed to the Abbaye.' 'I do not wish to remove; I am well enough here.' There is a need-be for removing. She will arrange her dress a little, then; rude voices answer, 'You have not far to go.' She too is led to the hell-gate; a manifest Queen's-Friend. She shivers back, at the sight of bloody sabres; but there is no return: Onwards! That fair hind head is cleft with the axe; the neck is severed. That fair body is cut in fragments; with indignities, and obscene horrors of mustachio *grands-lèvres*, which human nature would fain find incredible,—which shall be read in the original language only. She was beautiful, she was good, she had known no happiness. Young hearts, generation after generation, will think with themselves: O worthy of worship, thou king-descended, god-descended, and poor sister-woman! why was not I there; and some Sword Balmung or Thor's Hammer in my hand? Her head is fixed on a pike; paraded under the windows of the Temple; that a still more hated, a Marie Antoinette, may see. One Municipal, in the Temple with the Royal Prisoners at the moment, said, 'Look out.' Another eagerly whispered, 'Do not look.' The circuit of the Temple is guarded, in these hours, by a long stretched tricolor riband: terror enters, and the clangour of infinite tumult; hitherto not regicide, though that too may come.

But it is more edifying to note what thrillings of affection, what fragments of wild virtues turn up in this shaking asunder of man's existence; for of these too there is a proportion. Note old Marquis Cazotte: he is doomed to die; but his young Daughter clasps him in her arms, with an inspiration of eloquence, with a love which is stronger than very death:

<sup>1</sup> Moore's *Journal*, i. 185-95.

BOOK I the heart of the killers themselves is touched by it, the old  
 Sept. 2, 1792 man is spared Yet he was guilty, if plotting for his King is  
 guilt in ten days more, a Court of Law condemned him, and  
 he had to die elsewhere, bequeathing his Daughter a lock of  
 his old gray hair Or note old M de Sombreuil, who also had  
 a Daughter —My Father is not an Aristocrat O good gentle-  
 men, I will swear it, and testify it, and in all ways prove it,  
 we are not, we hate Aristocrats! 'Wilt thou drink Aristocrats'  
 blood?' The man lifts blood (if universal Rumour can be  
 credited),<sup>1</sup> the poor maiden does drink. 'Thus Sombreuil  
 is innocent, then!' Yes, indeed,—and now note, most of all,  
 how the bloody pikes, at this news, do rattle to the ground,  
 and the tiger yells become bursts of jubilee over a brother  
 saved, and the old man and his daughter are clasped to bloody  
 bosoms, with hot tears, and borne home in triumph of *Vive  
 la Nation*, the killers refusing even money! Does it seem  
 strange, this temper of theirs? It seems very certain, well  
 proved by Royalist testimony in other instances,<sup>2</sup> and very  
 significant.

## CHAPTER V

### A TRILOGY

As all Delineation, in these ages, were it never so Epic,  
 'speaking itself and not singing itself,' must either found on  
 Belief and provable Fact, or have no foundation at all (nor,  
 except as floating cobweb, any existence at all)—the Reader  
 will perhaps prefer to take a glance with the very eyes of eye  
 witnesses; and see, in that way, for himself, how it was Brave  
 Jourgniac, innocent Abbé Sicard, judicious Advocate Maton,  
 these, greatly compressing themselves shall speak, each an  
 instant Jourgniac's *Agony of Thirty eight Hours* went through  
 'above a hundred editions,' though intrinsically a poor work  
 Some portion of it may here go through above the hundred  
 and first, for want of a better

'Towards seven o'clock' (Sunday night at the Abbaye, for

<sup>1</sup> Dulaure *Esquisses historiques des principaux événements de la Révolution* li. 206  
 (cited in Monigaillard ul. 203)

<sup>2</sup> Bertrand Moreville (*M/m part culiers* li. 213), etc etc.

Jourgniac goes by dates): 'We saw two men enter, their hands bloody and armed with sabres; a turnkey, with a torch, lighted them; he pointed to the bed of the unfortunate Swiss, Reding. Reding spoke with a dying voice. One of them paused; but the other cried, *Allons donc*; lifted the unfortunate man; carried him out on his back to the street. He was massacred there. CHAP. V  
Sept. 2, 1792

'We all looked at one another in silence, we clasped each other's hands. Motionless, with fixed eyes, we gazed on the pavement of our prison; on which lay the moonlight, chequered with the triple stanchions of our windows.'

'*Three in the morning*: They were breaking-in one of the prison-doors. We at first thought they were coming to kill us in our room; but heard, by voices on the staircase, that it was a room where some Prisoners had barricaded themselves. They were all butchered there, as we shortly gathered.'

'*Ten o'clock*: The Abbé Lanfant and the Abbé de Chapt-Rastignac appeared in the pulpit of the Chapel, which was our prison; they had entered by a door from the stairs. They said to us that our end was at hand; that we must compose ourselves, and receive their last blessing. An electric movement, not to be defined, threw us all on our knees, and we received it. These two white-haired old men, blessing us from their place above; death hovering over our heads, on all hands environing us; the moment is never to be forgotten. Half an hour after, they were both massacred, and we heard their cries.'<sup>1</sup>—Thus Jourgniac in his *Agony* in the Abbaye: how it ended with Jourgniac, we shall see anon.

But now let the good Maton speak, what he, over in La Force, in the same hours, is suffering and witnessing. This *Résurrection* by him is greatly the best, the least theatrical of these Pamphlets; and stands testing by documents:

'Towards seven o'clock,' on Sunday night, 'prisoners were called frequently, and they did not reappear. Each of us reasoned, in his own way, on this singularity: but our ideas became calm, as we persuaded ourselves that the Memorial I had drawn up for the National Assembly was producing effect.'

'At one in the morning, the grate which led to our quarter opened anew. Four men in uniform, each with a drawn sabre

<sup>1</sup> Jourgniac Saint-Méard, *Mon Agonie de trente-huit heures* (reprinted in *Hist. Parl.* xviii. 103-35).

BOOK I and blazing torch came up to our corridor, preceded by a  
 "Sept. 2, 179" turnkey, and entered an apartment close to ours, to investigate  
 a box there, which we heard them break up. This done, they  
 stepped into the gallery, and questioned the man Cuissa, to know  
 where Lamotte' (Necklace's Widower) 'was Lamotte, they  
 said, had some months ago, under pretext of a treasure he  
 knew of, swindled a sum of three-hundred livres from one  
 of them, inviting him to dinner for that purpose. The  
 wretched Cuissa, now in their hands, who indeed lost his life  
 this night, answered trembling. That he remembered the fact  
 well, but could not tell what was become of Lamotte. Deter-  
 mined to find Lamotte and confront him with Cuissa, they  
 rummaged, along with this latter, through various other apart-  
 ments, but without effect, for we heard them say "Come  
 search among the corpses, then, for, *nom de Dieu!* we must  
 find where he is."

'At this same time, I heard Louis Bardy, the Abbé Bardy's  
 name called. he was brought out, and directly massacred,  
 as I learnt. He had been accused, along with his concubine,  
 five or six years before, of having murdered and cut in pieces  
 his own Brother, Auditor of the *Chambre des Comptes* of Mont-  
 pelier, but had by his subtlety, his dexterity, nay his eloquence,  
 outwitted the judges, and escaped.

'One may fancy what terror these words, "Come search  
 among the corpses, then," had thrown me into. I saw nothing  
 for it now but resigning myself to die. I wrote my last will,  
 concluding it by a petition and adjuration, that the paper  
 should be sent to its address. Scarcely had I quitted the pen,  
 when there came two other men in uniform, one of them  
 whose arm and sleeve up to the very shoulder, as well as his  
 sabre, were covered with blood, said, He was as weary as a hod-  
 man that had been beating plaster.'

'Baudin de la Chenaye was called, sixty years of virtues  
 could not save him. They said, *À l'Abbaye* he passed the  
 fatal outer gate, gave a cry of terror, at sight of the heaped  
 corpses, covered his eyes with his hands, and died of innumer-  
 able wounds. At every new opening of the grate, I thought  
 I should hear my own name called and see Rossignol  
 enter.'

'I flung off my nightgown and cap, I put on a coarse un-  
 washed shirt, a worn frock without waistcoat, an old round  
 hat,

hat; these things I had sent for, some days ago, in the fear of what might happen. CHAP. V  
Sept. 4, 1792

'The rooms of this corridor had been all emptied but ours. We were four together; whom they seemed to have forgotten: we addressed our prayers in common to the Eternal to be delivered from this peril.'

'Baptiste the turnkey came up by himself, to see us. I took him by the hands; I conjured him to save us; promised him a hundred louis, if he would conduct me home. A noise coming from the grates made him hastily withdraw.

'It was the noise of some dozen or fifteen men, armed to the teeth; as we, lying flat to escape being seen, could see from our windows. "Up-stairs!" said they: "Let not one remain." I took out my penknife; I considered where I should strike myself,—but reflected 'that the blade was too short,' and also 'on religion.'

Finally, however, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, enter four men with bludgeons and sabres!—'To one of whom Gérard my comrade whispered, earnestly, apart. During their colloquy I searched everywhere for shoes, that I might lay off the Advocate pumps (*pantoufles de Palais*) I had on,' but could find none.—'Constant, called le Sauvage, Gérard, and a third whose name escapes me, they let clear off: as for me, four sabres were crossed over my breast, and they led me down. I was brought to their bar; to the Personage with the scarf, who sat as judge there. He was a lame man, of tall lank stature. He recognised me on the streets and spoke to me, seven months after. I have been assured that he was son of a retired attorney, and named Chepy. Crossing the Court called *Des Nourrices*, I saw Manuel haranguing in tricolor scarf.' The trial, as we see, ends in acquittal and resurrection.<sup>1</sup>

Poor Sicard, from the *violon* of the Abbaye, shall say but a few words; true-looking, though tremulous. Towards three in the morning, the killers bethink them of this little *violon*; and knock from the court. 'I tapped gently, trembling lest the murderers might hear, on the opposite door, where the Section Committee was sitting: they answered gruffly, that they had no key. There were three of us in this *violon*; my companions thought they perceived a kind of loft overhead.

<sup>1</sup> Maton de la Varenne, *Ma Résurrection* (in *Hist. Parl.* xviii. 135-56).



BOOK I But it was very high, only one of us could reach it by mounting  
 Sept. 4 1792 on the shoulders of both the others One of them said to me,  
 that my life was usefuller than theirs I resisted, they insisted  
 no denial! I flung myself on the neck of these two deliverers,  
 never was scene more touching I mount on the shoulders of  
 the first, then on those of the second, finally on the loft, and  
 address to my two comrades the expression of a soul over-  
 whelmed with natural emotions '1

The two generous companions, we rejoice to find, did not  
 perish But it is time that *Journiac de Saint Méard* should  
 speak his last words, and end this singular trilogy The  
 night had become day, and the day has again become night  
*Journiac*, worn down with uttermost agitation was fallen  
 asleep, and had a cheering dream he has also contrived to  
 make acquaintance with one of the volunteer bailiffs and  
 spoken in native *Provençal* with him On Tuesday, about  
 one in the morning, his *Agony* is reaching its crisis

'By the glare of two torches I now descried the terrible  
 tribunal, where lay my life or my death The President, in  
 gray coat, with a sabre at his side stood leaning with his hands  
 against a table, on which were papers, an inkstand tobacco  
 pipes and bottles Some ten persons were around, seated or  
 standing, two of whom had jackets and aprons others were  
 sleeping stretched on benches Two men, in bloody shirts,  
 guarded the door of the place, an old turnkey had his hand on  
 the lock In front of the President three men held a Prisoner,  
 who might be about sixty ' (or seventy he was old Marshal  
*Maillé* of the *Tuileries* and August Tenth) 'They stationed  
 me in a corner, my guards crossed their sabres on my breast  
 I looked on all sides for my *Provençal* two National Guards,  
 one of them drunk, presented some appeal from the Section of  
*Croix Rouge* in favour of the Prisoner, the Man in Gray  
 answered "They are useless, these appeals for traitors"  
 Then the Prisoner exclaimed "It is frightful, your judgment  
 is a murder" The President answered "My hands are  
 washed of it, take *M Maillé* away" They drove him into the  
 street, where, through the opening of the door, I saw him  
 massacred

'The President sat down to write, registering, I suppose,

<sup>1</sup> *Abbé Scard Relation adressée à un de ses amis (à Hist Parl. xv L*  
 98-103).

the name of this one whom they had finished ; then I heard him say : “ Another, *À un autre !* ”

CHAP. V  
Sept. 4, 1792

‘ Behold me then haled before this swift and bloody judgment-bar, where the best protection was to have no protection, and all resources of ingenuity became null if they were not founded on truth. Two of my guards held me each by a hand, the third by the collar of my coat. “ Your name, your profession ? ” said the President. “ The smallest lie ruins you,” added one of the Judges.—“ My name is Jourgniac Saint-Méard ; I have served, as an officer, twenty years : and I appear at your tribunal with the assurance of an innocent man, who therefore will not lie.”—“ We shall see that,” said the President : “ Do you know why you are arrested ? ”—“ Yes, Monsieur le Président ; I am accused of editing the *Journal De la Cour et de la Ville*. But I hope to prove the falsity.”—But no ; Jourgniac’s proof of the falsity, and defence generally, though of excellent result as a defence, is not interesting to read. It is longwinded ; there is a loose theatricality in the reporting of it, which does not amount to unverity, yet which tends that way. We shall suppose him successful, beyond hope, in proving and disproving ; and skip largely,—to the catastrophe, almost at two steps.

“ But after all,” said one of the Judges, “ there is no smoke without kindling ; tell us why they accuse you of that.”—“ I was about to do so ”—Jourgniac does so ; with more and more success.

“ Nay,” continued I, “ they accuse me even of recruiting for the Emigrants ! ” At these words there arose a general murmur. “ O Messieurs, Messieurs,” I exclaimed, raising my voice, “ it is my turn to speak ; I beg M. le Président to have the kindness to maintain it for me ; I never needed it more.”—“ True enough, true enough,” said almost all the Judges with a laugh : “ Silence ! ”

‘ While they were examining the testimonials I had produced, a new Prisoner was brought in, and placed before the President. “ It was one Priest more,” they said, “ whom they had ferreted out of the Chapelle.” After very few questions : “ *À la Force !* ” He flung his breviary on the table ; was hurled forth, and massacred. I reappeared before the tribunal.

“ You tell us always,” cried one of the Judges, with a tone of impatience, “ that you are not this, that you are not that ;

BOOK I that; what are you, then?"—"I was an open Royalist."  
 Sept. 4, 1792 —There arose a general innumur, which was miraculously  
 appeased by another of the men, who had seemed to take an  
 interest in me "We are not here to judge opinions," said  
 he, "but to judge the results of them" Could Rousseau and  
 Voltaire both in one, pleading for me, have said better?—  
 "Yes, Messieurs," cried I, "always till the Tenth of August  
 I was an open Royalist Ever since the Tenth of August  
 that cause has been finished I am a Frenchman, true to my  
 country I was always a man of honour"

"My soldiers never distrusted me Nay, two days before  
 that business of Nanci, when their suspicion of their officers  
 was at its height, they chose me for commander, to lead them  
 to Lunéville, to get back the prisoners of the Regiment Mestre-  
 de Camp, and seize General Malseigne" Which fact there  
 is, most luckily, an individual present who by a certain token  
 can confirm

"The President, thus cross-questioning being over, took off  
 his hat and said "I see nothing to suspect in this man I  
 am for granting him his liberty Is that your vote?" To  
 which all the Judges answered "Ous, Ous; it is just!"

And there arose vivats within doors and without; 'escort  
 of three,' amid shoutings and embracings thus Jourgniac  
 escaped from jury trial and the jaws of death<sup>1</sup> Maton and  
 Sicard did, either by trial and no bill found, lank President  
 Chepy finding 'absolutely nothing,' or else by evasion, and  
 new favour of Moton the brave watchmaker, likewise escape;  
 and were embraced and wept over, weeping in return, as  
 they well might

Thus they three, in wondrous trilogy, or triple soliloquy,  
 uttering simultaneously, through the dread night watches,  
 their Night thoughts,—grown audible to us! They Three  
 are become audible but the other 'Thousand and Fifty  
 nine, of whom Two-hundred and two were Priests' who also  
 had Night thoughts, remain inaudible, choked for ever in  
 black Death. Heard only of President Chepy and the Man  
 in Gray!—

<sup>1</sup> *Mon Agent* (at length in *H. & F.* xv. l. 123).

## CHAPTER VI

## THE CIRCULAR

BUT the Constituted Authorities, all this while? The Legislative Assembly; the Six Ministers; the Townhall; Santerre with the National Guard?—It is very curious to think what a City is. Theatres, to the number of some twenty-three, were open every night during these prodigies; while right-arms here grew weary with slaying, right-arms there were twiddledeeing on melodious catgut: at the very instant when Abbé Sicard was clambering up his second pair of shoulders three-men high, five hundred thousand human individuals were lying horizontal, as if nothing were amiss.

As for the poor Legislative, the sceptre had departed from it. The Legislative did send Deputation to the Prisons, to these Street-Courts; and poor M. Dusaulx did harangue there; but produced no conviction whatsoever: nay at last, as he continued haranguing, the Street-Court interposed, not without threats; and he had to cease, and withdraw. This is the same poor worthy old M. Dusaulx who told, or indeed almost sang (though with cracked voice), the *Taking of the Bastille*, to our satisfaction, long since. He was wont to announce himself, on such and on all occasions, as the *Translator of Juvenal*. 'Good Citizens, you see before you a man who loves his country, who is the *Translator of Juvenal*,' said he once.—'Juvenal?' interrupts Sansculottism: 'Who the devil is Juvenal? One of your *sacré's Aristocrates*? To the *Lanterne*!' From an orator of this kind, conviction was not to be expected. The Legislative had much ado to save one of its own Members, or ex-Members, Deputy Jounneau, who chanced to be lying in arrest for mere Parliamentary delinquencies, in these Prisons. As for poor old Dusaulx and Company, they returned to the *Salle de Manège*, saying, 'It was dark; and they could not see well what was going on.'<sup>1</sup>

Roland writes indignant messages, in the name of Order, Humanity and the Law; but there is no Force at his disposal. Santerre's National Force seems lazy to rise: though he made

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, Debate of 2d September 1792.

requisitions,

BOOK I men read, with a certain sickness of heart, items and entries  
 Sept. 3, 1792 not usual in Town Books! 'To workers employed in preserving the salubrity of the air in the Prisons, and persons who presided over these dangerous operations,' so much,—in various items, nearly seven hundred pounds sterling. To carters employed to 'the Burying grounds of Clamart, Montrouge, and Vaugirard,' at so much a journey, per cart; this also is an entry. Then so many francs and odd sous 'for the necessary quantity of quick-lime'!<sup>1</sup> Carts go along the streets; full of stript human corpses, thrown pell-mell; limbs sticking up:—seest thou that cold Hand sticking up, through the heaped embrace of brother corpses, in its yellow paleness, in its cold rigour; the palm opened towards Heaven, as if in dumb prayer, in expostulation *de profundis*, Take pity on the Sons of Men!—Mercier saw it, as he walked down 'the Rue Saint-Jacques from Montrouge, on the morrow of the Massacres': but not a Hand; it was a Foot,—which he reckons still more significant, one understands not well why. Or was it as the Foot of one spurning Heaven? Rushing, like a wild diver, in disgust and despair, towards the depths of Annihilation? Even there shall His hand find thee, and His right-hand hold thee,—surely for right not for wrong, for good not evil! 'I saw that Foot,' says Mercier; 'I shall know it again at the great Day of Judgment, when the Eternal, throned on his thunders, shall judge both Kings and Septemberers.'<sup>2</sup>

That a shriek of inarticulate horror rose over this thing, not only from French Aristocrats and Moderates, but from all Europe, and has prolonged itself to the present day, was most natural and right. The thing lay done, irrevocable; a thing to be counted beside some other things, which lie very black in our Earth's Annals, yet which will not erase therefrom. For man, as was remarked, has transcendentalisms in him; standing, as he does, poor creature, every way 'in the confluence of Infinitudes'; a mystery to himself and others: in the centre of two Eternities, of three Immensities,—in the intersection of primeval Light with the everlasting Dark!—Thus have there been, especially by vehement tempers reduced to a state of desperation, very miserable things done. Sicilian

<sup>1</sup> *État des sommes payées par la Commune de Paris (in Hist. Parl. xvii. 231).*

<sup>2</sup> *Mercier, Nouveau Paris, vi. 21.*

Vespers, and 'eight thousand slaughtered in two hours,' are a known thing. Kings themselves, not in desperation, but only in difficulty, have sat hatching, for year and day (nay De Thou says for seven years), their Bartholomew Business; and then, at the right moment, also on an Autumn Sunday, this very Bell (they say it is the identical metal) of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois was set a-pealing—with effect.<sup>1</sup> Nay the same black boulder-stones of these Paris Prisons have seen Prison-massacres before now; men massacring countrymen, Burgundies massacring Armagnacs, whom they had suddenly imprisoned, till, as now, there were piled heaps of carcasses, and the streets ran red;—the Mayor Pélion of the time speaking the austere language of the law, and answered by the Killers, in old French (it is some four hundred years old): '*Maugré bieu, Sire.*—Sir, God's malison on your "justice," your "pity," your "right reason." Cursed be of God whoso shall have pity on these false traitorous Armagnacs, English; dogs they are; they have destroyed us, wasted this realm of France, and sold it to the English.'<sup>2</sup> And so they slay, and sling aside the slain, to the extent of 'fifteen hundred and eighteen, among whom are found four Bishops of false and damnable counsel, and two Presidents of Parliament.' For though it is not Satan's world this that we live in, Satan always has his place in it (underground properly); and from time to time bursts up. Well may mankind shriek, inarticulately anathematising as they can. There are actions of such emphasis that no shrieking can be too emphatic for them. Shriek ye; acted have they.

Shriek who might in this France, in this Paris Legislative or Paris Townhall, there are Ten Men who do not shriek. A Circular goes out from the Committee of *Salut Public*, dated 3d of September 1792; directed to all Townhalls: a State-paper too remarkable to be overlooked. 'A part of the ferocious conspirators detained in the Prisons,' it says, 'have been put to death by the People; and we cannot doubt but the whole Nation, driven to the edge of ruin by such endless series of treasons, will make haste to adopt *this* means of public salvation: and all Frenchmen will cry as the men of Paris: We go to fight the enemy; but we will not leave robbers behind us, to butcher our wives and children.' To which are legibly appended these

<sup>1</sup> 9th to 13th September 1572 (Dulaure, *Hist. de Paris*, iv. 289).

<sup>2</sup> Dulaure, iii. 491.

signatures:

BOOK I the breach, as of stormed Cities and Nations, amid the sweep  
 Sept. 9, 1792 of Tenth of August cannon, the rustle of Prussian gallows  
 ropes, the smiting of September sabres, destruction all round  
 him, and the rushing down of worlds Minister of Justice is  
 his name, but Titan of the Forlorn Hope, and *Enfant Perdu*  
 of the Revolution, is his quality,—and the man acts according  
 to that ‘We must put our enemies in fear!’ Deep fear, is  
 it not, as of its own accord, falling on our enemies? The  
 Titan of the Forlorn Hope, he is not the man that would swiftest  
 of all prevent its so falling Forward, thou lost Titan of an  
*Enfant Perdu*, thou must dare, and again dare, and without  
 end dare, there is nothing left for thee but that! ‘*Que mon  
 nom soit flétri*, Let my name be blighted’ what am I? The  
 Cause alone is great, and shall live, and not perish.—So,  
 on the whole, here too is a Swallower of Formulas, of still  
 wider gulp than Mirabeau this Danton, Mirabeau of the  
 Sansculottes In the September days, this Minister was not  
 heard of as co operating with strict Roland, his business might  
 lie elsewhere,—with Brunswick and the Hôtel de Ville When  
 applied to by an official person, about the Orléans Prisoners,  
 and the risks they ran, he answered gloomily, twice over,  
 ‘Are not these men guilty?’—When pressed, he ‘answered  
 in a terrible voice,’ and turned his back’ A thousand slain  
 in the Prisons, horrible if you will, but Brunswick is within  
 a day’s journey of us, and there are Five and twenty Millions  
 yet, to slay or to save Some men have tasks,—frightfuller  
 than ours! It seems strange, but is not strange, that this  
 Minister of Moloch Justice, when any suppliant for a friend’s  
 life got access to him, was found to have human compassion,  
 and yielded and granted ‘always’; ‘neither did one personal  
 enemy of Danton perish in these days’<sup>1</sup>

To shriek, we say, when certain things are acted, is proper  
 and unavoidable Nevertheless, articulate speech, not shriek-  
 ing, is the faculty of man. when speech is not yet possible, let  
 there be, with the shortest delay, at least—silence Silence  
 accordingly, in this forty fourth year of the business, and  
 eighteen hundred and thirty sixth of an ‘Era called Christian  
 as *lucus à non*,’ is the thing we recommend and practise Nay,  
 instead of shrieking more, it were perhaps edifying to remark,

<sup>1</sup> *Biographie des M* and 11 p. 97

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid* p. 103

on the other side, what a singular thing Customs (in Latin, *Mores*) are; and how fitly the Virtue, *Vir-tus*, Manhood or Worth, that is in a man, is called his *Morality* or *Customariness*. Fell Slaughter, one of the most authentic products of the Pit you would say, once give it Customs, becomes War, with Laws of War; and is Customary and Moral enough; and red individuals carry the tools of it girt round their haunches, not without an air of pride,—which do thou nowise blame. While, see! so long as it is but dressed in hodden or russet; and Revolution, less frequent than War, has not yet got its Laws of Revolution, but the hodden or russet individuals are Uncustomary.—O shrieking beloved brother blockheads of Mankind, let us close those wide mouths of ours; let us cease shrieking, and begin considering!

## CHAPTER VII



BOOK I  
Sept. 1792

the work goes bravely along. The Convention is getting chosen, —really in a decisive spirit; in the Townhall we already date *First year of the Republic*. Some Two-hundred of our best Legislators may be re-elected, the Mountain bodily: Robespierre, with Mayor Pétion, Buzot, Curate Grégoire, Rabaut, some three-score Old-Constituents; though we had once only 'thirty voices.' All these; and along with them, friends long known to Revolutionary fame: Camille Desmoulins, though he stutters in speech: Manuel, Tallien and Company; Journalists Gorsas,



BUZOT.

Carra, Mercier, Louvet of *Faublas*; Cloutz Speaker of Mankind; Collot d'Herbois, tearing a passion to rags; Fabre d'Eglantine, speculative Pamphleteer; Legendre, the solid butcher; nay Marat, though rural France can hardly believe it, or even believe that there is a Marat, except in print. Of Minister Danton, who will lay down his ministry for a Membership, we need not speak. Paris is fervent; nor is the

Country wanting to itself. Barbaroux, Rebecqui, and fervid Patriots are coming from Marseilles. Seven-hundred and forty-five men (or indeed forty-nine, for Avignon now sends four) are gathering: so many are to meet; not so many are to part!

Attorney Carrier from Aurillac, Ex-Priest Lebon from Arras, these shall both gain a *name*. Mountainous Auvergne re-elects her Romme; hardy tiller of the soil, once Mathematical Professor; who, unconscious, carries in petto a remarkable *New Calendar*, with Messidors, Pluvioses, and such-like;—and having given it well forth, shall depart by the death they call Roman. Sieyes Old Constituent comes; to make New Constitutions

as many as wanted ; for the rest, peering out of his clear cautious eyes, he will cower low in many an emergency, and find silence safest. Young Saint-Just is coming, deputed by Aisne in the North ; more like a Student than a Senator ; not four-and-twenty yet ; who has written Books ; a youth of slight stature, with mild mellow voice, enthusiast olive-complexion and long black hair. Téraud, from the far valley D'Aure in the folds of the Pyrenees, is coming ; an ardent Republican ; doomed to fame, at least in death.

All manner of Patriot men are coming : Teachers, Husband-men, Priests and Ex-Priests, Traders, Doctors ; above all, Talkers, or the Attorney species. Man-midwives, as *Lévesseur* of the Sarthe, are not wanting. Nor Artists : gross David, with the swollen cheek, has long painted, with genius in a state of convulsion ; and will now legislate. The swollen cheek, choking his words in the birth, totally disqualifies him as an orator ; but his pencil, his head, his gross hot heart, with genius in a state of convulsion, will be there. A man bodily and mentally swollen-checked, disproportionate ; flabby-larger, instead of great ; weak withal as in a state of convulsion, not strong in a state of composure : to let him play his part. Nor are naturalized Benefactors of the Species forgotten : Priestley, elected by the Orne Department, but declining ; Paine the rebellious Needleman, by the Pas de Calais, who accepts.

Few Nobles come, and yet not none. Paul-François Barras, ' noble as the Barrages, old as the rocks of Provence ' ; he is one. The reckless, shipwrecked man : flung ashore on the coast of the Maldives long ago, while sailing and soldiering as Indian Fighter : flung ashore since then, as hungry Parisian pleasure-hunter and half-pay, on many a Circe Island, with temporary enchantment, temporary conversion into beasthood and hoghood ;—the remote Var Department has now sent him hither. A man of heat and haste ; defective in utterance ; defective indeed in anything to utter ; yet not without a certain rapidity of glance, a certain swift transient courage ; who in these times, Fortune favouring, may go far. He is tall, handsome to the eye, ' only the complexion a little yellow ' ; but ' with a robe of purple, with a scarlet cloak and plume of tricolor, on occasions of solemnity,' the man will look well.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Dictionnaire des Hommes Marquans*, § Barras.

BOOK I  
Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> 90  
Lepelletier Saint Fargeau Old Constituent, is a kind of noble and of enormous wealth, he too has come hither — to have the Pain of Death abolished? Hapless Ex Parlementeer! Nay among our Sixty Old Constituents, see Philippe d'Orléans a Prince of the Blood! Not now *D'Orléans* for, Feudalism being swept from the world, he demands of his worthy friends the Electors of Paris, to have a new name of their choosing, whereupon Procureur Manuel like an antithetic literary man



PAUL BARRAS.

recommends *Equality Egalité* A Philippe *Egalité* therefore will sit, seen of the Earth and Heaven

Such a Convention is gathering itself together Were angry poultry in moulting season whom Brunswick's grenadiers and cannoneers will give short account of Would the weather as Bertrand is always praying only mend a little!

In vain O Bertrand! The weather will not mend a whit nay even if it did? Dumouriez Polymetis, though Bertrand

<sup>1</sup> Bertrand Moleville *et* more u. 255.

knows it not, started from brief slumber at Sedan, on that morning of the 29th of August; with stealthiness, with promptitude, audacity. Some three mornings after that, Brunswick, opening wide eyes, perceives the Passes of the Argonne all seized; blocked with felled trees, fortified with camps; and that it is a most shifty swift Dumouriez this, who has outwitted him!

CHAP. VII  
Sept. 1792

The manœuvre may cost Brunswick 'a loss of three weeks,' very fatal in these circumstances. A Mountain-wall of forty miles lying between him and Paris: which he should have preoccupied;—which how now to get possession of? Also the rain it raineth every day; and we are in a hungry Champagne Pouilleuse, a land flowing only with ditch-water. How to cross this Mountain-wall of the Argonne; or what in the world to do with it?—There are marchings and wet splashings by steep paths, with *sackermements* and guttural interjections; forcings of Argonne Passes,—which unhappily will not force. Through the woods, volleying War reverberates, like huge gong-music, or Moloch's kettledrum, borne by the echoes; swollen torrents boil angrily round the foot of rocks, floating pale carcasses of men. In vain! Islettes Village, with its church-steeple, rises intact in the Mountain-pass, between the embosoming heights; your forced marches and climbings have become forced slidings and tumblings back. From the hill-tops thou seest nothing but dumb crags, and endless wet moaning woods; the Clermont *Vache* (huge cow that she is) disclosing herself' at intervals; flinging-off her cloud-blanket, and soon taking it on again, drowned in the pouring Heaven. The Argonne Passes will not force: you must *skirt* the Argonne: go round by the end of it.

But fancy whether the Emigrant Seigneurs have not got their brilliancy dulled a little; whether that 'Foot Regiment in red-facings with nankeen trousers' could be in field-day order! In place of gasconading, a sort of desperation, and hydrophobia from *excess* of water, is threatening to supervene. Young Prince de Ligne, son of that brave literary De Ligne the Thundergod of Dandies, fell backwards; shot dead in Grand-Pré, the Northmost of the Passes: Brunswick is skirting and rounding, laboriously, by the extremity of the South. Four days; days of a rain as of Noah,—without fire, without

<sup>1</sup> See Helen Maria Williams, *Letters*, iii. 79-81.

food!

BOOK I  
Sept. 1792

food ! For fire you cut down green trees, and produce smoke, for food you eat green grapes, and produce colic, pestilential dysentery, *ὀλέκοντο δὲ λαοί*. And the Peasants assassinate us, they do not join us; shrill women cry shame on us threaten to draw their very scissiors on us ! O ye hapless dulled bright Seigneurs, and hydrophobic splashed Nankeens;—but O, ten times more, ye poor sackermencing ghastly visaged Hessians and Hulans, fallen on your backs; who had no call to die there, except compulsion and three-halfpence a-day ! Nor has Mrs Le Blanc of the Golden Arm a good time of it, in her bower of dripping rushes Assassinating Peasants are hanged; Old Constituent Honourable Members, though of venerable age, ride in carts with their hands tied these are the woes of war

Thus they, sprawling and wriggling, far and wide, on the slopes and passes of the Argonne;—a loss to Brunswick of five-and twenty disastrous days There is wriggling and struggling, facing, backing and right about facing; as the positions shift, and the Argonne gets partly rounded, partly forced—but still Dumouriez, force him, round him as you will, sticks like a rooted fixture on the ground; fixture with many hinges, wheeling now this way, now that, showing always new front, in the most unexpected manner: nowise consenting to take himself away. Recruits stream up on him full of heart; yet rather difficult to deal with Behind Grand Pré, for example, Grand Pré which is on the wrong side of the Argonne, for we are now forced and rounded,—the full heart, in one of those wheelings and showings of new front, did as it were upset itself, as full hearts are liable to do, and there rose a shriek of *saure qui peut*, and a death panic which had nigh ruined all ! So that the General had to come galloping, and, with thunder-words, with gesture, stroke of drawn sword even, check and rally, and bring back the sense of shame;<sup>1</sup>—nay to seize the first shriekers and ringleaders; ‘shave their heads and eyebrows,’ and pack them forth into the world as a sign Thus too (for really the rations are short, and wet camping with hungry stomach brings bad humour) there is like to be mutiny. Whereupon again Dumouriez ‘arrives at the head of their line, with his staff, and an escort of a hundred hussars. He had placed some squadrons behind them, the artillery in front; he said to them: “As for you, for I will

<sup>1</sup> Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, lii. 29.

neither call you citizens, nor soldiers, nor my men (*ni mes enfans*), you see before you this artillery, behind you this cavalry. You have dishonoured yourselves by crimes. If you amend, and grow to behave like this brave Army which you have the honour of belonging to, you will find in me a good father. But plunderers and assassins I do not suffer here. At the smallest mutiny I will have you shivered in pieces (*hacher en pièces*). Seek out the Scoundrels that are among you, and dismiss them yourselves; I hold you responsible for them.”<sup>1</sup>

CHAP. VII  
Sept. 1792

Patience, O Dumouriez! This uncertain heap of shriekers, mutineers, were they once drilled and inured, will become a phalanxed mass of Fighters; and wheel and whirl, to order, swiftly like the wind or the whirlwind: tanned mustachio-figures; often bare-foot, even bare-backed; with sinews of iron; who require only bread and gunpowder: very Sons of Fire, the adroitest, hastiest, hottest ever seen perhaps since Attila's time. They may conquer and overrun amazingly, much as that same Attila did;—whose Attila's-Camp and Battlefield thou now seest, on this very ground;<sup>2</sup> who, after sweeping bare the world, was, with difficulty, and days of tough fighting, checked *here* by Roman Ætius and Fortune; and his dust-cloud made to vanish in the East again!—

Strangely enough, in this shrieking Confusion of a Soldiery, which we saw long since fallen all suicidally out of square, in suicidal collision,—at Nanci, or on the streets of Metz, where brave Bouillé stood with drawn sword; and which has collided and ground itself to pieces worse and worse ever since, down now to such a state: in this shrieking Confusion, and not elsewhere, lies the first germ of returning Order for France! Round which, we say, poor France nearly all ground down suicidally likewise into rubbish and Chaos, will be glad to rally; to begin growing, and new-shaping her inorganic dust; very slowly, through centuries, through Napoleons, Louis-Philippes, and other the like media and phases,—into a new, infinitely preferable France, we can hope!—

These wheelings and movements in the region of the Argonne, which are all faithfully described by Dumouriez himself, and more interesting to us than Hoyle's or Philidor's best Game

<sup>1</sup> Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, iii. 55.

<sup>2</sup> Helen Maria Williams, iii. 32.

BOOK I  
Sept. 20,  
1792

of Chess, let us nevertheless, O Reader, entirely omit;—and hasten to remark two things the first a minute private, the second a large public thing Our minute private thing is the presence, in the Prussian host, of a certain Man, belonging to the sort called Immortal, who, in days since then, is becoming visible more and more in that character, as the Transitory more and more vanishes for from of old it was remarked that when the Gods appear among men, it is seldom in recognisable shape, thus Admetus's neatherds gave Apollo a draught of their goatskin whey bottle (well if they do not give him strokes with their oxrungs) not dreaming that he is the Sungod! This man's name is *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe* He is Herzog Weimar's Minister, come with the small contingent of Weimar, to do insignificant unmilitary duty here, very irreconisable to nearly all! He stands at present, with drawn bridle, on the height near Sainte Menchould making an experiment on the 'cannon fever', having ridden thither *against persuasion, into the dance and firing of the cannon balls*, with a scientific desire to understand what that same cannon fever may be 'The sound of them,' says he, 'is curious enough, as if it were compounded of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water and the whistle of birds By degrees you get a very uncommon sensation, which can only be described by similitude It seems as if you were in some place extremely hot, and at the same time were completely penetrated by the heat of it, so that you feel as if you and this element you are in were perfectly on a par The eyesight loses nothing of its strength or distinctness; and yet it is as if all things had got a kind of brown red colour, which makes the situation and the objects still more impressive on you'<sup>1</sup>

This is the cannon fever, as a World Poet feels it.—A man entirely irreconisable! In whose irreconisable head, mean while, there verily is the spiritual counterpart (and call it complement) of this same huge Death Birth of the World, which now effectuates itself outwardly in the Argonne in such cannon thunder, inwardly, in the irreconisable head, quite otherwise than by thunder! Mark that man, O Reader, as the memorabest of all the memorable in this Argonne Campaign What we say of him is not dream nor flourish

<sup>1</sup> Goethe, *Campaign in Frankrich* (Hertt. xix. 73).

of rhetoric, but scientific historic fact; as many men, now at this distance, see or begin to see.

CHAP. VII  
Sept. 20,  
1792

But the large public thing we had to remark is this: That the Twentieth of September 1792 was a raw morning covered with mist; that from three in the morning, Sainte-Menehould, and those Villages and homesteads we know of old, were stirred by the rumble of artillery-wagons, by the clatter of hoofs and many-footed tramp of men: all manner of military, Patriot and Prussian, taking up positions, on the heights of La Lune and other Heights; shifting and shoving,—seemingly in some dread chess-game; which may the Heavens turn to good! The Miller of Valmy has fled dusty under ground; his Mill, were it never so windy, will have rest today. At seven in the morning the mist clears off: see Kellermann, Dumouriez' second in command, with 'eighteen pieces of cannon,' and deep-serried ranks, drawn up round that same silent Windmill, on his knoll of strength; Brunswick, also with serried ranks and cannon, glooming over to him from the Height of La Lune: only the little brook and its little dell now parting them.

So that the much-longed-for has come at last! Instead of hunger and dysentery, we shall have sharp shot; and then!—Dumouriez, with force and firm front, looks on from a neighbouring height; can help only with his wishes, in silence. Lo, the eighteen pieces do bluster and bark, responsive to the bluster of La Lune; and thunder-clouds mount into the air; and echoes roar through all dells, far into the depths of Argonne Wood (deserted now); and limbs and lives of men fly dissipated, this way and that. Can Brunswick make an impression on them? The dulled-bright Seigneurs stand biting their thumbs; these Sansculottes seem *not* to fly like poultry! Towards noon-tide a cannon-shot blows Kellermann's horse from under him; there bursts a powder-cart high into the air, with knell heard over all: some swagging and swaying observable;—Brunswick will try! '*Camarades*,' cries Kellermann, '*Vive la Patrie! Allons vaincre pour elle*, Come let us conquer for her.' 'Live the Fatherland!' rings responsive to the welkin, like rolling-fire from side to side: our ranks are as firm as rocks; and Brunswick may recross the dell, ineffectual; regain his old position on La Lune; not unbattered by the way. And so, for the length of a September day,—with bluster and bark; with bellow far-echoing! The cannonade lasts till sunset;  
and



BOOK I  
Sept. 29,  
1793

and in rapid Melibœan stanzas only a few lines each, they propose motions not a few That the corner stone of our new Constitution is, Sovereignty of the People, that our Constitution shall be accepted by the People or be null, further that the People ought to be avenged and have right Judges, that the Imposts must continue till new order, that Landed and other Property be sacred for ever, finally that 'Royalty from this day is abolished in France' —*Decreed* all before four o'clock strike, with acclamation of the world!<sup>1</sup> The tree was all so ripe, only shake it, and there fall such yellow cart loads

And so over in the Valmy Region, as soon as the news come, what stir is this, audible, visible from our muddy Heights of La Lune!<sup>2</sup> Universal shouting of the French on their opposite hill side, caps raised on bayonets and a sound as of *République Vive la République* borne dubious on the winds! —On the morrow morning so to speak, Brunswick slings his knapsacks before day, lights any fires he has, and marches without tap of drum Dumouriez finds ghastly symptoms in that camp, '*latrines* full of blood'<sup>3</sup>! The chivalrous King of Prussia,—for he, as we saw, is here in person—may long rue the day, may look colder than ever on these dulled bright Seigneurs, and French Princes their Country's hope,—and, on the whole, put on his greatcoat without ceremony, happy that he has one They retire, all retire with convenient despatch through a Champagne trodden into a quagmire, the wild weather pouring on them Dumouriez, through his Keller manns and Dillons, pricking them a little in the hinder parts A little, not much, now pricking, now negotiating for Brunswick has his eyes opened, and the Majesty of Prussia is a repentant Majesty

Nor has Austria prospered, nor the Wooden Horse of Thionville bitten his hay, nor Lille City surrendered itself The Lille trenches opened on the 29th of the month, with balls and shells and redhot balls, as if not trenches but Vesuvius and the Pit had opened. It was frightful, say all eye-witnesses, but it is ineffectual The Lillers have risen to such temper, especially after these news from Argonne and the East. Not a

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Parl.* xix. 39.

<sup>2</sup> Williams, lii. 71

<sup>3</sup> 1st October 1793; Dumouriez lii. 73



THE EVIL EYE AND  
THE APES OF DEATH.

*(The law of the suspect.)*

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Sans-indispensables in Lille that would surrender for a King's ransom. Redhot balls rain, day and night; 'six thousand,' or so, and bombs 'filled internally with oil of turpentine which splashes up in flame';—mainly on the dwellings of the Sans-culottes and Poor; the streets of the Rich being spared. But the Sanseculottes get water-pails; form quenching-regulations: 'The ball is in Peter's house!' 'The ball is in John's!' They divide their lodging and substance with each other; shout *Vive la République*; and faint not in heart. A ball thunders through the main chamber of the Hôtel-de-Ville while the Commune is there assembled: 'We are in permanence,' says one coldly, proceeding with his business; and the ball remains permanent too, sticking in the wall, probably to this day.<sup>1</sup>

The Austrian Archduchess (Queen's Sister) will herself see red artillery fired: in their over-haste to satisfy an Archduchess, 'two mortars explode and kill thirty persons.' It is in vain; Lille, often burning, is always quenched again; Lille will not yield. The very boys deftly wrench the matches out of fallen bombs: 'a man clutches a rolling ball with his hat, which takes fire; when cool, they crown it with a *bonnet rouge*.' Memorable also be that nimble Barber, who when the bomb burst beside him, snatched up a sherd of it, introduced soap and lather into it, crying, '*Voilà mon plat à barbe*, My new shaving-dish!' and shaved 'fourteen people' on the spot. Bravo, thou nimble Shaver; worthy to shave old spectral Redcloak, and find treasures!—On the eighth day of this desperate siege, the sixth day of October, Austria, finding it fruitless, draws off, with no pleasurable consciousness; rapidly, Dumouriez tending thitherward; and Lille too, black with ashes and smoulder, but jubilant skyhigh, flings its gates open. The *Plat à barbe* became fashionable; 'no Patriot of an elegant turn,' says Mercier several years afterwards, 'but shaves himself out of the splinter of a Lille bomb.'

*Quid multa*, Why many words? The Invaders are in flight; Brunswick's Host, the third part of it gone to death, staggers disastrous along the deep highways of Champagne; spreading out also into 'the fields of a tough spongy red-coloured clay':—'like Pharaoh through a Red Sea of mud,' says Goethe; 'for here also lay broken chariots, and riders and foot seemed

<sup>1</sup> *Bombardement de Lille* (in *Hist. Parl.* xx. 63-71).

BOOK I street,—straight indeed and good, but proportionably far too  
 Oct. 11 1792 narrow I have in my life, seen nothing like it the aspect  
 of it might perhaps be compared to that of a swollen river  
 which has been rising over meadows and fields, and is now  
 again obliged to press itself through a narrow bridge, and flow  
 on in its bounded channel Down the long street all visible  
 from our windows, there swelled continually the strangest



GENERAL CUSTINE.

tide a high double-seated travelling coach towered visible  
 over the flood of things. We thought of the fair French  
 women we had seen in the morning It was not they how-  
 ever, it was Count Haugwitz him you could look at, with a  
 kind of sardonic malice rocking onwards, step by step there<sup>1</sup>

In such untriumphant Procession has the Brunswick Mani-  
 festo issued! Nay is worse 'in Negotiation with these ruc-  
 creants'—the first news of which produced such a revulsion

<sup>1</sup> *Cambridge Edition of Goethe's Works* (Part 1) 1860, 111, 131.

in the Emigrant nature, as put our scientific World-Poet 'in CHAP. VIII  
fear for the wits of several.'<sup>1</sup> There is no help: they must Oct. 11, 1792  
fare on, these poor Emigrants, angry with all persons and  
things, and making all persons angry in the hapless course  
they struck into. Landlord and landlady testify to you, at  
*tables-d'hôte*, how insupportable these Frenchmen are: how,  
in spite of such humiliation, of poverty and probable beggary,  
there is ever the same struggle for precedence, the same forward-  
ness and want of discretion. High in honour, at the head of  
the table, you with your own eyes observe not a Seigneur,  
but the automaton of a Seigneur fallen into dotage; still  
worshipped, reverently waited on and fed. In miscellaneous  
seats is a miscellany of soldiers, commissaries, adventurers;  
consuming silently their barbarian victuals. 'On all brows  
is to be read a hard destiny; all are silent, for each has his  
own sufferings to bear, and looks forth into misery without  
bounds.' One hasty wanderer, coming in, and eating without  
ungraciousness what is set before him, the landlord lets off  
almost scot-free. 'He is,' whispered the landlord to me,  
'the first of these cursed people I have seen condescend to  
taste our German black bread.'<sup>2</sup>

And Dumouriez is in Paris; lauded and feasted; paraded  
in glittering saloons, floods of beautifullest blonde-dresses and  
broadcloth-coats flowing past him, endless, in admiring joy.  
One night, nevertheless, in the splendour of one such scene,  
he sees himself suddenly apostrophised by a squalid unjoyful  
Figure, who has come in *uninvited*, nay despite of all lackeys;  
an unjoyful Figure! The Figure is come 'in express mission  
from the Jacobins,' to inquire sharply, better then than later,  
touching certain things: 'Shaven eyebrows of Volunteer  
Patriots, for instance?' Also, 'your threats of shivering in  
pieces?' Also, 'why you have not chased Brunswick hotly  
enough?' Thus, with sharp croak, inquires the Figure.—  
'*Ah, c'est vous qu'on appelle Marat*, You are he they call Marat!'—  
answers the General, and turns coldly on his heel.<sup>3</sup>—'Marat!'—  
The blonde-gowns quiver like aspens; the dress-coats gather

<sup>1</sup> *Campeigne in Frankreich*, Goethe's *Werke*, xxx. 152.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 210-12.

<sup>3</sup> Dumouriez, iii. 115.—Marat's account, in the *Déclats des Jacobins* and *Journal de la République* (*Hist. Parl.* xiv. 317-21), agrees to the turning on the heel, but strives to interpret it differently.

BOOK I round; Actor Talma (for it is his house), Actor Talma, and  
 Oct. 11, 1792 almost the very chandelier-lights, are blue: till this obscene  
 Spectrum, swart unearthly Visual-Appearance, vanish, back  
 into its native Night.

General Dumouriez, in few brief days, is gone again, towards



TALMA.

the Netherlands; will attack the Netherlands, winter though  
 it be. And General Montesquiou, on the Southeast, has driven  
 in the Sardinian Majesty; nay, almost without a shot fired,  
 has taken Savoy from him, which longs to become a piece of  
 the Republic. And General Custine, on the Northeast, has  
 dashed

dashed forth on Spires and its Arsenal; and then on Electoral CHAP. VIII  
Mentz, not uninvited, wherein are German Democrats and Oct. 11, 1792  
no shadow of an Elector now: so that in the last days of  
October, Frau Forster, a daughter of Heyne's, somewhat  
democratic, walking out of the Gate of Mentz with her Husband,  
finds French soldiers playing at bowls with cannon-balls there.  
Forster trips cheerfully over one iron bomb, with 'Live the  
Republic!' A black-bearded National Guard answers: '*Elle*  
*vivra bien sans vous*, It will probably live independently of  
you.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Johann Georg Forster's *Reisefriede* (Leipzig, 1829), i. 88.



## BOOK SECOND

# REGICIDE

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### CHAPTER I

#### THE DELIBERATIVE

FRANCE therefore has done two things very completely • she has hurled back her Cimmerian Invaders far over the marches, and likewise she has shattered her own internal Social Constitution, even to the minutest fibre of it, into wreck and dissolution. Utterly it is all altered • from King down to Parish Constable, all Authorities, Magistrates, Judges, persons that bore rule, have had, on the sudden, to alter themselves, so far as needful, or else, on the sudden, and not without violence, to be altered, a Patriot 'Executive Council of Ministers,' with a Patriot Danton in it, and then a whole Nation and National Convention, have taken care of that. Not a Parish Constable, in the farthest hamlet, who has said *De par le Roi*, and shown loyalty, but must retire, making way for a new improved Parish Constable who can say *De par la République*.

It is a change such as History must beg her readers to imagine, undescribed. An instantaneous change of the whole body-politic, the soul politic being all changed, such a change as few bodies, politic or other, can experience in this world. Say, perhaps, such as poor Nymph Semele's body did experience, when she would needs, with woman's humour, see her Olympian Jove as very Jove;—and so stood, poor Nymph, this moment Semele, next moment not Semele, but Flame and a Statue of red hot Ashes! France has looked upon Democracy, seen it face to face—The Cimmerian Invaders will rally, in humbler temper, with better or worse luck • the wreck and dissolution must reshape itself into a social Arrangement as it can and may. But as for this National Convention, which

which is to settle everything, if it do, as Deputy Paine and France generally expects, get all finished 'in a few months,' we shall call it a most deft Convention.

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In truth, it is very singular to see how this mercurial French People plunged suddenly from *Vive le Roi* to *Vive la République*; and goes simmering and dancing, shaking off daily (so to speak), and trampling into the dust, its old social garnitures, ways of thinking, rules of existing; and cheerfully dances towards the Ruleless, Unknown, with such hope in its heart, and nothing but *Freedom, Equality, and Brotherhood* in its mouth. Is it two centuries, or is it only two years, since all France roared simultaneously to the welkin, bursting forth into sound and smoke at its *Feast of Pikes*, 'Live the Restorer of French Liberty'? Three short years ago there was still Versailles and an *Orléans*: now there is that watched Circuit of the Temple, girt with dragon-eyed Municipals, where, as in its final limbo, Royalty lies extinct. In the year 1789, Constituent Deputy Barrère 'wept,' in his *Break-of-Day* Newspaper, at sight of a reconciled King Louis; and now in 1792, Convention Deputy Barrère, perfectly tearless, may be considering, whether the reconciled King Louis shall be guillotined or not!

Old garnitures and social vestures drop off (we say) so fast, being indeed quite decayed, and are trodden under the National dance. And the new vestures, where are they; the new modes and rules? Liberty, Equality, Fraternity: not vestures, but the wish for vestures! The Nation is for the present, figuratively speaking, *naked*; it has no rule or vesture; but is naked, — a Sansculottic Nation.

So far therefore, and in such manner, have our Patriot Brissots, Gundets triumphed. Vergniaud's Ezekiel-visions of the fall of thrones and crowns, which he spake hypothetically and prophetically in the Spring of the year, have suddenly come to fulfilment in the Autumn. Our eloquent Patriots of the Legislative, like strong Conjurors, by the word of their mouth, have swept Royalism with its old modes and formulas to the winds; and shall now govern a France free of formulas. Free of formulas! And yet man lives not except with formulas; with customs, *ways* of doing and living: no text truer than this; which will hold true from the Tea-table and Tailor's shopboard up to the High Senate-houses, Solemn Temples; nay through all

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all provinces of Mind and Imagination, onwards to the outmost confines of articulate Being,—*Ubi homines sunt modi sunt* There are modes wherever there are men It is the deepest law of man's nature; whereby man is a craftsman and 'tool using animal'; not the slave of Impulse, Chance, and brute Nature, but in some measure their lord Twenty five millions of men, suddenly stript bare of their *modi*, and dancing them down in that manner, are a terrible thing to govern!

Eloquent Patriots of the Legislative, meanwhile, have precisely this problem to solve Under the name and nickname of 'statesmen, *hommes d'état*,' of 'moderate men, *modérants*,' of Brissotins, Rolandins, finally of Girondins, they shall become world famous in solving it For the Twenty five millions are Gallie effervescent too,—filled both with hope of the unutterable, of universal Fraternity and Golden Age, and with terror of the unutterable, Cimmerian Europe all rallying on us It is a problem like few Truly, if man, as the Philosophers brag, did to any extent look before and after, what, one may ask, in many cases would become of him? What, in this case, would become of these Seven hundred and Forty nine men? The Convention, seeing clearly before and after, were a paralysed Convention Seeing clearly to the length of its own nose, it is not paralysed

To the Convention itself neither the work nor the method of doing it is doubtful! To make the Constitution, to defend the Republic till that be made Speedily enough, accordingly, there has been a 'Committee of the Constitution' got together Sieyès, Old Constituent, Constitution builder by trade; Condorcet, fit for better things, Deputy Paine, foreign Benefactor of the Species with that 'red carbuncled face and the black beaming eyes'; Héroult de Séchelles, Ex Parlementeer, one of the handsomest men in France, these, with inferior guild brethren, are girt cheerfully to the work; will once more 'make the Constitution', let us hope, more effectually than last time For that the Constitution can be made, who doubts—unless the Gospel of Jean Jacques came into the world in vain? True, our last Constitution did tumble within the year, so lamentably. But what then, except sort the rubbish and boulders, and build them up again better? 'Widen your basis,' for one thing—to Universal Suffrage, if need be; exclude rotten materials, Royalism and suchlike, for another thing

And

And in brief, *build*, O unspeakable Sieyès and Company, unwearyed! Frequent perilous downrushing of scaffolding and rubblework, be that an irritation, no discouragement. Start ye always again, clearing aside the wreck; if with broken limbs, yet with whole hearts; and build, we say, in the name of Heaven,—till either the work do stand; or else mankind abandon it, and the Constitution-builders be paid off, with laughter and tears! One good time, in the course of Eternity, it was appointed that this of Social Contract too should try itself out. And so the Committee of Constitution shall toil: with hope and faith;—with no disturbance from any reader of these pages.

To make the Constitution, then, and return home joyfully in a few months; this is the prophecy our National Convention gives of itself; by this scientific program shall its operations and events go on. But from the best scientific program, in such a case, to the actual fulfilment, what a difference! Every reunion of men, is it not, as we often say, a reunion of incalculable Influences; every unit of it a microcosm of Influences;—of which how shall Science calculate or prophesy? Science, which cannot, with all its calculuses, differential, integral, and of variations, calculate the Problem of Three gravitating Bodies, ought to hold her pence here, and say only: In this National Convention there are Seven-hundred and Forty-nine very singular Bodies, that gravitate and do much else;—who, probably in an amazing manner, will work the appointment of Heaven.

Of National Assemblages, Parliaments, Congresses, which have long sat; which are of saturnine temperament; above all, which are not 'dreadfully in earnest,' something may be computed or conjectured: yet even these are a kind of Mystery in progress,—whereby accordingly we see the Journalist Reporter find livelihood: even these jolt madly out of the ruts, from time to time. How much more a poor National Convention, of French vehemence; urged on at such velocity; without routine, without rut, track or landmark; and dreadfully in earnest every man of them! It is a Parliament literally such as there was never elsewhere in the world. Themselves are new, unarranged; they are the Heart and presiding centre of a France fallen wholly into maddest disarrangement. From all cities, hamlets, from the utmost ends of this France with its Twenty-five million vehement souls, thick-streaming influences storm-in

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storm in on that same Heart, in the Salle de Manège, and storm out again such fiery venous arterial circulation is the function of that Heart Seven hundred and Forty nine human individuals, we say, never sat together on our Earth under more original circumstances Common individuals most of them, or not far from common yet in virtue of the position they occupied, so notable How, in this wild piping of the whirl wind of human passions, with death, victory, terror, valour, and all height and all depth pealing and piping, these men, left to their own guidance, will speak and act ?

Readers know well that this French National Convention (quite contrary to its own Program) became the astonishment and horror of mankind, a kind of Apocalyptic Convention, or black *Dream become real*, concerning which History seldom speaks except in the way of interjection. how it covered France with wo, delusion, and delirium, and from its bosom there went forth Death on the pale Horse To hate this poor National Convention is easy, to praise and love it has not been found impossible It is, as we say, a Parliament in the most original circumstances To us, in these pages, be it as a fuliginous fiery mystery, where Upper has met Nether, and in such alternate glare and blackness of darkness poor bedazzled mortals know not which is Upper, which is Nether, but rage and plunge distractedly, as mortals in that case will do A Convention which has to consume itself, suicidally, and become dead ashes—with its World ! Behoves us not to enter exploratively its dim embroiled deeps, yet to stand with unwavering eyes, looking how it welters, what notable phases and occurrences it will successively throw up

One general superficial circumstance we remark with praise the force of Politeness To such depth has the sense of civilisation penetrated man's life, no Drouet, no Legendre, in the maddest tug of war, can altogether shake it off Debates of Senates dreadfully in earnest are seldom given frankly to the world, else perhaps they would surprise it Did not the Grand Monarque himself once chase his Louvois with a pair of brandished tongs ? But reading long volumes of these Convention Debates, all in a foam with furious earnestness, earnest many times to the extent of life and death, one is struck rather with the degree of continence they manifest in  
speech,

speech; and how in such wild ebullition, there is still a kind of polite rule struggling for mastery, and the forms of social life never altogether disappear. These men, though they menace with clenched right-hands, do not clutch one another by the collar; they draw no daggers, except for oratorical purposes, and this not often: profane swearing is almost unknown, though the Reports are frank enough; we find only one or two oaths, oaths by Marat, reported in all.

For the rest, that there is 'effervescence' who doubts? *Effervescence enough; Decrees passed by acclamation today, repealed by vociferation tomorrow; temper fitful, most rotatory-changeful, always headlong! The 'voice of the orator is covered with rumours'; a hundred 'honourable Members rush with menaces towards the Left side of the Hall'; President has 'broken three bells in succession,'—claps on his hat, as signal that the country is near ruined. A fiercely effervescent Old-Gallic Assemblage!—Ah, how the loud sick sounds of Debate, and of Life, which is a *debate*, sink silent one after another: so loud now, and in a little while so low! Brennus, and those antique Gael Captains, in their way to Rome, to Galatia and such places, whither they were in the habit of marching in the most fiery manner, had Debates as effervescent, doubt it not; though no *Moniteur* has reported them. They scolded in Celtic Welsh, those Brennuses; neither were they Sansculotte; nay rather breeches (*bracca*, say of felt or rough-leather) were the only thing they had; being, as Livy testifies, naked down to the haunches:—and, see, it is the same sort of work and of men still, now when they have got coats, and speak nasally a kind of broken Latin! But, on the whole, does not TIME envelope this present National Convention; as it did those Brennuses, and ancient august Senates in felt breeches? Time surely: and also Eternity. Dim dusk of Time,—or noon, which will be dusk; and then there is night, and silence; and Time with all its sick noises is swallowed in the still sea. Pity thy brother, O son of Adam! The angriest frothy jargon that he utters, is it not properly the whimpering of an infant which cannot *speak* what ails it, but is in distress clearly, in the inwards of it; and so must squall and whimper continually, till its Mother take it, and it get—to sleep!*

This Convention is not four days old, and the melodious  
Melibæan

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he draws forth—a Pistol, and setting it to his Head the seat of such thought and prophecy, says ‘If they had passed their Accusation Decree, he, the People’s Friend would have blown his brains out.’ A People’s Friend has that faculty in him. For the rest, as to this of the two-hundred and sixty thousand Aristocrat Heads, Marat candidly says, ‘*C’est la mon avis*, Such is my opinion’ Also is it not indisputable ‘No power on Earth can prevent me from seeing into traitors, and unmasking them’—by my superior originality of mind? An honourable member like this Friend of the People few terrestrial Parliaments have had

We observe, however that this first onslaught by the Friends of Order as sharp and prompt as it was, has failed. For neither can Robespierre, summoned out by talk of Dictatorship and greeted with the like rumour on showing himself be thrown into Prison into Accusation, not though Barbaroux openly bear testimony against him and sign it on paper. With such sanctified meekness does the Incorruptible lift his seagreen cheek to the smiter, lift his thin voice, and with jesuitic dexterity plead, and prosper, asking at last, in a prosperous manner ‘But what witnesses has the Citoyen Barbaroux to support his testimony?’ ‘*Moi*!’ cries hot Rebecqui standing up striking his breast with both hands and answering ‘*Me!*’ Nevertheless the Seagreen pleads again, and makes it good the long hurly burly, ‘personal merely,’ while so much public matter lies fallow, has ended in the order of the day. O Friends of the Gironde, why will you occupy our august sessions with mere paltry Personalities, while the grand Nationality lies in such a state?—The Gironde has touched, this day, on the foul black-spot of its fair Convention Domain, has trodden on it, and yet not trodden it down. Alas, it is a well-spring as we said this black spot, and will not tread down!

<sup>1</sup> *Universal Newspaper* Nos. 221, 222, 223, 224. Hence premises: Moore’s *Journal* is not 25 etc. (which, however may perhaps, as in similar cases, be only a copy of the *Newspaper*).

<sup>2</sup> *Journal* at 20th Séance de 2, Septembre.

## CHAPTER II

## THE EXECUTIVE

MAY we not conjecture therefore that round this grand enterprise of Making the Constitution, there will, as heretofore, very strange embroilments gather, and questions and interests complicate themselves; so that after a few or even several months, the Convention will not have settled everything? Alas, a whole tide of questions comes rolling, boiling; growing ever wider, without end! Among which, apart from this question of September and Anarchy, let us notice three which emerge oftener than the others, and promise to become Leading Questions: Of the Armies; of the Subsistences; thirdly, of the Dethroned King.

As to the Armies, Public Defence must evidently be put on a proper footing; for Europe seems coalising itself again; one is apprehensive even England will join it. Happily Dumouriez prospers in the North;—nay, what if he should prove *too* prosperous, and become *Liberticide*, Murderer of Freedom!—Dumouriez prospers, through this winter season; yet not without lamentable complaints. Sleek Pache, the Swiss Schoolmaster, he that sat frugal in his Alley, the wonder of neighbours, has got lately—whither thinks the Reader? To be Minister of War! Madame Roland, struck with his sleek ways, recommended him to her husband as Clerk; the sleek Clerk had no need of salary, being of true Patriotic temper; he would come with a bit of bread in his pocket, to save dinner and time; and munching incidentally, do three men's work in a day; punctual, silent, frugal,—the sleek Tartuffe that he was. Wherefore Roland, in the late Overturn, recommended him to be War-Minister. And now, it would seem, he is secretly undermining Roland; playing into the hands of your hotter Jacobins and September Commune; and cannot, like strict Roland, be the *Veto des Coquins*!<sup>1</sup>

How the sleek Pache might mine and undermine, one knows not well; this however one does know: that his War-Office has become a den of thieves and confusion, such as all men

<sup>1</sup> Madame Roland, *Mémoires*, ii. 237, etc.



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Deputies, reporting this business, admit that, on the edge of horrid death, they did fix, or affect to fix the Price of Grain for which, be it also noted, the Convention, a Convention that will not be trifled with, sees good to reprimand them<sup>1</sup>

But as to the origin of these Grain Riots, is it not most probably your secret Royalists again? Glimpses of Priests were discernible in this of Chartres,—to the eye of Patriotism Or indeed may not 'the root of it all lie in the Temple Prison in the heart of a perjured King' well as we guard him?<sup>2</sup> Unhappy perjured King!—And so there shall be Baker's Queues by and by, more sharp tempered than ever on every Baker's door rabbet an iron ring, and coil of rope, whereon, with firm grip, on this side and that, we form our Queue but mischievous deceitful persons cut the rope, and our Queue becomes a ravelment, wherefore the coil must be made of iron chain<sup>3</sup> Also there shall be Prices of Grain well fixed, but then no grain purchasable by them bread not to be had except by Ticket from the Mayor, few ounces per mouth daily, after long swaying, with firm grip, on the chain of the Queue And Hunger shall stalk direful, and Wrath and Suspicion, whetted to the Preternatural pitch, shall stalk, as those other preternatural 'shapes of Gods in their wrathfulness' were discerned stalking, in 'glare and gloom of that fire ocean,' when Troy Town fell!—

## CHAPTER III

### DISCROWNED

BUT the question more pressing than all on the Legislator, as yet, is this third What shall be done with King Louis?

King Louis, now King and Majesty to his own family alone in their own Prison Apartment alone, has, for months past, been mere Louis Capet and the Traitor Veto with the rest of France Shut in his Circum of the Temple, he has heard and seen the loud whirl of things, yells of September Massacres, Brunswick war thunders dying off in disaster and discomfiture, he passive, a spectator merely, waiting whither it would

<sup>1</sup> *Hist Parl* xx. 431 440.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid* xx 409

<sup>3</sup> *Metc et Noveau Paris*  
please

please to whirl with him. From the neighbouring windows, the curious, not without pity, might see him walk daily, at a certain hour, in the Temple Garden, with his Queen, Sister and two Children, all that now belongs to him in this Earth.<sup>1</sup> Quietly he walks and waits; for he is not of lively feelings, and is of a devout heart. The wearied Irresolute has, at least, no need of resolving now. His daily meals, lessons to his Son, daily walk in the Garden, daily game at ombre or draughts, fill up the day: the morrow will provide for itself.

The morrow indeed; and yet How? Louis asks, How? France, with perhaps still more solicitude, asks, How! A King dethroned by insurrection is verily not easy to dispose of. Keep him prisoner, he is a secret centre for the Disaffected, for endless plots, attempts and hopes of theirs. Banish him, he is an open centre for them; his royal war-standard, with what of divinity it has, unrolls itself, summoning the world. Put him to death? A cruel questionable extremity that too: and yet the likeliest in these extreme circumstances, of insurrectionary men, whose own life and death lies staked: accordingly it is said, from the last step of the throne to the first of the scaffold there is short distance.

But, on the whole, we will remark here that this business of Louis looks altogether different now, as seen over Seas and at the distance of forty-four years, from what it looked then, in France, and struggling confused all round one. For indeed it is a most lying thing that same Past Tense always: so beautiful, sad, almost Elysian-sacred, 'in the moonlight of Memory,' it seems; and *seems* only. For observe, always one most important element is surreptitiously (we not noticing it) withdrawn from the Past Time: the haggard element of Fear! Not *there* does Fear dwell, nor Uncertainty, nor Anxiety; but it dwells *here*; haunting us, tracking us; running like an accursed ground-discord through all the music-tones of our Existence;—making the Tense a mere Present one! Just so is it with this of Louis. Why smite the fallen? asks Magnanimity, out of danger now. He is fallen so low this once-high man; no criminal nor traitor, how far from it; but the unhappiest of Human Solecisms: whom if abstract Justice had to pronounce upon, she might well become concrete Pity, and pronounce only sobs and dismissal!

<sup>1</sup> Moore, i. 123; ii. 224, etc.

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So argues retrospective Magnanimity but Pusillanimity, present, prospective? Reader, thou hast never lived for months, under the rustle of Prussian gallows ropes, never wert thou portion of a National Sahara waltz, Twenty five millions running distracted to fight Brunswick! Knights Errant themselves, when they conquered Giants usually slew the Giants quarter was only for other Knights Errant, who knew courtesy and the laws of battle The French Nation in simultaneous, desperate dead pull and as if by miracle of madness, has pulled down the most dread Goliath, huge with the growth of ten centuries, and cannot believe, though his giant bulk, covering acres, lies prostrate, bound with peg and packthread, that he will not rise again, man devouring, that the victory is not partly a dream Terror has its scepticism, miraculous victory its rage of vengeance Then as to criminality, is the prostrated Giant who will devour us if he rise, an innocent Giant? Curate Grégoire who indeed is now Constitutional Bishop Grégoire asserts, in the heat of eloquence, that Kingship by the very nature of it is a crime capital, that Kings' Houses are as wild beasts' dens<sup>1</sup> Lastly consider this that there is on record a Trial of Charles First! This printed *Trial of Charles First* is sold and read every where at present <sup>2</sup>—*Quel spectacle!* Thus did the English People judge their Tyrant and become the first of Free Peoples which feat, by the grace of Destiny, may not France now rival? Scepticism of terror, rage of miraculous victory, sublime spectacle to the universe—all things point one fatal way

Such leading questions, and their endless incidental ones—of September Anarchists and Departmental Guard, of Grain Riots, plaintive Interior Ministers, of Armies, Hassenfratz dilapidations, and what is to be done with Louis,—beleaguer and embroil this Convention, which would so gladly make the Constitution rather All which questions, too, as we often urge of such things, are in *growth*, they grow in every French head, and can be *seen* growing also, very curiously, in this mighty welter of Parliamentary Debate, of Public Business which the Convention has to do A question emerges so small at first, is put off, submerged, but always reemerges

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur* Séance du 21 Septembre An 1<sup>re</sup> (1792).

<sup>2</sup> Moore's *Journal* ii. 165

bigger than before. It is a curious, indeed an indescribable sort of growth which such things have.

We perceive, however, both by its frequent reëmergence and by its rapid enlargement of bulk, that this Question of King Louis will take the lead of all the rest. And truly, in that case, it will take the *lead* in a much deeper sense. For as Aaron's Rod swallowed all the other serpents; so will the Foremost Question, whichever may get foremost, absorb all other questions and interests; and from it and the decision of it will they all, so to speak, be *born*, or new-born, and have shape, physiognomy and destiny corresponding. It was appointed of Fate that, in this wide-weltering, strangely growing, monstrous stupendous imbroglio of Convention Business, the grand First-Parent of all the questions, controversies, measures and enterprises which were to be evolved there to the world's astonishment, should be this Question of King Louis.

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## CHAPTER IV

### THE LOSER PAYS

THE Sixth of November 1792 was a great day for the Republic: outwardly, over the Frontiers; inwardly, in the *Salle de Manège*.

Outwardly: for Dumouriez, overrunning the Netherlands, did, on that day, come in contact with Saxe-Teschen and the Austrians; Dumouriez wide-winged, they wide-winged; at and around the village of Jemappes, near Mons. And fire-hail is whistling far and wide there, the great guns playing, and the small; so many green Heights getting fringed and maned with red Fire. And Dumouriez is swept back on this wing, and swept back on that, and is like to be swept back utterly; when he rushes up in person, the prompt Polymetis; speaks a prompt word or two; and then, with clear tenor-pipe, 'uplifts the Hymn of the Marseillaise, *entonna la Marseillaise*,<sup>1</sup> ten-thousand tenor or bass pipes joining; or say, some Forty-thousand in all; for every heart leaps at the

<sup>1</sup> Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, iii. 174.

sound:

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Nov 6, 1792 sound, and so with rhythmic march melody, waxing ever quicker, to double and to treble quick, they rally, they advance, they rush, death-defying, man-devouring; carry batteries, redoutes, whatsoever is to be carried, and, like the fire-whirlwind, sweep all manner of Austrians from the scene of action. Thus, through the hands of Dumouriez, may Rouget de Lalle, in figurative speech, be said to have gained, miraculously, like another Orpheus, by his Marseillaise fiddle-strings (*fidibus canoris*), a Victory of Jemappes, and conquered the Low Countries

Young General Egalité, it would seem, shone brave among the bravest on this occasion. Doubtless a brave Egalité,—whom however does not Dumouriez rather talk of oftener than need were? The Mother Society has her own thoughts. As for the elder Egalité, he flies low at this time, appears in the Convention for some half hour daily, with rubicund, preoccupied or impassive quasi-contemptuous countenance, and then takes himself away.<sup>1</sup> The Netherlands are conquered, at least overrun. Jacobin missionaries, your Prolys, Percus, follow in the train of the Armies, also Convention Commissioners, melting church plate, revolutionising and remodeling,—among whom Danton, in brief space, does immensities of business; not neglecting his own wages and trade-profits, it is thought. Hassenfratz dilapidates at home, Dumouriez grumbles and they dilapidate abroad. Within the walls there is sinning, and without the walls there is sinning.

But in the Hall of the Convention, at the same hour with this victory of Jemappes, there went another thing forward. Report, of great length, from the proper appointed Committee, on the Crimes of Louis. The Galleries listen breathless; take comfort, ye Galleries. Deputy Valazé, Reporter on this occasion, thinks Louis very criminal, and that, if convenient, he should be tried,—poor Girondin Valazé, who may be tried himself, one day! Comfortable so far. Nay here comes a second Committee-reporter, Deputy Mailhe, with a Legal Argument, very prosy to read now, very refreshing to hear then. That, by the Law of the Country, Louis Capet was only called Inviolable by a figure of rhetoric, but at bottom was perfectly violable, triable, that he can, and even should be tried. This Question of Louis, emerging so often

<sup>1</sup> Moore II, 145.



LOVE LOOKS THROUGH  
THE LITTLE WINDOW.



as an angry confused possibility, and submerging again, has emerged now in an articulate shape.

CHAP. IV  
Nov. 6, 1792

Patriotism growls indignant joy. The so-called reign of Equality is not to be a mere name, then, but a thing! Try Louis Capet? scornfully ejaculates Patriotism. Mean criminals go to the gallows for a purse cut; and this chief criminal, guilty of a France cut; of a France slashed asunder with Clotho-scissors and Civil war; with his victims 'twelve-hundred on the Tenth of August alone' lying low in the Catacombs, fattening the passes of Argonne Wood, of Valmy and far Fields; *he*, such chief criminal, shall not even come to the bar?—For, alas, O Patriotism! add we, it was from of old said, *The loser pays!* It is he who has to pay *all* scores, run up by whomsoever; on him must all breakages and charges fall; and the twelve-hundred on the Tenth of August are not rebel traitors, but victims and martyrs: such is the law of quarrel.

Patriotism, nothing doubting, watches over this Question of the trial, now happily emerged in an articulate shape; and will see it to maturity, if the gods permit. With a keen solicitude Patriotism watches; getting ever keener, at every new difficulty, as Girondins and false brothers interpose delays; till it get a keenness as of fixed-idea, and will have this Trial and no earthly thing instead of it,—if Equality be not a name. Love of Equality; then scepticism of terror, rage of victory, sublime spectacle to the universe: all these things are strong.

But indeed this Question of the Trial, is it not to all persons a most grave one; filling with dubiety many a Legislative head! Regicide? asks the Gironde Respectability. To kill a king, and become the horror of respectable nations and persons? But then also, to save a king; to lose one's footing with the decided Patriot; the undecided Patriot, though never so respectable, being mere hypothetic froth and no footing?—The dilemma presses sore; and between the horns of it you wriggle round and round. Decision is nowhere, save in the Mother Society and her Sons. These have decided, and go forward: the others wriggle round uneasily within their dilemma-horns, and make way nowhither.



BOOK II  
Oct. 29-Nov  
6, 1792

## CHAPTER V

## STRETCHING OF FORMULAS

BUT how this Question of the Trial grew laboriously, through the weeks of gestation, now that it has been articulated or conceived, were superfluous to trace here. It emerged and submerged among the infinite of questions and embroilments. The Veto of Scoundrels writes plaintive Letters as to Anarchy, 'concealed Royalists' aided by Hunger produce Riots about Grain. Alas, it is but a week ago, these Girondins made a new fierce onslaught on the September Massacres!

For, one day, among the last of October, Robespierre, being summoned to the tribune by some new hint of that old calumny of the Dictatorship, was speaking and pleading there, with more and more comfort to himself, till rising high in heart, he cried out valiantly. Is there any man here that dare specifically accuse me? '*Moi!*' exclaimed one. Pause of deep silence. a lean angry little Figure with broad bald brow, strode swiftly towards the tribune, taking papers from its pocket. 'I accuse thee, Robespierre,'—I, Jean Baptiste Louvet! The Seagreen became tallowgreen, shrinking to a corner of the tribune. Danton cried 'Speak, Robespierre, there are many good citizens that listen', but the tongue refused its office. And so Louvet, with a shrill tone, read and recited crime after crime dictatorial temper, exclusive popularity, bullying at elections mob retinue, September Massacres,—till all the Convention shrieked again, and had almost indicted the Incorruptible there on the spot. Never did the Incorruptible run such a risk. Louvet, to his dying day, will regret that the Gironde did not take a bolder attitude, and extinguish him there and then.

Not so, however the Incorruptible about to be indicted in this sudden manner, could not be refused a week of delay. That week he is not idle, nor is the Mother Society idle—fierce tremulous for her chosen son. He is ready at the day with his written Speech, smooth as a Jesuit Doctor's, and convinces some. And now? Why now lazy Vergnaud does not rise with Demosthenic thunder, poor Louvet, unprepared  
can

can do little or nothing: Barrère proposes that these comparatively despicable 'personalities' be dismissed by order of the day! Order of the day it accordingly is. Barbaroux cannot even get a hearing; not though he rush down to the Bar, and demand to be heard there as a petitioner.<sup>1</sup> The Convention, eager for public business (with that first articulate emergence of the Trial just coming on), dismisses these comparative *misères* and despicabilities: splenetic Louvet must digest his spleen, regretfully for ever: Robespierre, dear to Patriotism, is dearer for the dangers he has run.

This is the second grand attempt by our Girondin Friends of Order to extinguish that black-spot in their domain; and we see they have made it far blacker and wider than before! Anarchy, September Massacre: it is a thing that lies hideous in the general imagination; very detestable to the undecided Patriot, of Respectability: a thing to be harped on as often as need is. Harp on it, denounce it, trample it, ye Girondin Patriots:—and yet behold, the black-spot will not trample down; it will only, as we say, trample blacker and wider: fools, it is no black-spot of the surface, but a well-spring of the deep! Consider rightly, it is the Apex of the everlasting Abyss, this black-spot, looking up as water through thin ice;—say, as the region of Nether Darkness through your thin film of Gironde Regulation and Respectability: trample it *not*, lest the film break, and then—!

The truth is, if our Gironde Friends had an understanding of it, where were French Patriotism, with all its eloquence, at this moment, had *not* that same great Nether Deep, of Bedlam, Fanaticism and Popular wrath and madness, risen unfathomable on the Tenth of August? French Patriotism were an eloquent Reminiscence; swinging on Prussian gibbets. Nay, where, in few months, were it still, should the same great Nether Deep subside?—Nay, as readers of Newspapers pretend to recollect, this hatefulness of the September Massacre is itself partly an after-thought: readers of Newspapers can quote Gorsas and various Brissotins approving of the September Massacre, at the time it happened; and calling it a salutary vengeance.<sup>2</sup> So that the real grief, after all, were it not so

CHAP. V  
Oct. 29-Nov.  
5, 1792

<sup>1</sup> Louvet, *Mémoires* (Paris, 1823), p. 52; *Moniteur* (Séances, du 29 Octobre, 5 Novembre, 1792); Moore, ii. 178, etc.

<sup>2</sup> See *Hist. Parl.* xvii. 401; Newspapers by Gorsas and others (cited *ibid.* 428).

BOOK II  
Nov 20,  
1793

much righteous horror, as grief that one's own power was departing? Unhappy Girondins!

In the Jacobin Society, therefore, the decided Patriot complains that here are men who with their private ambitions and animosities will ruin Liberty, Equality, and Brotherhood, all three they check the spirit of Patriotism, throw stumbling blocks in its way, and instead of pushing on, all shoulders at the wheel, will stand idle there, spitefully clamouring what foul ruts there are, what rude jolts we give! To which the Jacobin Society answers with angry roar,—with angry shriek, for there are Citoyennes too thick crowded in the galleries here Citoyennes who bring their seam with them, or their knitting needles, and shriek or knit as the case needs, famed *Tricoteuses*, Patriot Knitters, *Mere Duchesse*, or the like Deborah and Mother of the Faubourgs, giving the key note It is a changed Jacobin Society, and a still changing Where Mother Duchess now sits, authentic Duchesses have sat High rouged dames went once in jewels and spangles, now, instead of jewels you may take the knitting needles and leave the rouge the rouge will gradually give place to natural brown, clean washed or even unwashed and *Demoiselle Théroigne* herself get scandalously fustigated Strange enough, it is the same tribune raised in mid air, where a high Mirabeau, a high Barnave and Aristocrat Lameths once thundered, whom gradually your Brissots Guadets, Vergniauds, a hotter style of Patriots in *bonnet rouge*, did displace, red heat, as one may say, superseding light And now your Brissots in turn, and Brissotins, Rolandins Girondins, are becoming supernumerary, must desert the sittings, or be expelled the light of the Mighty Mother is burning not red but blue!—Provincial Daughter Societies loudly disapprove these things, loudly demand the swift reinstatement of such eloquent Girondins, the swift 'erasure of Marat, *radiation de Marat*' The Mother Society, so far as natural reason can predict, seems ruining herself Nevertheless she has at all crises seemed so, she has a *preternatural* life in her, and will not run

But, in a fortnight more, this great Question of the Trial, while the fit Committee is assiduously but silently working on it, receives an unexpected stimulus Our readers remember poor Louis's turn for smith work how, in old happier days, a certain

certain Sieur Gamain of Versailles was wont to come over and instruct him in lock-making;—often scolding him, they say, for his numbness. By whom, nevertheless, the royal Apprentice had learned something of that craft. Hapless Apprentice; perfidious Master-Smith! For now, on this 20th of November 1792, dingy Smith Gamain comes over to the Paris Municipality, over to Minister Roland, with hints that he, Smith Gamain, knows a thing; that, in May last, when traitorous Correspondence was so brisk, he and the royal Apprentice fabricated an ‘Iron Press, *Armoire de Fer*,’ cunningly inserting the same in a wall of the royal chamber in the Tuileries; invisible under the wainscot; where doubtless it still sticks! Perfidious Gamain, attended by the proper Authorities, finds the wainscot panel which none else can find; wrenches it up; discloses the Iron Press,—full of Letters and Papers! Roland clutches them out; conveys them over in towels to the fit assiduous Committee, which sits hard by. In towels, we say, and without notarial inventory; an oversight on the part of Roland.

Here, however, are Letters enough: which disclose to a demonstration the Correspondence of a traitorous self-preserving Court; and this not with Traitors only, but even with Patriots so-called! Barnave’s treason, of Correspondence with the Queen, and friendly advice to her, ever since that Varennes Business, is hereby manifest: how happy that we have him, this Barnave, lying safe in the Prison of Grenoble, since September last, for he had long been suspect! Talleyrand’s treason, many a man’s treason, if not manifest hereby, is next to it. Mirabeau’s treason: wherefore his Bust in the Hall of the Convention ‘is veiled with gauze,’ till we ascertain. Alas, it is too ascertainable! His Bust in the Hall of the Jacobins, denounced by Robespierre from the tribune in mid-air, is not veiled, it is instantly broken to sherds; a Patriot mounting swiftly with a ladder, and shivering it down on the floor;—it and others: amid shouts.<sup>1</sup> Such is *their* recompense and amount of wages, at this date: on the principle of supply and demand. Smith Gamain, inadequately recompensed for the present, comes, some fifteen months after, with a humble Petition; setting forth that no sooner was that important Iron Press finished off by him, than (as he now bethinks him-

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1792

<sup>1</sup> *Journal des Débats des Jacobins* (in *Hist. Parl.* xxii. 296).

BOOK II  
Dec 11,  
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may sit down' Louis sits down. it is the very seat, they say, same timber and stuffing, from which he accepted the Constitution, amid dancing and illumination, autumn gone a year. So much woodwork remains identical; so much else is not identical. Louis sits and listens, with a composed look and mind.

Of the Fifty seven Questions we shall not give so much as one. They are questions captiously embracing all the main Documents seized on the Tenth of August, or found lately in the Iron Press, embracing all the main incidents of the Revolution History; and they ask, in substance, this: Louis, who wert King, art thou not guilty to a certain extent, by act and written document, of trying to continue King? Neither in the Answers is there much notable. Mere quiet negations, for most part; an accused man standing on the simple basis of No: I do not recognise that document; I did not do that act; or did it according to the law that then was. Whereupon the Fifty seven Questions, and Documents to the number of a Hundred and Sixty two, being exhausted in this manner, Barrère finishes, after some three hours, with his: 'Louis, I invite you to withdraw.'

Louis withdraws, under Municipal escort, into a neighbouring Committee room; having first, in leaving the bar, demanded to have Legal Counsel. He declines refreshment, in this Committee-room, then, seeing Chaumette busy with a small loaf which a grenadier had divided with him, says, he will take a bit of bread. It is five o'clock; and he had breakfasted but slightly, in a morning of such drumming and alarm. Chaumette breaks his half loaf. the King eats of the crust; mounts the green Carnage, eating; asks now, What he shall do with the crumb? Chaumette's clerk takes it from him; flings it out into the street. Louis says, It is pity to fling out bread, in a time of dearth. 'My grandmother,' remarks Chaumette, 'used to say to me, Little boy, never waste a crumb of bread; you cannot make one.' 'Monsieur Chaumette,' answers Louis, 'your grandmother seems to have been a sensible woman.'<sup>1</sup> Poor innocent mortal; so quietly he waits the drawing of the lot,—fit to do this at least well; Passivity alone, without Activity, sufficing for it! He talks once of travelling over France by and by, to have a geographical and

<sup>1</sup> Fradhomme's Newspaper (in Hist. Parl. xli. 314).

topographical view of it ; being from of old fond of geography. CHAP. VI  
—The Temple Circuit again receives him, closes on him ; gazing Dec. 11,  
Paris may retire to its hearths and coffee-houses, to its clubs 1792



ROMAIN DESÈZE.

and theatres : the damp Darkness has sunk, and with it the drumming and patrolling of this strange Day.

Louis is now separated from his Queen and Family ; given up to his simple reflections and resources. Dull lie these stone walls round him ; of his loved ones none with him. ' In this state of uncertainty,' providing for the worst, he writes his

BOOK II —shrill Galleries supplying very variably, the tenor and treble.  
Dec. 1792 It were a dull tone otherwise

The Patriots in Mountain and Galleries, or taking counsel nightly in Section house, in Mother Society, amid their shrill *Tricoteuses*, have to watch lynx-eyed, to give voice when needful, occasionally very loud Deputy Thuriot, he who was Advocate Thuriot, who was Elector Thuriot, and from the top of the Bastille saw Saint Antoine rising like the ocean, this Thuriot can stretch a Formula as heartily as most men Cruel Billaud is not silent, if you incite him Nor is cruel Jean Bon silent, a kind of Jesuit he too;—write him not, as the Dictionaries too often do *Jambon* which signifies mere *Ham*!

But, on the whole, let no man conceive it possible that Louis is not guilty The only question for a reasonable man is or was Can the Convention judge Louis? Or must it be the whole People, in Primary Assembly, and with delay? Always delay, ye Girondins false *hommes d'état*! so bellows Patriotism, its patience almost failing—But indeed if we consider it, what shall these poor Girondins do? Speak their conviction that Louis is a Prisoner of War, and cannot be put to death without injustice, solecism, peril? Speak such conviction, and lose utterly your footing with the decided Patriot! Nay properly it is not even a conviction, but a conjecture and dim puzzle How many poor Girondins are sure of but one thing That a man and Girondin ought to *have* footing somewhere and to stand firmly on it, keeping well with the Respectable Classes! This is what conviction and assurance of faith they have They must wriggle painfully between their dilemma horns<sup>1</sup>

Nor is France idle nor Europe It is a Heart this Convention, as we said, which sends out influences and receives them A King's Execution call it Martyrdom, call it Punishment, were an influence!—Two notable influences this Convention has already sent forth over all Nations, much to its own detriment On the 19th of November it emitted a Decree, and has since confirmed and unfolded the details of it, That any Nation which might see good to shake off the fetters of Despotism was thereby, so to speak, the Sister of France,

<sup>1</sup> See Extracts from their Newspapers, in *Hist. Parl.* xxi. s. 38 etc

and should have help and countenance. A Decree murmured of by Diplomats, Editors, International Lawyers, such a Decree as no living Fetter of Despotism, nor Personality in Authority anywhere, can approve of! It was Deputy Chambon the Girondin who propounded this Decree;—bottom perhaps as a flourish of rhetoric.

The second influence we speak of had a still poorer origin in the restless loud-rattling slightly-furnished head of Jacob Dupont from the Loire country. The Convention, speculating on a plan of National Education: Deputy Dupont in his speech says, 'I am free to avow, M. le Président, that for my part am an Atheist,'<sup>1</sup>—thinking the world might like to know that. The French world received it without commentary; or with no audible commentary, so *loud* was France, otherwise. The Foreign world received it with confutation with horror and astonishment;<sup>2</sup> a most miserable influence this! And now if to these two were added a third influence, and sent pulsing abroad over all the Earth: that of Regicide.

Foreign Courts interfere in this Trial of Louis; Spain, England: not to be listened to; though they come, as were, at least Spain comes, with the olive-branch in one hand and the sword without scabbard in the other. But at home too, from out of this circumambient Paris and France, winged influences come thick-pulsing! Petitions flow in; pleading for equal justice, in a reign of so-called Equality. The lively Patriot pleads;—O ye National Deputies, do not the dejected Patriots plead? The Twelve-hundred that lie in cold obstruction, do not they plead; and petition, in Death's dumb-show, from their narrow house there, more eloquently than speech. Crippled Patriots hop on crutches round the Salle de Manège, demanding justice. The Wounded of the Tenth of August; the Widows and Orphans of the Killed petition in a body and hop and defile, eloquently mute, through the Hall: the wounded Patriot, unable to hop, is borne on his bed thither, and passes shoulder-high, in the horizontal posture.<sup>3</sup> The Convention Tribune, which has paused at such sight, commences again,—droning mere Juristic Oratory. But out of door; Paris is piping ever higher. Bull-voiced Saint-Huruge is heard

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, Séance du 14 Décembre 1792.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Hannah More, *Letter to Jacob Dupont* (London, 1793); etc. etc.

<sup>3</sup> *Hist. Parl.* xxii. 131; Moore, etc.



BOOK II  
Dec 1792

and the hysteric eloquence of Mother Duchess, 'Varlet, Apostle of Liberty,' with pike and red cap, flies hastily, carrying his oratorical folding stool Justice on the Traitor! cries all the Patriot world Consider also this other cry, heard loud on the streets 'Give us Bread, or else kill us!' Bread and Equality, Justice on the Traitor, that we may have Bread!

The Limited or undecided Patriot is set against the Decided Mayor Chambon heard of dreadful rioting at the *Théâtre de la Nation* it had come to rioting, and even to fist work, between the Decided and the Undecided, touching a new Drama called *Ami des Lois* (Friend of the Laws) One of the poorest Dramas ever written, but which had didactic applications in it, wherefore powdered wigs of Friends of Order and black hair of Jacobin heads are flying there, and Mayor Chambon hastens with Santerre, in hopes to quell it Far from quelling it, our poor Mayor gets so 'squeezed,' says the Report, and likewise so blamed and bullied, say we,—that he, with regret, quits the brief Mayoralty altogether, 'his lungs being affected.' This miserable *Ami des Lois* is debated of in the Convention itself, so violent, mutually enraged are the Limited Patriots and the Unlimited<sup>1</sup>

Between which two classes, are not Aristocrats enough, and Crypto Aristocrats, busy? Spies running over from London with important Packets, spies pretending to run! One of these latter, Viard was the name of him, pretended to accuse Roland, and even the Wife of Roland to the joy of Chabot and the Mountain But the Wife of Roland came, being summoned, on the instant, to the Convention Hall, came, in her high clearness, and, with few clear words, dissipated this Viard into despicability and air, all Friends of Order applauding<sup>2</sup> So, with Theatre riots, and 'Bread, or else kill us', with Rage, Hunger, preternatural Suspicion, does this wild Paris pipe Roland grows ever more querulous, in his Messages and Letters, rising almost to the hysterical pitch Marat, whom no power on Earth can prevent seeing into Traitors and Rolands, takes to bed for three days, almost dead, the invaluable People's Friend, with heart break, with fever and headache 'O Peuple babillard, si tu savais agir, People of Babblers, if thou couldst but act!'

To crown all victorious Dumouriez, in these New year's

<sup>1</sup> *II t Parl* xx L 31 48 etc

<sup>2</sup> *Monsieur Séance* du 7 Décembre 1792  
days,

days, is arrived in Paris ;—one fears for no good. He pretends to be complaining of Minister Pache, and Hassenfratz dilapidations ; to be concerting measures for the spring Campaign : one finds him much in the company of the Girondins. Plotting with them against Jacobinism, against Equality, and the Punishment of Louis ? We have letters of his to the Convention itself. Will he act the old Lafayette part, this new victorious General ? Let him withdraw again ; not undenounced.<sup>1</sup>

And still in the Convention Tribune, it drones continually, mere Juristic Eloquence, and Hypothesis without Action ; and there are still fifties on the President's List. Nay these Gironde Presidents give their own party preference : we suspect they play foul with the List ; men of the Mountain cannot be heard. And still it drones, all through December into January and a New year ; and there is no end ! Paris pipes round it ; multitudinous ; ever higher, to the note of the whirlwind. Paris will ' bring cannon from Saint-Denis ' ; there is talk of ' shutting the Barriers,'—to Roland's horror.

Whereupon, behold, the Convention Tribune suddenly ceases droning : we cut short, be on the List who likes ; and *make* end. On Tuesday next, the Fifteenth of January 1793, it shall go to the Vote, name by name ; and one way or other, this great game play itself out !

## CHAPTER VII

### THE THREE VOTINGS

Is Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against Liberty ? Shall our Sentence be itself final, or need ratifying by Appeal to the People ? If guilty, what Punishment ? This is the form agreed to, after uproar and ' several hours of tumultuous indecision ' : these are the Three successive Questions, whereon the Convention shall now pronounce. Paris floods round their Hall ; multitudinous, many-sounding. Europe and all Nations listen for their answer. Deputy after Deputy shall answer to his name : Guilty or Not guilty ?

As to the Guilt, there is, as above hinted, no doubt in the

<sup>1</sup> Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, iii. c. 4.

BOOK II  
Jan 16-19  
1793

mind of Patriot men Overwhelming majority pronounces Guilt the unanimous Convention votes for Guilt, only some feeble twenty eight voting not Innocence but refusing to vote at all Neither does the Second Question prove doubtful whatever the Girondins might calculate Would not Appeal to the People be another name for civil war? Majority of two to one answers that there shall be no Appeal this also is settled Loud Patriotism now at ten o'clock may hush itself for the night and retire to its bed not without hope Tuesday has gone well On the morrow comes What Punishment? On the morrow is the tug of war

Consider therefore if on this Wednesday morning there is an affluence of Patriotism, if Paris stands a tiptoe and all Deputies are at their post! Seven hundred and Forty nine honourable Deputies only some twenty absent on mission Duchâtel and some seven others absent by sickness Mean while expectant Patriotism and Paris standing a tiptoe have need of patience For this Wednesday again passes in debate and effervescence Girondins proposing that a majority of three fourths shall be required Patriots fiercely resisting them Danton who has just got back from mission in the Netherlands does obtain order of the day 'on this Girondin proposal nay he obtains further that we decide *sans délai* in Permanent session till we have done

And so finally at eight in the evening this Third stupendous Voting by roll call or *appel nominal* does begin What Punishment? Girondins undecided Patriots decided men afraid of Royalty men afraid of Anarchy must answer here and now Infinite Patriotism dusky in the lamp light, floods all corridors crowds all galleries, sternly waiting to hear Shrill sounding Ushers summon you by Name and Department you must rise to the Tribune and say

Eye witnesses have represented this scene of the Third Voting and of the votings that grew out of it—a scene protracted like to be endless lasting with few brief intervals from Wednesday till Sunday morning—as one of the strangest seen in the Revolution Long night wears itself into day morning's paleness is spread over all faces and again the wintry shadows sink and the dim lamps are lit but through day and night and the vicissitudes of hours Member after

Member

Member is mounting continually those Tribune-steps ; pausing aloft there, in the clearer upper light, to speak his Fate-word ; then diving down into the dusk and throng again. Like Phantoms in the hour of midnight ; most spectral, pandemonial ! Never did President Vergniaud, or any terrestrial President, superintend the like. A King's Life, and so much else that depends thereon, hangs trembling in the balance. Man after man mounts ; the buzz hushes itself till he have spoken : Death ; Banishment ; Imprisonment till the Peace. Many say, Death ; with what cautious well-studied phrases and paragraphs they could devise, of explanation, of enforcement, of faint recommendation to mercy. Many too say, Banishment ; something short of Death. The balance trembles, none can yet guess whitherward. Whereat anxious Patriotism bellows ; irrepressible by Ushers.

The poor Girondins, many of them, under such fierce bellowing of Patriotism, say Death ; justifying, *motivant*, that most miserable word of theirs by some brief casuistry and jesuitry. Vergniaud himself says, Death ; justifying by jesuitry. Rich Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau had been of the Noblesse, and then of the Patriot Left Side, in the Constituent ; and had argued and reported, there and elsewhere, not a little, *against* Capital Punishment : nevertheless he now says, Death ; a word which may cost him dear. Manuel did surely rank with the Decided in August last ; but he has been sinking and backsliding ever since September and the scenes of September. In this Convention, above all, no word he could speak would find favour ; he says now, Banishment ; and in mute wrath quits the place for ever,—much hustled in the corridors. Philippe Égalité votes, in his soul and conscience, Death : at the sound of which and of whom, even Patriotism shakes its head ; and there runs a groan and shudder through this Hall of Doom. Robespierre's vote cannot be doubtful ; his speech is long. Men see the figure of shrill Sieyès ascend ; hardly pausing, passing merely, this figure says, '*La Mort sans phrase*, Death without phrases' ; and fares onward and downward. Most spectral, pandemonial !

And yet if the Reader fancy it of a funereal, sorrowful or even grave character, he is far mistaken : 'the Ushers in the Mountain quarter,' says Mercier, 'had become as Box-keepers at the Opera' ; opening and shutting of Galleries for privileged persons,

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persons, for 'D Orléans Egalité's mistresses,' or other high dizen'd women of condition, rustling with laces and tricolor Gallant Deputies pass and repass thitherward treating them with ices refreshments and small talk, the high dizen'd heads beck responsive, some have their card and pin pricking down the Ayes and Noes, as at a game of *Rouge et Noir*. Farther aloft reigns Mère Duchesse with her unrouged Amazons, she cannot be prevented making long *Hahas*, when the vote is not *La Mort*. In these Galleries there is refection drinking of wine and brandy 'as in open tavern, *en pleine tabagie*' Betting goes on in all coffeehouses of the neighbourhood. But within doors, fatigue, impatience, uttermost weariness sits now on all visages, lighted up only from time to time by turns of the game. Members have fallen asleep, Ushers come and awaken them to vote. other Members calculate whether they shall not have time to run and dine. Figures rise like phantoms pale in the dusky lamp light; utter from this Tribune, only one word. Death. '*Tout est optique*,' says Mercier, 'The world is all an optical shadow.' Deep in the Thursday night, when the voting is done, and Secretaries are summing it up, sick Duchâtel, more spectral than another, comes borne on a chair, wrapped in blankets in 'nightgown and nightcap,' to vote for Mercy. one vote it is thought may turn the scale.

Ah no! In profoundest silence, President Vergniaud, with a voice full of sorrow, has to say 'I declare, in the name of the Convention that the punishment it pronounces on Louis Capet is that of Death.' Death by a small majority of Fifty three. Nay, if we deduct from the one side, and add to the other, a certain Twenty six, who said Death but coupled some faintest ineffectual surmise of mercy with it, the majority will be but *One*.

Death is the sentence but its execution? It is not executed yet! Scarcely is the vote declared when Louis's Three Advocates enter; with Protest in his name, with demand for Delay, for Appeal to the People. For this do Desèze and Tronchet plead, with brief eloquence. brave old Malesherbes pleads for it with eloquent want of eloquence, in broken sentences, in embarrassment and sobs, that brave time-honoured face, with its gray strength, its broad sagacity and honesty, is

<sup>1</sup> Mercier, *Nouveau Paris* vi. 156-59; Montgillard, *ib.* 343 87; Moore etc

mastered with emotion, melts into dumb tears.<sup>1</sup>—They reject the Appeal to the People; that having been already settled. But as to the Delay, what they call *Sursis*, it *shall* be considered; shall be voted for tomorrow: at present we adjourn. Whereupon Patriotism ‘hisses’ from the Mountain: but a ‘tyrannical majority’ has so decided, and adjourns.

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1793

There is still this *fourth* Vote, then, grows indignant Patriotism:—this vote, and who knows what other votes, and adjournments of voting; and the whole matter still hovering hypothetical! And at every new vote those Jesuit Girondins, even they who voted for Death, would so fain find a loophole! Patriotism must watch and rage. Tyrannical adjournments there have been; one, and now another at midnight on plea of fatigue,—all Friday wasted in hesitation and higgling; in *re-counting* of the votes, which are found correct as they stood! Patriotism bays fiercer than ever; Patriotism, by long watching, has become red-eyed, almost rabid.

‘Delay: yes or no?’ men do vote it finally, all Saturday, all day and night. Men’s nerves are worn out, men’s hearts are desperate; now it shall end. Vergniaud, spite of the baying, ventures to say Yes, Delay; though he had voted Death. Philippe Égalité says, in his soul and conscience, No. The next Member mounting: ‘Since Philippe says No, I for my part say Yes, *moi je dis Oui.*’ The balance still trembles. Till finally, at three o’clock on Sunday morning, we have: *No Delay*, by a majority of Seventy; *Death within four-and-twenty hours!*

Garat, Minister of Justice, has to go to the Temple with this stern message: he ejaculates repeatedly, ‘*Quelle commission affreuse*, What a frightful function!’<sup>2</sup> Louis begs for a Confessor; for yet three days of life, to prepare himself to die. The Confessor is granted, the three days and all respite are refused.

There is no deliverance, then? Thick stone walls answer, None. Has King Louis no friends? Men of action, of courage grown desperate, in this his extreme need? King Louis’s friends are feeble and far. Not even a voice in the coffee-

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur* (in *Hist. Parl.* xxiii. 210). See Boissy d’Anglas, *Vie de Malesherbes*, ii. 139.

<sup>2</sup> *Biographie des Ministres*, p. 157.

BOOK II  
Jan 20,  
1793

houses rises for him At Méot the Restaurateur's no Captain Dampmartin now dines, or sees death-doing whiskerandoes on furlough exhibit daggers of improved structure Méot's gallant Royalists on furlough are far across the marches, they are wandering distracted over the world or their bones lie whitening Argonne Wood Only some weak Priests 'leave Pamphlets on all the bourne stones,' this night, calling for a rescue calling for the pious women to rise, or are taken distributing Pamphlets, and sent to Prison<sup>1</sup>

Nay there is one death doer, of the ancient Méot sort, who, with effort, has done even less and worse slain a Deputy, and set all the Patriotism of Paris on edge! It was five on Saturday evening when Lepelletier Saint Fargeau, having given his vote, *No Delay* ran over to Février's in the Palais Royal to snatch a morsel of dinner He had dined, and was paying A thickset man 'with black hair and blue beard,' in a loose kind of frock, stept up to him, it



GARAT

was, as Février and the bystanders bethought them, one Paris of the old King's Guard 'Are you Lepelletier?' asks he—'Yes'—'You voted in the King's Business?'—'I voted Death'—'Scélérat, take that!' cries Paris, flashing out a sabre from under his frock, and plunging it deep in Lepelletier's side Février clutches him but he breaks off, is gone

The voter Lepelletier lies dead, he has expired in great pain, at one in the morning,—two hours before that Vote of *No Delay* was fully summed up Guardsman Paris is flying over France, cannot be taken, will be found some months

<sup>1</sup> See Frudhomme's New paper *Révolutions de Paris* (in Hist Parl xxii, 318)

after,

after, self-shot in a remote inn.<sup>1</sup> Robespierre sees reason to think that Prince d'Artois himself is privately in Town; that the Convention will be butchered in the lump. Patriotism sounds mere wail and vengeance: Santerre doubles and trebles all his patrols. Pity is lost in rage and fear; the Convention has refused the three days of life and all respite.

CHAP. VII

Jan. 29,  
1793

## CHAPTER VIII

## PLACE DE LA RÉVOLUTION

To this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless Louis! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has been fashioning itself together three thousand years; and has become, one way and another, a most strange Machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful, this Machine; dead, blind; not what it should be; which, with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures; --like a Phalaris shut in the belly of his own red-heated Brazen Bull! It is ever so; and thou shouldst know it, O haughty tyrannous man: injustice breeds injustice; curses and falsehoods do verily return 'always home,' wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations: he too experiences that man's tribunal is not in this Earth; that if he had no Higher one, it were not well with him.

A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the imagination; as the like must do, and ought to do. And yet at bottom it is not the King dying, but the man! Kingship is a coat; the grand loss is of the skin. The man from whom you take his Life, to him can the whole combined world do *more*? Lally went on his hurdle; his mouth filled with a gag. Miserablest Mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act Tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they

<sup>1</sup> *Rev. Parl.* xiii. 275, 318; Félix Lepelletier, *Vie de Michel Lepelletier son Père*, p. 61, etc. Félix, with due love of the miraculous, will have it that the Suicide in the fen was not Félix, but some *doubtful* gangster of his.



BOOK II  
Jan 21,  
1793

it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone • one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying • clatter of this death march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence, but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze the Guillotine, mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis ! Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men spectators crowding in the rear ; D'Orléans Egalité there in cabriolet Swift messengers, *hoquetons*, speed to the Town hall, every three minutes • near by is the Convention sitting, —vengeful for Lepelletier Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying ; not till five minutes yet has he finished ; then the Carriage opens What temper he is in ? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it He is in the collision of all tempers ; arrived now at the black Mahlstrom and descent of Death in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned 'Take care of M Edgeworth,' he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them then they two descend

The drums are beating • '*Taisez vous, Silence !*' he cries 'in a terrible voice, *d'une voix terrible*' He mounts the scaffold, not without delay, he is in puce coat, breeches of grey, white stockings He strips off the coat, stands disclosed in a sleeve waistcoat of white flannel The Executioners approach to bind him he spurns, resists, Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound His hands are tied, his head bare, the fatal moment is come He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, 'his face very red,' and says 'Frenchmen, I die innocent it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so I pardon my enemies, I desire that France——' A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand • '*Tambours !*' The drums drown the voice 'Executioners, do your duty !' The Executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there, and bind him to their plank Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks

bespeaks him : ' Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven.' The CHAP. VIII  
 Axe clanks down ; a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday Jan. 21,  
 the 21st of January 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years 1793  
 four months and twenty-eight days.<sup>1</sup>

Executioner Samson shows the Head : fierce shout of *Vive la République* rises, and swells ; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving : students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais ; fling it over Paris. D'Orléans drives off in his cabriolet : the Townhall Councillors rub their hands, saying, ' It is done, It is done.' There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points in the blood. Headsman Samson, though he afterwards denied it,<sup>2</sup> sells locks of the hair : fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings.<sup>3</sup>—And so, in some half-hour it is done ; and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries : the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffeehouses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was.

A grave thing it indisputably is ; and will have consequences. On the morrow morning, Roland, so long steeped to the lips in disgust and chagrin, sends in his demission. His accounts lie all ready, correct in black-on-white to the uttermost farthing : these he wants but to have audited, that he might retire to remote obscurity, to the country and his books. They will never be audited, those accounts ; he will never get retired thither.

It was on Tuesday that Roland demitted. On Thursday comes Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau's Funeral, and passage to the Pantheon of Great Men. Notable as the wild pageant of a winter day. The Body is borne aloft, half-bare ; the winding-sheet disclosing the death-wound : sabre and bloody clothes parade themselves ; a ' lugubrious music ' wailing harsh *nænia*. Oak-crowns shower down from windows ; President Vergniaud walks there, with Convention, with Jacobin Society, and all Patriots of every colour, all mourning brotherlike.

<sup>1</sup> Newspapers, Municipal Records, etc. etc. (in *Hist. Parl.* xxiii. 29<sup>8-349</sup>) ; *Deux Amis*, ix. 369-373 ; Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*, iii. 3-8.

<sup>2</sup> His Letter in the Newspapers (*Hist. Parl.* ubi supra).

<sup>3</sup> Forster's *Briefwechsel*, i. 473.

## BOOK THIRD

# THE GIRONDINS

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### CHAPTER I

#### CAUSE AND EFFECT

THIS huge Insurrectionary Movement, which we liken to a breaking out of Tophet and the Abyss, has swept away Royalty, Aristocracy, and a King's life. The question is, What will it next do, how will it henceforth shape itself? Settle down into a reign of Law and Liberty, according as the habits, persuasions and endeavours of the educated, moneyed, respectable class prescribe? That is to say the volcanic lava flood, bursting up in the manner described, will explode and flow according to Girondin Formula and pre-established rule of Philosophy? If so, for our Girondin friends it will be well.

Meanwhile were not the prophecy rather, that as no external force, Royal or other, now remains which could control this Movement, the Movement will follow a course of its own, probably a very original one? Further, that whatsoever man or men can best interpret the inward tendencies it has, and give them voice and activity, will obtain the lead of it? For the rest, that as a thing *without* order, a thing proceeding from beyond and beneath the region of order, it must work and welter, not as a Regularity but as a Chaos; destructive and self destructive, always till something that *has* order arise, strong enough to bind it into subjection again? Which something, we may further conjecture, will not be a Formula, with philosophical propositions and forensic eloquence; but a Reality, probably with a sword in its hand!

As for the Girondin Formula, of a respectable Republic for the Middle Classes, all manner of Aristocracies being now sufficiently demolished, there seems little reason to expect that  
the

the business will stop there. *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, these are the words; enunciative and prophetic. Republic for the respectable washed Middle Classes, how can that be the fulfilment thereof? Hunger and nakedness, and nightmare oppression lying heavy on Twenty-five million hearts; this, not the wounded vanities or contradicted philosophies of philosophical Advocates, rich Shopkeepers, rural Noblesse, was the prime mover in the French Revolution; as the like will be in all such Revolutions, in all countries. Feudal Fleur-de-llys had become an insupportably bad marching-banner, and needed to be torn and trampled: but Moneybag of Mammon (for that, in these times, is what the respectable Republic for the Middle Classes will signify) is a still worse, while it lasts. Properly, indeed, it is the worst and basest of all banners and symbols of dominion among men; and indeed is possible only in a time of general Atheism, and Unbelief in anything save in brute Force and Sensualism; pride of birth, pride of office, any known kind of pride being a degree better than purse-pride. Freedom, Equality, Brotherhood: not in the Moneybag, but far elsewhere, will Sansculottism seek these things.

We say therefore that an Insurrectionary France, loose of control from without, destitute of supreme order from within, will form one of the most tumultuous Activities ever seen on this Earth; such as no Girondin Formula can regulate. An immeasurable force, made up of forces manifold, heterogeneous, compatible and incompatible. In plainer words, this France must needs split into Parties; each of which seeking to make itself good, contradiction, exasperation will arise; and Parties on Parties find that they cannot work together, cannot exist together.

As for the number of Parties, there will, strictly counting, be as many Parties as there are opinions. According to which rule, in this National Convention itself, to say nothing of France generally, the number of Parties ought to be Seven-hundred and Forty-nine; for every unit entertains his opinion. But now, as every unit has at once an individual nature or necessity to follow his own road, and a gregarious nature or necessity to see himself travelling by the side of others,—what can there be but dissolutions, precipitations, endless turbulence of attracting and repelling; till once the master-element get evolved, and this wild alchemy arrange itself again?

BOOK III  
Feb 25,  
1793

To the length of Seven hundred and Forty nine Parties, however, no Nation was ever yet seen to go Nor indeed much beyond the length of Two Parties, two at a time,—so invincible is man's tendency to unite, with all the invincible divisiveness he has! Two Parties, we say, are the usual number at one time let these two fight it out, all minor shades of party rallying under the shade likest them, when the one has fought down the other, then it, in its turn, may divide, self destructive, and so the process continue, as far as needful This is the way of Revolutions, which spring up as the French one has done, when the so called Bonds of Society snap asunder, and all Laws that are not Laws of Nature become naught and Formulas merely

But, quitting these somewhat abstract considerations, let History note this concrete reality which the streets of Paris exhibit, on Monday the 25th of February 1793 Long before daylight that morning, these streets are noisy and angry Petitioning enough there has been; a Convention often solicited It was but yesterday there came a Deputation of Washer-women with Petition, complaining that not so much as soap could be had; to say nothing of bread, and condiments of bread The cry of women, round the Salle de Manège, was heard plaintive '*Du pain et du savon*, Bread and soap'<sup>1</sup>

And now from six o'clock, this Monday morning, one perceives the Bakers' Queues unusually expanded angrily agitating themselves Not the Baker alone, but two Section Commissioners to help him, manage with difficulty the daily distribution of loaves Soft spoken assiduous, in the early candle light, are Baker and Commissioners and yet the pale chill February sunrise discloses an unpromising scene Indignant Female Patriots, partly supplied with bread, rush now to the shops, declaring that they will have groceries Groceries enough. sugar barrels rolled forth into the street, Patriot Citoyennes weighing it out at a just rate of elevenpence a pound; likewise coffee-chests, soap-chests, nay cinnamon and cloves-chests, with *aguavilæ* and other forms of alcohol,—at a just rate, which some do not pay, the pale faced Grocer silently wringing his hands! What help? The distributive

<sup>1</sup> *Monsieur*, etc. (*Hist Parl* xx v 332 48)



ROBESPIERRE'S LIST.



Citoyennes are of violent speech and gesture, their long Eumenides-hair hanging out of curl; nay in their girdles pistols are seen sticking: some, it is even said, have *beards*,—male Patriots in petticoats and mob-cap. Thus, in the street of Lombards, in the street of Five-Diamonds, street of Pulleys, in most streets of Paris does it effervesce, the live-long day; no Municipality, no Mayor Pache, though he was War-Minister lately, sends military against it, or aught against it but persuasive-eloquence, till seven at night, or later.

On Monday gone five weeks; which was the twenty-first of January, we saw Paris, beheading its King, stand silent, like a petrified City of Enchantment: and now on this Monday it is so noisy, selling sugar! Cities, especially Cities in Revolution, are subject to these alternations; the secret courses of civic business and existence effervescing and efflorescing, in this manner, as a concrete Phenomenon to the eye. Of which Phenomenon, when secret existence becoming public effloresces on the street, the philosophical cause and effect is not so easy to find. What, for example, may be the accurate philosophical meaning, and meanings, of this sale of sugar? These things that have become visible in the street of Pulleys and over Paris, whence are they, we say; and whither?—

That Pitt has a hand in it, the gold of Pitt: so much, to all reasonable Patriot men, may seem clear. But then, through what agents of Pitt? Varlet, Apostle of Liberty, was discerned again of late, with his pike and red nightcap. Deputy Marat published in his Journal, this very day, complaining of the bitter scarcity, and sufferings of the people, till he seemed to get wroth: 'If your Rights of Man were anything but a piece of written paper, the plunder of a few shops, and a fore-staller or two hung up at the door-lintels, would put an end to such things.'<sup>1</sup> Are not these, say the Girondins, pregnant indications? Pitt has bribed the Anarchists; Marat is the agent of Pitt: hence this sale of sugar. To the Mother Society, again, it is clear that the scarcity is factitious; is the work of Girondins, and suchlike; a set of men sold partly to Pitt; sold wholly to their own ambitions and hard-hearted pedantries; who will not fix the grain-prices, but prate pedantically of free-trade; wishing to starve Paris into violence, and embroil it with the Departments: hence this sale of sugar.

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Parl.* xxiv. 353-56.



BOOK III  
Feb 1793

And, alas, if to these two notabilities, of a Phenomenon and such Theories of a Phenomenon, we add this third notability, That the French Nation has believed, for several years now, in the possibility, nay certainty and near advent, of a universal Millennium, or reign of Freedom, Equality, Fraternity, wherein man should be the brother of man, and sorrow and sin flee away? Not bread to eat, nor soap to wash with, and the reign of Perfect Felicity ready to arrive due always since the Bastille fell! How did our hearts burn within us, at that Feast of Pikes, when brother flung himself on brother's bosom, and in sunny jubilee, Twenty five millions burst forth into sound and cannon smoke! Bright was our Hope then, as sunlight, red angry is our Hope grown now, as consuming fire But, O Heavens, what enchantment is it, or devilish legerdeman, of such effect, that Perfect Felicity, always within arm's length, could never be laid hold of, but only in her stead Controversy and Scarcity? This set of traitors after that set! Tremble, ye traitors, dread a People which calls itself patient, long suffering, but which cannot always submit to have its pocket picked, in this way,—of a Millennium!

Yes, Reader, here is the miracle Out of that putrescent rubbish of Scepticism, Sensualism, Sentimentalism, hollow Machiavelism, such a Faith has verily risen, flaming in the heart of a People A whole People, awakening as it were to consciousness in deep misery, believes that it is within reach of a Fraternal Heaven on Earth With longing arms, it struggles to embrace the Unspeakable, cannot embrace it, owing to certain causes—Seldom do we find that a whole People can be said to have any Faith at all, except in things which it can eat and handle Whensoever it gets any Faith, its history becomes spirit stirring noteworthy But since the time when steel Europe shook itself simultaneously at the word of Hermit Peter, and rushed towards the Sepulchre where God had lain, there was no universal impulse of Faith that one could note Since Protestantism went silent, no Luther's voice, no Zisca's drum any longer proclaiming that God's Truth was *not* the Devil's Lie; and the Last of the Cameronians (Renwick was the name of him, honour to the name of the brave!) sank, shot, on the Castle hill of Edinburgh, there was no partial impulse of Faith among Nations Till now, behold, once more, this French Nation believes!

Herein,

Herein, we say, in that astonishing Faith of theirs, lies the miracle. It is a Faith undoubtedly of the more prodigious sort, even among Faiths; and will embody itself in prodigies. It is the soul of that world-prodigy named French Revolution; whereat the world still gazes and shudders.

But, for the rest, let no man ask History to explain by cause and effect how the business proceeded henceforth. This battle of Mountain and Gironde, and what follows, is the battle of Fanaticisms and Miracles; unsuitable for cause and effect. The sound of it, to the mind, is as a hubbub of voices in distraction; little of articulate is to be gathered by long listening and studying; only battle tumult, shouts of triumph, shrieks of despair. The Mountain has left no Memoirs; the Girondins have left Memoirs, which are too often little other than long-drawn Interjections, of *War is me*, and *Cursed be ye*. So soon as History can philosophically delineate the conflagration of a kindled Fireship, she may try this other task. Here lay the bitumen-stratum, there the brimstone one; so ran the vein of gunpowder, of nitre, terebinth and foul grease: this, were she inquisitive enough, History might partly know. But how they acted and reacted below decks, one fire-stratum playing into the other, by its nature and the art of man, now when all hands ran raging, and the flames lashed high over shrouds and topmast: this let not History attempt.

The Fireship is old France, the old French Form of Life; her crew a Generation of men. Wild are their cries and their ragings there, like spirits tormented in that flame. But, on the whole, are they not *gone*, O Reader? Their Fireship and they, frightening the world, have sailed away; its flames and its thunders quite away, into the Deep of Time. One thing therefore History will do: pity them all; for it went hard with them all. Not even the seagreen Incorruptible but shall have some pity, some human love, though it takes an effort. And now, so much once thoroughly attained, the rest will become easier. To the eye of equal brotherly pity, innumerable perversions dissipate themselves; exaggerations and execrations fall off, of their own accord. Standing wistfully on the safe shore, we will look, and see, what is of interest to us, what is adapted to us.

## CHAPTER II

## CULOTTIC AND SANSULOTTIC

GIRONDE and Mountain are now in full quarrel; their mutual rage, says Toulougeon, is growing a 'pale' rage. Curious, lamentable: all these men have the word Republic on their lips; in the heart of every one of them is a passionate wish for something which he calls Republic: yet see their death-quarrel! So, however, are men made. Creatures who live in confusion; who, once thrown together, can readily fall into that confusion of confusions which quarrel is, simply because their confusions differ from one another; still more because they seem to differ! Men's words are a poor exponent of their thought; nay their thought itself is a poor exponent of the inward unnamed Mystery, wherefrom both thought and action have their birth. No man can explain himself, can get himself explained; men see not one another, but distorted phantasms which they call one another; which they hate and go to battle with: for all battle is well said to be *misunderstanding*.

But indeed that similitude of the Fireship; of our poor French brethren, so fiery themselves, working also in an element of fire, was not insignificant. Consider it well, there is a shade of the truth in it. For a man, once committed head-long to republican or any other Transcendentalism, and fighting and fanaticising amid a Nation of his like, becomes as it were enveloped in an ambient atmosphere of Transcendentalism and Delirium: his individual self is lost in something that is not himself, but foreign though inseparable from him. Strange to think of, the man's cloak still seems to hold the same man: and yet the man is not there, his volition is not there; nor the source of what he will do and devise; instead of the man and his volition there is a piece of Fanaticism and Fatalism incarnated in the shape of him. He, the hapless incarnated Fanaticism, goes his road; no man can help him, he himself least of all. It is a wonderful, tragical predicament;—such as human language, unused to deal with these things, being contrived for the uses of common life, struggles to shadow out

out in figures. The ambient element of material fire is not wilder than this of Fanaticism; nor, though visible to the eye, is it more real. Volition bursts forth involuntary-voluntary; rapt along; the movement of free human minds becomes a raging tornado of fatalism, blind as the winds; and Mountain and Gironde, when they recover themselves, are alike astounded to see *where* it has slung and dropt them. To such height of miracle can men work on men; the Conscious and the Unconscious blended inscrutably in this our inscrutable Life; endless Necessity environing Freewill!

The weapons of the Girondins are Political Philosophy, Respectability, and Eloquence. Eloquence, or call it rhetoric, really of a superior order; Vergniaud, for instance, turns a period as sweetly as any man of that generation. The weapons of the Mountain are those of mere Nature: Audacity and Impetuosity which may become Ferocity, as of men complete in their determination, in their conviction; nay of men, in some cases, who as Septemberers must either prevail or perish. The ground to be fought for is Popularity: further, you may either seek Popularity with the friends of Freedom and Order, or with the friends of Freedom Simple; to seek it with both has unhappily become impossible. With the former sort, and generally with the Authorities of the Departments, and such as read Parliamentary Debates, and are of Respectability, and of a peace-loving moneyed nature, the Girondins carry it. With the extreme Patriot again, with the indigent Millions, especially with the Population of Paris who do not read so much as hear and see, the Girondins altogether lose it, and the Mountain carries it.

Egoism, nor meanness of mind, is not wanting on either side. Surely not on the Girondin side; where in fact the instinct of self-preservation, too prominently unfolded by circumstances, cuts almost a sorry figure; where also a certain finesse, to the length even of shuffling and shamming, now and then shows itself. They are men skilful in Advocate-fence. They have been called the Jesuits of the Revolution;<sup>1</sup> but that is too hard a name. It must be owned likewise that this rude blustering Mountain has a sense in it of what the Revolution means; which these eloquent Girondins are totally void of. Was the Revolution made, and fought for, against the

<sup>1</sup> Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, iii. 314.

BOOK III  
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world, these four weary years that a Formula might be substantiated, that Society might become *methodic*, demonstrable by logic, and the old Noblesse with their pretensions vanish? Or ought it not withal to bring some glimmering of light and alleviation to the Twenty five Millions, who sat in darkness, heavy laden, till they rose with pikes in their hands? At least and lowest, one would think, it should bring them a proportion of bread to live on? There is in the Mountain here and there, in Marat People's friend, in the incorruptible Seagreen himself, though otherwise so lean and formulary, a heartfelt knowledge of this latter fact,—without which knowledge all other knowledge here is naught and the choicest forensic eloquence is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Most cold, on the other hand most patronising unsubstantial is the tone of the Girondins towards 'our poorer brethren',—those brethren whom one often hears of under the collective name of 'the masses,' as if they were not persons at all, but mounds of combustible explosive material, for blowing down Bastilles with! In very truth a Revolutionist of this kind, is he not a Solecism? Disowned by Nature and Art, deserving only to be erased, and disappear! Surely, to our poorer brethren of Paris, all this Girondin patronage sounds deadening and killing if fine spoken and incontrovertible in logic, then all the falsier, all the hatefuller in fact.

Nay doubtless, pleading for Popularity, here among our poorer brethren of Paris, the Girondin has a hard game to play. If he gain the ear of the Respectable at a distance, it is by insisting on September and suchlike, it is at the expense of this Paris where he dwells and perorates. Hard to perorate in such an auditory! Wherefore the question arises. Could we not get ourselves out of this Paris? Twice or oftener such an attempt is made. If not we ourselves, thinks Guadet, then at least our *Suppléans* might do it. For every Deputy has his *Suppléant*, or Substitute, who will take his place if need be. Might not these assemble, say at Bourges, which is a quiet episcopal Town, in quiet Bern, forty good leagues off? In that case, what profit were it for the Paris Sansculottery to insult us, our *Suppléans* sitting quiet in Bourges, to whom we could run? Nay, even the Primary electoral Assemblies, thinks Guadet, might be reconvoed, and a New Convention got, with new orders from the Sovereign People, and right glad

glad were Lyons, were Bordeaux, Rouen, Marseilles, as yet Provincial Towns, to welcome us in their turn, and become a sort of Capital Towns ; and teach these Parisians reason.

CHAP. II  
Feb. 1793

Fond schemes ; which all misgo ! If decreed, in heat of eloquent logic, today, they are repealed, by clamour and passionate wider considerations, on the morrow.<sup>1</sup> Will you, O Girondins, parcel us into separate Republics, then ; like the Swiss, like your Americans ; so that there be no Metropolis or indivisible French Nation any more ? Your Departmental Guard seemed to point that way ! Federal Republic ? Federalist ? Men and Knitting-women repeat *Fédéraliste*, with or without much Dictionary-meaning ; but go on repeating it, as is usual in such cases, till the meaning of it becomes almost magical, fit to designate all mystery of Iniquity ; and *Fédéraliste* has grown a word of Exorcism and *Apaga-Satanas*. But furthermore, consider what 'poisoning of public opinion' in the Departments, by these Brissot, Gorsas, Caritat-Condorcet Newspapers ! And then also what counter-poisoning, still feller in quality, by a *Père Duchesne* of Hébert, brutalest Newspaper yet published on Earth ; by a *Rougiff* of Guffroy ; by the 'incendiary leaves of Marat' ! More than once, on complaint given and effervescence rising, it is decreed that a man cannot both be Legislator and Editor ; that he shall choose between the one function and the other.<sup>2</sup> But this too, which indeed could help little, is revoked or eluded ; remains a pious wish mainly.

<sup>1</sup> Meanwhile, as the sad fruit of such strife, behold, O ye National Representatives, how, between the friends of Law and the friends of Freedom everywhere, mere heats and jealousies have arisen ; fevering the whole Republic ! Department, Provincial Town is set against Metropolis, Rich against Poor, Culottic against Sansculottic, man against man. From the Southern Cities come Addresses of an almost inculpatory character ; for Paris has long suffered Newspaper calumny. Bordeaux demands a reign of Law and Respectability, meaning Girondism, with emphasis. With emphasis Marseilles demands the like. Nay, from Marseilles there come *two* Addresses : one Girondin ; one Jacobin Sansculottic. Hot Rebecqui, sick of this Convention-work, has given place to his

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, 1793, No. 140, etc.

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. Parl.* xxv. 25, etc.

BOOK III  
March 1793

But the second sore place of the Mountain is this anomalous Monseigneur Equality Prince d'Orléans. Behold these men, says the Gironde, with a whilom Bourbon Prince among them • they are creatures of the D'Orléans Faction, they will have Philippe made King, one King no sooner guillotined than another made in his stead! Girondins have moved, Buzot moved long ago, from principle and also from jesuitism, that the whole race of Bourbons should be marched forth from the soil of France; this Prince Égalité to bring up the rear Motions which might produce some effect on the public,—which the Mountain, ill at ease, knows not what to do with

And poor Orléans Égalité himself, for one begins to pity even him, what does he do with them? The disowned of all parties, the rejected and foolishly bedrifted hither and thither, to what corner of Nature can he now drift with advantage? Feasible hope remains not for him unfeasible hope, in pallid doubtful glimmers, there may still come, bewildering, not cheering or illuminating—from the Dumouriez quarter; and how if not the time wasted Orléans Égalité, then perhaps the young unworn Chartres Égalité might rise to be a kind of King? Sheltered, if shelter it be, in the clefts of the Mountain, poor Égalité will wait one refuge in Jacobinism, one in Dumouriez and Counter Revolution, are there not two chances? However, the look of him, Dame Genlis says, is grown gloomy; sad to see Silly also, the Genlis's Husband, who hovers about the Mountain, not on it, is in a bad way. Dame Genlis is come to Raincy, out of England and Bury St Edmunds, in these days; being summoned by Égalité, with her young charge, Mademoiselle Égalité,—that so Mademoiselle might not be counted among Emigrants and hardly dealt with But it proves a ravelled business Genlis and charge find that they must return to the Netherlands; must wait on the Frontiers for a week or two, till Monseigneur, by Jacobin help, get it wound up 'Next morning,' says Dame Genlis, 'Monseigneur, gloomier than ever, gave me his arm, to lead me to the carriage I was greatly troubled; Mademoiselle burst into tears, her Father was pale and trembling After I had got seated, he stood immovable at the carriage-door, with his eyes fixed on me; his mournful and painful look seemed to implore pity,—“Adieu, Madame!” said he The altered sound of his voice completely overcame me; unable to utter a word, I held out my

my hand; he grasped it close; then turning, and advancing sharply towards the postilions, he gave them a sign, and we rolled away.'<sup>1</sup>

CHAP. III  
March 1793

Nor are Peace-makers wanting; of whom likewise we mention two; one fast on the crown of the Mountain, the other not yet alighted anywhere: Danton and Barrère. Ingenious Barrère, Old-Constituent and Editor, from the slopes of the Pyrenees, is one of the usefulest men of this Convention, in his way. Truth may lie on both sides, on either side, or on neither side; my friends, ye must give and take: for the rest, success to the winning side! This is the motto of Barrère. Ingenious, almost genial; quick-sighted, supple, graceful; a man that will prosper. Scarcely Belial in the assembled Pandemonium was plausibler to ear and eye. An indispensable man: in the great *Art of Varnish* he may be said to seek his fellow. Has there an explosion arisen, as many do arise, a confusion, unsightliness, which no tongue can speak of, nor eye look on; give it to Barrère; Barrère shall be Committee-Reporter of it; you shall see it transmute itself into a regularity, into the very beauty and improvement that was needed. Without one such man, we say, how were this Convention bested! Call him not, as exaggerative Mercier does, 'the greatest liar in France': nay it may be argued there is not truth enough in him to make a real lie of. Call him, with Burke, Anacreon of the Guillotine, and a man serviceable to this Convention.

The other Peace-maker whom we name is Danton. Peace, O peace with one another! cries Danton often enough: Are we not alone against the world; a little band of brothers? Broad Danton is loved by all the Mountain; but they think him too easy-tempered, deficient in suspicion: he has stood between Dumouriez and much censure, anxious not to exasperate our only General: in the shrill tumult Danton's strong voice reverberates, for union and pacification. Meetings there are; dinings with the Girondins: it is so pressingly essential that there be union. But the Girondins are haughty and respectable: this Titan Danton is not a man of Formulas, and there rests on him a shadow of September. 'Your Girondins have no confidence in me': this is the answer a

<sup>1</sup> Genlis, *Mémoires* (London, 1825), iv. 118.



BOOK III  
March 8,  
1793

Commissioner Merlin, the Thionviller, 'making sallies, at the head of the besieged';—resist to the death; but not longer than that. How sad a reverse for Mentz! Brave Forster, brave Lux planted Liberty trees, amid *ca ira* music, in the snow-slush of last winter, there; and made Jacobin Societies, and got the Territory incorporated with France; they came hither to Paris, as Deputies or Delegates, and have their eighteen francs a-day: but see, before once the Liberty tree is got rightly in leaf, Mentz is changing into an explosive crater; vomiting fire, bevomited with fire!

Neither of these men shall again see Mentz; they have come hither only to die. Forster has been round the Globe; he saw Cook perish under Owyhee clubs; but like this Paris he has yet seen or suffered nothing. Poverty escorts him from home there can nothing come, except Job's news; the eighteen daily francs, which we here as Deputy or Delegate with difficulty 'touch,' are in paper *assignats*, and sink fast in value. Poverty, disappointment, inaction, obloquy; the brave heart slowly breaking! Such is Forster's lot. For the rest, Demoiselle Théroigne smiles on you in the Soirées; 'a beautiful browlocked face,' of an exalted temper, and contrives to keep her carnage. Prussian Trenck, the poor subterranean Baron, jargons and jangles in an unmelodious manner. Thomas Paine's face is red pustuled, 'but the eyes uncommonly bright.' Convention Deputies ask you to dinner: very courteous, and 'we all play at *plumpsack*.' 'It is the Explosion and New-creation of a World,' says Forster; 'and the actors in it, such small mean objects, buzzing round one like a handful of flies'—

Likewise there is war with Spain. Spain will advance through the gorges of the Pyrenees; rustling with Bourbon banners, jungling with artillery and menace. And England has donned the red coat; and marches, with Royal Highness of York,—whom some once spake of inviting to be our King. Changed that humour now: and ever more changing, till no hateful thing walk this Earth than a denizen of that tyrannous Island, and Pitt be declared and decreed, with effervescence, '*L'ennemi du genre humain*. The enemy of mankind'; and, very singular to say, you make order that no Soldier of Liberty give quarter to an Englishman. Which order, however, the

*Soldier of Liberty* does but partially obey. We will take no Prisoners then, say the *Soldiers of Liberty*; they shall all be 'Deserters' that we take.<sup>1</sup> It is a frantic order; and attended with inconvenience. For surely, if you give no quarter, the plain issue is that you will get none; and so the business become as broad as it was long.—Our recruitment 'of Three-hundred Thousand men,' which was the decreed force for this year, is like to have work enough laid to its hand.

CHAP. IV  
March 8,  
1793

So many enemies come wending on; penetrating through throats of mountains, steering over the salt sea; towards all points of our territory; rattling chains at us. Nay, worst of all: there is an enemy within our own territory itself. In the early days of March, the Nantes Postbags do not arrive; there arrive only instead of them Conjecture, Apprehension, bodeful wind of Rumour. The bodefulest proves true. Those fanatic Peoples of La Vendée will no longer keep under: their fire of insurrection, heretofore dissipated with difficulty, blazes out anew, after the King's Death, as a wide conflagration; not riot but civil war. Your Cathelineaus, your Stofflets, Charettes, are other men than was thought: behold how their Peasants, in mere russet and hodden, with their rude arms, rude array, with their fanatic Gaelic frenzy and wild-yelling battle-cry of *God and the King*, dash at us like a dark whirlwind; and blow the best-disciplined Nationals we can get into panic and *sauve-qui-peut*! Field after field is theirs; one sees not where it will end. Commandant Santerre may be sent there; but with non-effect; he might as well have returned and brewed beer.

It has become peremptorily necessary that a National Convention cease arguing, and begin acting. Yield one party of you to the other, and do it swiftly. No theoretic outlook is here, but the close certainty of ruin; the very day that is passing over us must be provided for.

It was Friday the Eighth of March when this *Job's-post* from Dumouriez, thickly preceded and escorted by so many other *Job's-posts*, reached the National Convention. Blank enough are most faces. Little will it avail whether our *Septembrers* be punished or go unpunished; if Pitt and Cobourg

<sup>1</sup> See Dampmartin, *Evénement*, ii. 213-20.

BOOK III  
March 10,  
1793

are coming in, with one punishment for us all, nothing now between Paris itself and the Tyrants but a doubtful Dumouriez, and hosts in loose flowing loud retreat!—Danton the Titan rises in this hour as always in the hour of need. Great is his voice, reverberating from the domes—Citizen Representatives, shall we not, in such crisis of Fate, lay aside discords? Reputation O what is the reputation of this man or of that? '*Que mon nom soit flétri, que la France soit libre* Let my name be blighted; Let France be free!' It is necessary now again that France rise, in swift vengeance, with her million right hands, with her heart as of one man. Instantaneous recruitment in Paris, let every Section of Paris furnish its thousands, every Section of France! Ninety six Commissioners of us, two for each Section of the Forty eight, they must go forth with, and tell Paris what the Country needs of her. Let Eighty more of us be sent, post haste, over France, to spread the fire cross, to call forth the might of men. Let the Eighty also be on the road, before this sitting rise. Let them go, and think what their errand is. Speedy camp of Fifty thousand between Paris and the North Frontier, for Paris will pour forth her volunteers! Shoulder to shoulder, one strong universal death, defiant rising and rushing; we shall hurl back these Sons of Night yet again, and France, in spite of the world, be free!'<sup>1</sup>—So sounds the Titan's voice into all Section houses, into all French hearts. Sections sit in Permanence, for recruitment, enrolment, that very night. Convention Commissioners on swift wheels, are carrying the fire cross from Town to Town, till all France blaze.

And so there is Flag of Fatherland in Danger waving from the Townhall, Black Flag from the top of Notre Dame Cathedral, there is Proclamation, hot eloquence; Paris rushing out once again to strike its enemies down. That, in such circumstances Paris was in no mild humour, can be conjectured. Agitated streets, still more agitated round the Salle de Manège! Feuillans Terrace crowds itself with angry Citizens angrier Citizenesses, Varlet perambulates with portable chair ejaculations of no measured kind, as to perfidious fine spoken *Hommes d'état*, friends of Dumouriez, secret friends of Pitt and Cobourg, burst from the hearts and lips of men. To fight the enemy? Yes, and even to 'freeze him with terror,

<sup>1</sup> *Monsieur (a Hist. Parl. xiv. 6).*

*glacer d'effroi*': but first to have domestic Traitors punished! Who are they that, carping and quarrelling, in their jesuitic most moderate way, seek to shackle the Patriotic movement? That divide France against Paris, and poison public opinion in the Departments? That when we ask for bread, and a Maximum fixed-price, treat us with lectures on Free-trade in grains? Can the human stomach satisfy itself with lectures on Free-trade; and are we to fight the Austrians in a moderate manner, or in an immoderate? This Convention must be purged.

'Set up a swift Tribunal for Traitors, a Maximum for Grains': thus speak with energy the Patriot Volunteers, as they defile through the Convention Hall, just on the wing to the Frontiers;—perorating in that heroic Cambyses-vein of theirs: beshouted by the Galleries and Mountain; bemurmured by the Right-side and Plain. Nor are prodigies wanting: lo, while a Captain of the Section Poissonnière perorates with vehemence about Dumouriez, Maximum and Crypto-Royalist Traitors, and his troop beat chorus with him, waving their Banner overhead, the eye of a Deputy discerns, in this same Banner, that the *cravates* or streamers of it have Royal fleurs-de-lys! The Section-Captain shrieks; his troop shriek, horror-struck, and 'trample the Banner under foot': seemingly the work of some Crypto-Royalist Plotter? Most probable:—or perhaps at bottom, only the old Banner of the Section, manufactured prior to the Tenth of August, when such streamers were according to rule!

History, looking over the Girondin Memoirs, anxious to disentangle the truth of them from the hysterics, finds these days of March, especially this Sunday the Tenth of March, play a great part. Plots, plots; a plot for murdering the Girondin Deputies; Anarchists and Secret-Royalists plotting, in hellish concert, for that end! The far greater part of which is hysterics. What we do find indisputable is, that Louvet and certain Girondins were apprehensive they might be murdered on Saturday, and did not go to the evening sitting; but held council with one another, each inciting his fellow to do something resolute, and end these Anarchists: to which, however, Pétion, opening the window, and finding the night very wet, answered only, '*Ils ne feront rien*,' and 'composedly resumed

CHAP. IV  
March 10,  
1793

<sup>1</sup> *Choix des Rapports*, xi. 277.

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. Parl.* xxv. 72.

BOOK III  
March 10,  
1793

his violin,' says Louvet,<sup>1</sup> thereby, with soft Lydian tweedle-deeing, to wrap himself against eating cares. Also that Louvet felt especially liable to being killed, that several Girondins went abroad to seek beds liable to being killed, but were not. Further that, in very truth, Journalist Deputy Gorsas, poisoner of the Departments, he and his Printer had their houses broken into (by a tumult of Patriots among whom redcapped Varlet, American Fournier loom forth, in the darkness of the rain and riot), had their wives put in fear, their presses, types and circumjacent equipments beaten to ruin, no Mayor interfering in time, Gorsas himself escaping, pistol in hand, 'along the coping of the back wall' Further, that Sunday, the morrow, was not a workday, and the streets were more agitated than ever. Is it a new September, then, that those Anarchists intend? Finally, that no September came,—and also that hysterics, not unnaturally, had reached almost their acme.<sup>2</sup>

Vergniaud denounces and deplores, in sweetly turned periods Section Bonconseil, *Good counsel* so named, not Mauconseil or *Ill counsel* as it once was—does a far notabler thing demands that Vergniaud, Brissot, Guadet, and other denunciatory, fine spoken Girondins, to the number of Twenty two, be put under arrest! Section Good counsel, so named ever since the Tenth of August, is sharply rebuked, like a Section of Ill-counsel<sup>3</sup> but its word is spoken and will not fall to the ground.

In fact, one thing strikes us in these poor Girondins their fatal shortness of vision, nay fatal poorness of character, for that is the root of it. They are as strangers to the People they would govern, to the thing they have come to work in Formulas Philosophies, Respectabilities, what has been written in Books, and admitted by the Cultivated Classes *this* in adequate Scheme of Nature's working is all that Nature, let her work as she will, can reveal to these men. So they perorate and speculate; and call on the Friends of Law, when the question is not Law or No-Law, but Life or No-Life. Pedants of the Revolution if not Jesuits of it! Their Formalism is great, great also is their Egoism. France rising to fight Austria has been raised only by plot of the Tenth of March

<sup>1</sup> Louvet, *Mimosis* p. 72.

<sup>2</sup> Meillan, pp. 23, 24; Louvet pp. 71-80.

<sup>3</sup> *Monsieur* (Séance du 12 Mars) 15 Mars.

to kill Twenty-two of *them* ! This Revolution Prodigy, unfolding itself into terrific stature and articulation, by its own laws and Nature's, not by the laws of Formula, has become unintelligible, incredible as an impossibility, the 'waste chaos of a Dream.' A Republic founded on what they call the Virtues; on what we call the Decencies and Respectabilities: this they will have, and nothing but this. Whatsoever other Republic Nature and Reality sent, shall be considered as not sent; as a kind of Nightmare Vision, and thing non-extant; disowned by the Laws of Nature and of Formula. Alas, dim for the best eyes is this Reality; and as for these men, they will not look at it with eyes at all, but only through 'facetted spectacles' of Pedantry, wounded Vanity; which yield the most portentous fallacious spectrum. Carping and complaining for ever of Plots and Anarchy, they will do one thing; prove, to demonstration, that the Reality will not translate into their Formula; that they and their Formula are incompatible with the Reality: and, in its dark wrath, the Reality will extinguish it and them! What a man *'kens* he *'cans*. But the beginning of a man's doom is, that vision be withdrawn from him; that he see not the reality, but a false spectrum of the reality; and following that, step darkly, with more or less velocity, downwards to the utter Dark; to Ruin, which is the great Sea of Darkness, whither all falsehoods, winding or direct, continually flow!

This Tenth of March we may mark as an epoch in the Girondin destinies; the rage so exasperated itself, the misconception so darkened itself. Many desert the sittings; many come to them armed.<sup>1</sup> An honourable Deputy, setting out after breakfast, must now, besides taking his Notes, see whether his Priming is in order.

Meanwhile with Dumouriez in Belgium it fares ever worse. Were it again General Miranda's fault, or some other's fault, there is no doubt whatever but the 'Battle of Nerwinden,' on the 18th of March, is lost; and our rapid retreat has become 'a far too rapid one. Victorious Cobourg, with his Austrian pricklers, hangs like a dark cloud on the rear of us: Dumouriez never off, horseback night or day; engagement every three hours; our whole discomfited Host rolling rapidly inwards, full

<sup>1</sup> Meillan, *Mémoires*, pp. 85, 24.

BOOK III of rage, suspicion, and *saure-qui-peut*! And then Dumouriez  
 March 1793 himself, what his intents may be? Wicked seemingly and not  
 charitable! His despatches to Committee openly denounce  
 a factious Convention, for the woes it has brought on France  
 and him. And his speeches—for the General has no reticence!  
 The execution of the Tyrant thus Dumouriez calls the Murder  
 of the King. Danton and Lacroix, flying thither as Commis-  
 sioners once more, return very doubtful, even Danton now  
 doubts.

Three Jacobin Missionaries, Proly, Dubuisson, Pereyra  
 have flown forth, sped by a wakeful Mother Society: they  
 are struck dumb to hear the General speak. The Convention,  
 according to this General, consists of three-hundred scoundrels  
 and four hundred imbeciles. France cannot do without a  
 King. 'But we have executed our King.' 'And what is it  
 to me?' hastily cries Dumouriez, a General of no reticence,  
 'whether the King's name be *Ludovicus* or *Jacobus*?' 'Or  
*Philippus*!' rejoins Proly,—and hastens to report progress.  
 Over the Frontiers such hope is there.

## CHAPTER V

### SANSCULOTTISM ACCOUTRED

LET us look, however, at the grand internal Sansculottism  
 and Revolution Prodigy, whether it stirs and waxes there  
 and not elsewhere may hope still be for France. The Revolu-  
 tion Prodigy, as Decree after Decree issues from the Mountain  
 like creative *fiats*, accordant with the nature of the Thing—  
 is shaping itself rapidly in these days into terrific stature and  
 articulation, limb after limb. Last March 1792, we saw all  
 France flowing in blind terror, shutting town barriers boiling  
 pitch for Brigands: happier, this March, that it is a seeing  
 terror, that a creative Mountain exists which can say *fiat*!  
 Recruitment proceeds with fierce celerity: nevertheless our  
 Volunteers hesitate to set out, till Treason be punished at  
 home, they do not fly to the frontiers, but only fly thither  
 and thither demanding and denouncing. The Mountain must  
 speak new *fiat* and new *fiats*.

And

And does it not speak such ? Take, as first example, those *Comités Révolutionnaires* for the arrestment of Persons Suspect. Revolutionary Committee, of Twelve chosen Patriots, sits in every Township of France ; examining the Suspect, seeking arms, making domiciliary visits and arrestments ;—caring, generally, that the Republic suffer no detriment. Chosen by universal suffrage, each in its Section, they are a kind of elixir of Jacobinism ; some Forty-four Thousand of them awake and alive over France ! In Paris and all Towns, every house-door must have the names of the inmates legibly printed on it, ‘ at a height not exceeding five feet from the ground ’ ; every Citizen must produce his certificatory *Carte de Civisme*, signed by Section-President ; every man be ready to give account of the faith that is in him. Persons Suspect had as well depart this soil of Liberty ! And yet departure too is bad : all Emigrants are declared Traitors, their property become National ; they are ‘ dead in Law,’—save, indeed, that for *our* behoof they shall ‘ live yet fifty years in Law,’ and what heritages may fall to them in that time become National too ! A mad vitality of Jacobinism, with Forty-four Thousand centres of activity, circulates through all fibres of France.

Very notable also is the *Tribunal Extraordinaire* :<sup>1</sup> decreed by the Mountain ; some Girondins dissenting, for surely such a Court contradicts every formula ;—other Girondins assenting, nay co-operating, for do not we all hate Traitors, O ye people of Paris ?—Tribunal of the Seventeenth, in August last, was swift ; but this shall be swifter. Five Judges ; a standing Jury, which is named from Paris and the Neighbourhood, that there be not delay in naming it : they are subject to no Appeal ; to hardly any Law-forms, but must ‘ get themselves convinced ’ in all readiest ways ; and for security are bound ‘ to vote audibly ’ ; audibly, in the hearing of a Paris Public. This is the *Tribunal Extraordinaire* ; which, in few months, getting into most lively action, shall be entitled *Tribunal Révolutionnaire* ; as indeed it from the very first has entitled itself : with a Herman or a Dumas for Judge-President, with a Fouquier-Tinville for Attorney-General, and a Jury of such as Citizen Leroi, who has surnamed himself *Dix-Août*, ‘ Leroi August-Tenth,’ it will become the wonder of the world. Herein has Sansculottism fashioned for itself a Sword of Sharpness : a

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, No. 70 (du 11 Mars), No. 76, etc.



BOOK III  
March 1793 weapon magical, tempered in the Stygian hell waters, to the edge of it all armour, and defence of strength or of cunning shall be soft, it shall mow down Lives and Brazen gates, and the waving of it shed terror through the souls of men

But speaking of an amorphous Sansculottism taking form ought we not, above all things to specify how the Amorphous gets itself a Head? Without metaphor, this Revolution Government continues hitherto in a very anarchic state Executive Council of Ministers, Six in number, there is but they, especially since Roland's retreat, have hardly known whether they were Ministers or not Convention Committees sit supreme over them, but then each Committee as supreme as the others Committee of Twenty-one, of Defence, of General Surety, simultaneous or successive, for specific purposes The Convention alone is all powerful—especially if the Commune go with it, but is too numerous for an administrative body Wherefore, in this perilous quick whirling condition of the Republic before the end of March we obtain our small *Comité de Salut Public*,<sup>1</sup> as it were, for miscellaneous accidental purposes requiring despatch,—as it proves, for a sort of universal supervision, and universal subjection They are to report weekly, these new Committee-men, but to deliberate in secret Their number is Nine, firm Patriots all, Danton one of them, renewable every month,—yet why not re-elect them if they turn out well? The flower of the matter is, that they are but nine, that they sit in secret. An insignificant looking thing at first, this Committee, but with a principle of growth in it! Forwarded by fortune, by internal Jacobin energy, it will reduce all Committees and the Convention itself to mute obedience, the Six Ministers to Six assiduous Clerks, and work its will on the Earth and under Heaven for a season A 'Committee of Public Salvation' wherewith the world still shrinks and shudders

If we call that Revolutionary Tribunal a Sword which Sansculottism has provided for itself then let us call the 'Law of the Maximum' a Provender scrip or Haversack, wherein, better or worse, some ration of bread may be found It is true Political Economy, Girondin free-trade, and all-law of supply and demand, are hereby hurled topsyturvy but what help? Patriotism must live, the 'cupidity of farmers' seems

<sup>1</sup> *Monsieur* No. 83 (du 24 Mars 1793) Nos. 86 98 99, 100.

to have no bowels. Wherefore this Law of the Maximum, CHAP. V  
fixing the highest price of grains, is, with infinite effort, not March 1793  
passed;<sup>1</sup> and shall gradually extend itself into a Maximum for all manner of *comestibles* and commodities: with such scrambling and topsyturvyng as may be fancied! For now if, for example, the farmer will not sell? The farmer shall be forced to sell. An accurate Account of what grain he has shall be delivered in to the Constituted Authorities: let him see that he say not too much; for in that case, his rents, taxes and contributions will rise proportionally: let him see that he say not too little; for, on or before a set day, we shall suppose in April, less than one-third of this declared quantity must remain in his barns, more than two-thirds of it must have been thrashed and sold. One can denounce him, and raise penalties.

By such inextricable overturning of all Commercial relations will Sansculottism keep life in; since not otherwise. On the whole, as Camille Desmoulins says once, 'while the Sansculottes fight, the Monsieurs must pay.' So there come *Impôts Progressifs*, Ascending Taxes; which consume, with fast-increasing voracity, the 'superfluous-revenue' of men: beyond fifty-pounds a-year, you are not exempt; rising into the hundreds, you bleed freely; into the thousands and tens of thousands, you bleed gushing. Also there come Requisitions; there comes 'Forced-Loan of a Milliard,' some Fifty-Millions Sterling, which of course they that *have* must lend. Unexampled enough; it has grown to be no country for the Rich, this; but a country for the Poor! And then if one fly, what stands it? Dead in Law; nay kept alive fifty years yet, for *their* accursed behoof! In this manner therefore it goes; topsyturvyng, *ça-ira-ing*;—and withal there is endless sale of Emigrant National-Property, there is Cambon with endless cornucopia of Assignats. The Trade and Finance of Sansculottism; and how, with Maximum and Bakers' queues, with Cupidity, Hunger, Denunciation, and Paper-money, it led its galvanic-life, and began and ended,—remains the most interesting of all Chapters in Political Economy: still to be written.

All which things, are they not clean against Formula? O Girondin-Friends, it is not a Republic of the Virtues we are getting; but only a Republic of the Strengths, virtuous and other!

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur* (du 20 Avril, etc. to 20 Mai, 1793).

BOOK III  
April 2,  
1793

in the Senate, renegadoes in the Army, traitors everywhere! France, all in desperate recruitment since the Tenth of March, does not fly to the frontier, but only flies hither and thither. This defection of contemptuous diplomatic Dumouriez falls heavy on the fine-spoken high-snuffing *Horaces d'Etat* whom he consorted with; forms a second epoch in their destinies.

Or perhaps more strictly we might say, the second Girondin epoch, though little noticed then, began on the day when, in reference to this defection, the Girondins broke with Danton. It was the first day of April; Dumouriez had not yet plunged across the morasses to Cobourg, but was evidently meaning to do it, and our Commissioners were off to arrest him; when what does the Girondin Lasource see good to do, but rise, and jesuitically question and insinuate at great length, whether a main accomplice of Dumouriez had not probably been—Danton! Gironde grins sardonic assent; Mountain holds its breath. The figure of Danton, Levasseur says, while this speech went on, was noteworthy. He sat erect with a kind of internal convulsion struggling to keep itself motionless; his eye from time to time flashing wilder, his lip curling in Titanic scorn.<sup>1</sup> Lasource, in a fine-spoken attorney manner, proceeds: there is this probability to his mind, and there is that; probabilities which press painfully on him, which cast the Patriotism of Danton under a painful shade,—which painful shade, he, Lasource, will hope that Danton may find it not impossible to dispel.

'*Les Soffrains!*' cries Danton, starting up, with clenched right hand, Lasource having done; and descends from the Mountain, like a lava-flood—his answer not unread. Lasource's probabilities fly like idle dust, but leave a result behind them. 'Ye were right, friends of the Mountain,' begins Danton, 'and I was wrong: there is no peace possible with these men. Let it be war, then! They will not save the Republic with us: it shall be saved without them; saved in spite of them.' Really a burst of rude Parliamentary eloquence this, which is still worth reading in the old *Monsieur*. With fire-words the exasperated rude Titan raves and smites these Girondins; at every hit the glad Mountain utters chorus. Marat, like a musical bow, repeating the last phrase.<sup>2</sup> Lasource's

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires de Paul Levasseur* (Paris, 1830), t. 164.

<sup>2</sup> *Séance du 1 Avril 1793* (in *Hist. Parl. rev.* 24 35).



THE KEYSTONE OF THE ARCH.

*(The fall of Robespierre.)*



probabilities are gone ; but Danton's pledge of battle remains lying.

CHAP. VII  
April 11,  
1793

A third epoch, or scene in the Girondin Drama, or rather it is but the completion of this second epoch, we reckon from the day when the patience of virtuous Pétion finally boiled over ; and the Girondins, so to speak, took up this battle-pledge of Danton's, and decreed Marat accused. It was the eleventh of the same month of April, on some effervescence rising, such as often rose ; and President had covered himself, mere Bedlam now ruling ; and Mountain and Gironde were rushing on one another with clenched right-hands, and even with pistols in them ; when, behold, the Girondin Duperret drew a sword ! Shriek of horror rose, instantly quenching all other effervescence, at sight of the clear murderous steel ; whereupon Duperret returned it to the leather again ;—confessing that he did indeed draw it, being instigated by a kind of sacred madness, '*sainte fureur*,' and pistols held at him ; but that if he parricidally had chanced to scratch the outmost skin of National Representation with it, he too carried pistols, and would have blown his brains out on the spot.<sup>1</sup>

But now in such posture of affairs, virtuous Pétion rose, next morning, to lament these effervescences, this endless Anarchy invading the Legislative Sanctuary itself ; and here, being growled at and howled at by the Mountain, his patience, long tried, did, as we say, boil over ; and he spake vehemently, in high key, with foam on his lips ; 'whence,' says Marat, 'I concluded he had got *la rage*,' the rabidity, or dog-madness. Rabidity smites others rabid : so there rises new foam-lipped demand to have Anarchists extinguished ; and specially to have Marat put under accusation. Send a representative to the Revolutionary Tribunal ? Violate the inviolability of a Representative ? Have a care, O Friends ! This poor Marat has faults enough ; but against Liberty or Equality, what fault ? That he has loved and fought for it, not wisely but too well. In dungeons and cellars, in pinching poverty, under anathema of men ; even so, in such fight, has he grown so dingy, bleared ; even so has his head become a Stylites one ! Him you will fling to your Sword of Sharpness ; while Cobourg and Pitt advance on us, fire-spitting ?

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Parl.* xv. 397.

BOOK III  
April May  
1793

The Mountain is loud, the Gironde is loud and deaf, all lips are foamy. With 'Permanent Session of twenty four hours,' with vote by roll-call, and a deadlift effort, the Gironde carries it. Marat is ordered to the Revolutionary Tribunal, to answer for that February Paragraph of Forestallers at the door lintel, with other offences; and, after a little hesitation, he obeys<sup>1</sup>

Thus is Danton's battle pledge taken up, there is, as he said there would be, 'war without truce or treaty, *ni trêve ni composition*' Wherefore, close now with one another, Formula and Reality, in death grips, and wrestle it out, both of you cannot live, but only one!

## CHAPTER VIII

### IN DEATH-GRIPS

It proves what strength, were it only of inertia, there is in established Formulas, what weakness in nascent Realities, and illustrates several things, that this death wrestle should still have lasted some weeks or more. National business, discussion of the Constitutional Act, for our Constitution should decidedly be got ready, proceeds along with it. We even change our Locality, we shift, on the Tenth of May, from the old Salle de Manège into our new Hall, in the Palace, once a King's but now the Republic's, of the Tuileries. Hope and ruth, flickering against despair and rage, still struggle in the minds of men.

It is a most dark confused death wrestle, this of the six weeks. Formalist frenzy against Realist frenzy, Patriotism, Egoism, Pride, Anger, Vanity, Hope and Despair, all raised to the frenetic pitch: Frenzy meets Frenzy, like dark clashing whirlwinds, neither understands the other; the weaker, one day, will understand that it is verily swept down! Girondism is strong as established Formula and Respectability. do not as many as Seventy two of the Departments, or say respectable Heads of Departments, declare for us? Calvados, which loves its Buzot, will even rise in revolt, so hunt the Addresses, Marseilles, cradle of Patriotism, will rise; Bordeaux will rise,

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur* (du 16 Avril 1793 et seqq.)

and the Gironde Department, as one man; in a word, who will *not* rise, were our *Représentation Nationale* to be insulted, or one hair of a Deputy's head harmed! The Mountain, again, is strong as Reality and Audacity. To the Reality of the Mountain are not all furthersome things possible? A new Tenth of August, if needful; nay a new Second of September!—

CHAP. VIII  
April-May  
1793

But, on Wednesday afternoon, Twenty-fourth day of April, year 1793, what tumult as of fierce jubilee is this? It is Marat returning from the Revolutionary Tribunal! A week or more of death-peril; and now there is triumphant acquittal; Revolutionary Tribunal can find no accusation against this man. And so the eye of History beholds Patriotism, which had gloomed unutterable things all week, break into loud jubilee, embrace its Marat; lift him into a chair of triumph, bear him shoulder-high through the streets. Shoulder-high is the injured People's-friend, crowned with an oak-garland; amid the wavy sea of red night-caps, carmagnole jackets, grenadier bonnets and female mob-caps; far-sounding like a sea! The injured People's-friend has here reached his culminating point; he too strikes the stars with his sublime head.

But the Reader can judge with what face President Lasource, he of the 'painful probabilities,' who presides in this Convention Hall, might welcome such jubilee-tide, when it got thither, and the Decreed of Accusation floating on the top of it! A National Sapper, spokesman on the occasion, says, the People know their Friend, and love his life as their own; 'who-soever wants Marat's head must get the Sapper's first.'<sup>1</sup> Lasource answered with some vague painful mumblement, —which, says Levasseur, one could not help tittering at.<sup>2</sup> Patriot Sections, Volunteers not yet gone to the Frontiers, come demanding the 'purgation of traitors from your own bosom'; the expulsion, or even the trial and sentence, of a factious Twenty-two.

Nevertheless the Gironde has got its Commission of Twelve; a Commission specially appointed for investigating these troubles of the Legislative Sanctuary: let Sansculottism say what it will, Law shall triumph. Old-Constituent Rabaut

<sup>1</sup> Séance du 26 Avril, An 1<sup>er</sup> (in *Moniteur*, No. 116).

<sup>2</sup> Levasseur, *Mémoires*, i. c. 6.



BOOK III  
April May  
1793

Saint Etienne presides over this Commission: 'it is the last plank whereon a wrecked Republic may perhaps still save herself' Rabaut and they therefore sit, intent, examining witnesses; launching arrestments, looking out into a waste dum sea of troubles,—the womb of *Formula*, or perhaps her grave! Enter not that sea, O Reader! There are dum desolation and confusion, raging women and raging men Sections come demanding Twenty two, for the number first given by Section Bonconseil still holds, though the names should even vary Other Sections, of the wealthier kind, come denouncing such demand, nay the same Section will demand today, and denounce the demand tomorrow, according as the wealthier sit, or the poorer. Wherefore, indeed, the Girondins decree that all Sections shall close 'at ten in the evening'; before the working people come: which Decree remains without effect And nightly the Mother of Patriotism wails doleful, doleful, but her eye kindling! And Fournier l'Américain is busy, and the two banker Freys, and Varlet Apostle of Liberty, the bull voice of Marquis Saint Huruge is heard And shrill women vociferate from all Galleries, the Convention ones and downwards Nay a 'Central Committee' of all the Forty-eight Sections looms forth huge and dubious, sitting dum in the *Archevêché*, sending Resolutions, receiving them a Centre of the Sections, in dread deliberation as to a New Tenth of August!

One thing we will specify, to throw light on many the aspect under which, seen through the eyes of these Girondin Twelve, or even seen through one's own eyes, the Patriotism of the softer sex presents itself There are female Patriots, whom the Girondins call *Mégères*, and count to the extent of eight thousand; with serpent hair, all out of curl; who have changed the distaff for the dagger They are of 'the Society called Brotherly,' *Fraternelle*, say *Sisterly*, which meets under the roof of the Jacobins 'Two thousand daggers,' or so have been ordered,—doubtless for them They rush to Versailles to raise more women, but the Versailles women will not rise!

Nay behold, in National Garden of Tuileries,—*Demoiselle Théroigne* herself is become as a brown locked Diana (were that possible) attacked by her own dogs, or she-dogs! The

<sup>1</sup> Durot *Mémoires*, pp. 69 84; Meilhan *Mémoires*, pp. 192 195, 196. See *Commission des Douces* (n. *Choix des Rapports*, xii. 69-131).

Demoiselle, keeping her carriage, is for Liberty indeed, as she has full well shown; but then for Liberty with Respectability: whereupon these serpent-haired Extreme She Patriots do now fasten on her, tatter her, shamefully fustigate her, in their shameful way; almost fling her into the Garden-ponds, had not help intervened. Help, alas, to small purpose. The poor Demoiselle's head and nervous-system, none of the soundest, is so tattered and fluttered that it will never recover; but flutter worse and worse, till it crack; and within year and day we hear of her in madhouse and strait-waistcoat, which proves permanent!—Such brown-locked Figure did flutter, and inarticulately jabber and gesticulate, little able to *speake* the obscure meaning it had, through some segment of the Eighteenth Century of Time. She disappears here from the Revolution and Public History for evermore.<sup>1</sup>

Another thing we will not again specify, yet again beseech the Reader to imagine: the reign of Fraternity and Perfection. Imagine, we say, O Reader, that the Millennium were struggling on the threshold, and yet not so much as groceries could be had,—owing to traitors. With what impetus would a man strike traitors, in that case! Ah, thou canst not imagine it; thou hast thy groceries safe in the shops, and little or no hope of a Millennium ever coming!—But indeed, as to the temper there was in men and women, does not this one fact say enough: the height SUSPICION had risen to? Preternatural we often called it; seemingly in the language of exaggeration: but listen to the cold deposition of witnesses. Not a musical Patriot can blow himself a snatch of melody from the French Horn, sitting mildly pensive on the housetop, but Mercier will recognise it to be a signal which one Plotting Committee is making to another. Distraction has possessed Harmony herself; lurks in the sound of *Marseillaise* and *Ça-ira*.<sup>2</sup> Louvet, who can see as deep into a millstone as the most, discerns that we shall be invited back to our old Hall of the Manège, by a Deputation; and then the Anarchists will massacre Twenty-two of us, as we walk over. It is Pitt and Cobourg; the gold of Pitt.—Poor Pitt! They little know what work he has

<sup>1</sup> *Deux Amis*, vii. 77-80; Forster, i. 514; Moore, i. 70. She did not die till 1817; in the Salpêtrière, in the most abject state of insanity; see Esquirol, *Des Maladies Mentales* (Paris, 1838), i. 445-50.

<sup>2</sup> Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*, vi. 63.

BOOK III  
May 23-30  
1793

with his own Friends of the 1eople, getting them bespied beheaded their habercorpus suspended and his own Social Order and strong boxes kept tight—to fancy him raising mobs among his neighbours!

But the strangest fact connected with French or indeed with human Suspicion is perhaps this of Camille Desmoulins. Camille a head one of the clearest in France, has got itself so saturated through every fibre with Preternaturalism of Suspicion that looking back on that Twelfth of July 1789 when the thousands rose round him yelling responsive at his word in the Palais Royal Garden, and took cockades he finds it explicable only on this hypothesis That they were all hired to do it, and set on by the Foreign and other Plotters. ‘It was not for nothing’ says Camille with insight, ‘that this multitude burst up round me when I spoke!’ No not for nothing Behind around before it is one huge Preternatural Puppet play of Plots Pitt pulling the wires.’ Almost I conjecture that I Camille myself am a Plot, and wooden with wires.—The force of insight could no further go

Be this as it will History remarks that the Commission of Twelve now clear enough as to the Plots and luckily having ‘got the threads of them all by the end’ as they say—are launching Mandates of Arrest rapidly in these May days, and carrying matters with a high hand, resolute that the sea of troubles shall be restrained. What chief Patriot, Section President even is safe? They can arrest him, tear him from his warm bed because he has made irregular Section Arrestments! They arrest Varlet Apostle of Liberty They arrest Procureur-Substitute Hébert, *Père Duchesne* a Magistrate of the People sitting in Townhall who, with high solemnity of martyrdom takes leave of his colleagues prompt he to obey the Law and solemnly acquiescent, disappears into prison.

The swifter fly the Sections energetically demanding him back demanding not arrestment of Popular Magistrates, but of a traitorous Twenty two. Section comes flying after Section—defling energetic, with their Cambyzes vein of oratory nay the Commune itself comes, with Mavor Pache at its head and with question not of Hébert and the Twenty

*See Histoire des Brissotins par Camille Desmoulins (a Pamphlet of Camille's, Paris, 1793).*

two alone, but with this ominous old question made new, CHAP. VIII  
 'Can you save the Republic, or must we do it?' To whom May 25-30,  
 President Max Isnard makes fiery answer: If by fatal chance, 1793  
 in any of those tumults which since the Tenth of March are  
 ever returning, Paris were to lift a sacrilegious finger against  
 the National Representation, France would rise as one man,  
 in never-imagined vengeance, and shortly 'the traveller would  
 ask, on which side of the Seine Paris had stood'!<sup>1</sup> Whereat  
 the Mountain bellows only louder, and every Gallery; Patriot  
 Paris boiling round.

And Girondin Valazé has nightly conclaves at his house;  
 sends billets, 'Come punctually, and well armed, for there is  
 to be business.' And Megæra women perambulate the streets,  
 with flags, with lamentable *allelu*.<sup>2</sup> And the Convention-doors  
 are obstructed by roaring multitudes: fine-spoken *Hommes*  
*d'état* are hustled, maltreated, as they pass; Marat will apo-  
 strophise you, in such death-peril, and say, Thou too art of  
 them. If Roland ask leave to quit Paris, there is order of  
 the day. What help? Substitute Hébert, Apostle Varlet,  
 must be given back; to be crowned with oak-garlands. The  
 Commission of Twelve, in a Convention overwhelmed with  
 roaring Sections, is broken; then on the morrow, in a Con-  
 vention of rallied Girondins, is reinstated. Dim Chaos, or  
 the sea of troubles, is struggling through all its elements;  
 writhing and chafing towards some Creation.

## CHAPTER IX

### EXTINCT

ACCORDINGLY, on Friday the Thirty-first of May 1793,  
 there comes forth into the summer sunlight one of the strangest  
 scenes. Mayor Pache with Municipality arrives at the Tuileries  
 Hall of Convention; sent for, Paris being in visible ferment;  
 and gives the strangest news.

How, in the gray of this morning, while we sat permanent  
 in Townhall, watchful for the commonweal, there entered,

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, Séance du 25 Mai 1793.

<sup>2</sup> Meillan, *Mémoires*, p. 195; Buzot, pp. 69, 84.

BOOK III  
May 31,  
1793

precisely as on a Tenth of August, some Ninety six extraneous persons; who declared themselves to be in a state of Insurrection; to be plenipotentiary Commissioners from the Forty-eight Sections, sections or members of the Sovereign People, all in a state of Insurrection; and further, that we, in the name of said Sovereign in Insurrection, were dismissed from office. How we thereupon laid off our sashes, and withdrew into the adjacent Saloon of Liberty. How, in a moment or two, we were called back; and reinstated, the Sovereign pleasing to think us still worthy of confidence. Whereby, having taken new oath of office, we on a sudden find ourselves Insurrectionary Magistrates, with extraneous Committee of Ninety six sitting by us; and a Citizen Henriot, one whom some accuse of Septemberism, is made Generalissimo of the National Guard, and, since six o'clock, the tocsins ring and the drums beat.—Under such peculiar circumstances, what would an august National Convention please to direct us to do?<sup>1</sup>

Yes, there is the question! 'Break the Insurrectionary Authorities,' answer some with vehemence. Vergniaud at least will have 'the National Representatives all die at their post'; this is sworn to, with ready loud acclaim. But as to breaking the Insurrectionary Authorities,—alas, while we yet debate, what sound is that? Sound of the Alarm Cannon on the Pont Neuf, which it is death by the Law to fire without order from us!

It does boom off there nevertheless, sending a stound through all hearts. And the tocsins discourse stern music, and Henriot with his Armed Force has enveloped us! And Section succeeds Section, the livelong day, demanding with Cambyzes-oratory, with the rattle of muskets, That traitors, Twenty two or more, be punished, that the Commission of Twelve be irrecoverably broken. The heart of the Gironde dies within it, distant are the Seventy two respectable Departments, this fiery Municipality is near! Barrère is for a middle course, granting something. The Commission of Twelve declares that, not waiting to be broken, it hereby breaks itself, and is no more. Fain would Reporter Rabaut speak his and its last words, but he is bellowed off. Too happy that the Twenty two are still left unviolated!—Vergniaud, carrying the laws of refinement to a great length, moves, to the amaze-

<sup>1</sup> *Débats de la Convention* (Paris 1828) iv 187 223; *Monsieur* Nos. 152-4 An 1<sup>re</sup> ment

ment of some, that 'the Sections of Paris have deserved well of their country.' Whereupon, at a late hour of the evening, the deserving Sections retire to their respective places of abode. Barrère shall report on it. With busy quill and brain he sits, secluded; for him no sleep tonight. Friday the last of May has ended in this manner.

CHAP. IX  
June 2, 1793

The Sections have deserved well: but ought they not to deserve better? Faction and Girondism is struck down for the moment, and consents to be a nullity; but will it not, at another favourabler moment rise, still feller; and the Republic have to be saved in spite of it? So reasons Patriotism, still Permanent; so reasons the Figure of Marat, visible in the dim Section-world, on the morrow. To the conviction of men!—And so at eventide of Saturday, when Barrère had just got the thing all varnished by the labour of a night and day, and his Report was setting off in the evening mail-bags, tocsin peals out *again*. *Général* is beating; armed men taking station in the Place Vendôme and elsewhere, for the night; supplied with provisions and liquor. There, under the summer stars, will they wait, this night, what is to be seen and to be done, Henriot and Townhall giving due signal.

The Convention, at sound of *général*, hastens back to its Hall; but to the number only of a Hundred; and does little business, puts off business till the morrow. The Girondins do not stir out thither, the Girondins are abroad seeking beds.—Poor Rabaut, on the morrow morning, returning to his post, with Louvet and some others, through streets all in ferment, wrings his hands, ejaculating, '*Illa suprema dies!*'<sup>1</sup> It has become Sunday the 2d day of June, year 1793, by the old style; by the new style, year One of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. We have got to the last scene of all, that ends this history of the Girondin Senatorship.

It seems doubtful whether any terrestrial Convention had ever met in such circumstances as this National one now does. Tocsin is pealing; Barriers shut; all Paris is on the gaze, or under arms. As many as a Hundred Thousand under arms they count: National Force; and the Armed Volunteers, who should have flown to the frontiers and La Vendée; but would not, treason being unpunished; and only flew hither and

<sup>1</sup> Louvet, *Mémoires*, p. 89.

thither!

BOOK III  
June 2, 1793

thither! So many, steady under arms, environ the National Tuileries and Garden. There are horse foot, artillery, sappers with beards—the artillery one can see with their camp furnaces in this National Garden, heating bullets red, and their match is lighted. Henriot in plumes rides, amid a plumed Staff—all posts and issues are safe, reserves lie out, as far as the Wood of Boulogne, the choicest Patriots nearest the scene. One other circumstance we will note—that a careful Municipality, liberal of camp furnaces, has not forgotten provision carts. No member of the Sovereign need now go home to dinner, but can keep rank—plentiful victual circulating unsought. Does not this People understand Insurrection? Ye, *not* un inventive, *Gualches*!—

Therefore let a National Representation, 'mandatories of the Sovereign' take thought of it. Expulsion of your Twenty two, and your Commission of Twelve—we stand here till it be done! Deputation after Deputation, in ever stronger language, comes with that message. Barrère proposes a middle course—Will not perhaps the inculcated Deputies consent to withdraw voluntarily, to make a generous demission and self sacrifice for the sake of one's country? Isnard, repentant of that search on which river bank Paris stood, declares himself ready to demit. Ready also is *Te Deum* Fauchet, old Dusaulx of the Bastille '*vieux radoteur*, old dotard' as Marat calls him, is still readier. On the contrary, Lanjuinais the Breton declares that there is one man who never will demit voluntarily, but will protest to the utter most, while a voice is left him. And he accordingly goes on protesting, amid rage and clangour, Legendre crying at last 'Lanjuinais, come down from the Tribune, or I will fling thee down, *ou je te jette en bas*!' For matters are come to extremity. Nay they do clutch hold of Lanjuinais, certain zealous Mountain men, but cannot fling him down, for he 'cramps himself on the railing', and 'his clothes get torn'. Brave Senator worthy of pity! Neither will Barbaroux demit, he 'has sworn to die at his post, and will keep that oath'. Where upon the Galleries all rise with explosion, brandishing weapons some of them, and rush out, saying '*Allons*, then, we must save our country!' Such a Session is this of Sunday the second of June.

Churches fill, over Christian Europe, and then empty themselves,

selves; but this Convention empties not, the while: a day of shrieking contention, of agony, humiliation, and tearing of coat-skirts; *illa suprema dies!* Round stand Henriot and his Hundred Thousand, copiously refreshed from tray and basket: nay he is 'distributing five francs a-piece,' we Girondins saw it with our eyes; five francs to keep them in heart! And distraction of armed riot encumbers our borders, jangles at our Bar; we are prisoners in our own Hall: Bishop Grégoire could not get out for a *besoin actuel* without four gendarmes to wait on him! What is the character of a National Representative become? And now the sunlight falls yellower on western windows, and the chimney-tops are flinging longer shadows; the refreshed Hundred Thousand, nor their shadows, stir not! What to resolve on? Motion rises, superfluous one would think, That the Convention go forth in a body; ascertain with its own eyes whether it is free or not. Lo, therefore, from the Eastern Gate of the Tuileries, a distressed Convention issuing; handsome Hérault Séchelles at their head; he with hat on, in sign of public calamity, the rest bareheaded,—towards the Gate of the Carrousel; wondrous to see: towards Henriot and his plumed Staff. 'In the name of the National Convention, make way!' Not an inch of way does Henriot make: 'I receive no orders, till the Sovereign, yours and mine, have been obeyed.' The Convention presses on; Henriot prances back, with his Staff, some fifteen paces, 'To arms! Cannoneers, to your guns!'—flashes out his puissant sword, as the Staff all do, and the Hussars all do. Cannoneers brandish the lit match; Infantry present arms,—alas, in the level way, as if for firing! Hatted Hérault leads his distressed flock, through their pinfold of a Tuileries again; across the Garden, to the Gate on the opposite side. Here is Feuillans-Terrace, alas, there is our old Salle de Manége; but neither at this Gate of the Pont Tournant is there egress. Try the other; and the other: no egress! We wander disconsolate through armed ranks; who indeed salute with *Live the Republic*, but also with *Die the Gironde*. Other such sight, in the year One of Liberty, the westering sun never saw.

And now behold Marat meets us; for he lagged in this Suppliant Procession of ours: he has got some hundred elect Patriots at his heels; he orders us, in the Sovereign's name, to return to our place, and do as we are bidden and bound.

The

CHAP. IX  
June 2, 1793



BOOK IV  
July 1793

welcomed by Persons in Authority ; welcomed and defrayed, having no money of their own. And the *Bulletin de Caen* comes forth, with the most animating paragraphs : How the Honleaux Department, the Lyons Department, this Department after the other is declaring itself ; sixty, or say sixty nine, or seventy two<sup>1</sup> respectable Departments either declaring, or ready to declare. Nay Marseilles, it seems, will march on Paris by itself, if need be. So has Marseilles Town said, That she will march. But on the other hand, that Montélmart Town has said, No thoroughfare ; and means even to 'bury herself' under her own stone and mortar first,—of this be no mention in *Bulletin de Caen*.

Such animating paragraphs we read in this new Newspaper ; and fervours and eloquent sarcasm : tirades against the Mountain, from the pen of Deputy Salles ; which resemble, say friends, Pascal's *Provincials*. What is more to the purpose, these Girondins have got a General in chief, one Wimpfen, formerly under Dumouriez ; also a secondary questionable General Puitsaye, and others ; and are doing their best to raise a force for war. National Volunteers, whosoever is of right heart gather in, ye National Volunteers, friends of Liberty ; from our Calvados Townships, from the Eure, from Brittany, from far and near : forward to Paris, and extinguish Anarchy ! Thus at Caen, in the early July days, there is a drumming and parading, a perorating and consulting : Staff and Army, Council ; Club of *Carabots*, Anti Jacobin friends of Freedom, to denounce atrocious Marat. With all which, and the editing of *Bulletins*, a National Representative has his hands full.

At Caen it is most animated ; and, as one hopes, more or less animated in the 'Seventy two Departments that adhere to us' And in a France begirt with Cimmerian invading Coalitions, and torn with an internal La Vendée, this is the conclusion we have arrived at : To put down Anarchy by Civil War ! *Durum et durum*, the Proverb says, *non faciunt murum*. La Vendée burns. Santerre can do nothing there ; he may return home and brew beer. Cimmerian bombshells fly all along the North. That Siege of Mentz is become famed ;—lovers of the Picturesque (as Goethe will testify), washed country people of both sexes, stroll thither on Sundays, to see the artillery work and counterwork ; 'you only duck a little while the shot

<sup>1</sup> Méllan pp. 72, 73 ; Louvet p. 122.

whizzes past.<sup>1</sup> Condé is capitulating to the Austrians; Royal Highness of York, these several weeks, fiercely batters Valenciennes. For, alas, our fortified Camp of Famars was stormed; General Dampierre was killed; General Custine was blamed,—and indeed is now come to Paris to give ‘ explanations.’

CHAP. I  
July 1793

Against all which the Mountain and atrocious Marat must even make head as they can. They, anarchic Convention as they are, publish Decrees, expostulatory, explanatory, yet not without severity; they ray-forth Commissioners, singly or in pairs, the olive-branch in one hand, yet the sword in the other. Commissioners come even to Caen; but without effect. Mathematical Romme, and Prieur named of the Côte d’Or, venturing thither, with their olive and sword, are packed into prison: there may Romme lie, under lock and key, ‘ for fifty days’; and meditate his New Calendar, if he please. Cimmeria, La Vendée, and Civil War! Never was Republic One and Indivisible at a lower ebb.—

Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion *de l’Intendance*, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux.<sup>2</sup> She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D’Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? ‘ She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy.’ A completeness, a decision is in this fair female Figure: ‘ by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country.’ What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-dæmonic splendour; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright-complete was she, through long centuries!—Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a

<sup>1</sup> *Belagerung von Mainz* (Goethe’s *Werke*, xxx. 278-334).

<sup>2</sup> Meillan, p. 75; Louvet, p. 114.

BOOK 13  
July 17,  
1793

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; eve of the Bastille day,—when 'M Marat,' four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Reserval Hussar party, which had such friendly dispositions, 'to dismount, and give up their arms, then'; and became notable among Patriot men. Four years' what a road he has travelled;—and sits now, about half past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper bath; sore afflicted, ill of Revolution Fever,—of what other Malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with pre-



DEATH MASK OF MARAT.

cisely elevenpence half penny of ready money, in paper; with slipper-bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid — Washer-woman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street; thither and not else whither has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity; yet surely on the way towards that?—Hark, a rap again! A musical

woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognising from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you—He seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some Deputies. 'Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,' croaks the eager People's friend, clutching his tablets to write. *Barbaroux*, *Pition*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath; *Pition*, and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath, plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. 'A

mot,

*moi, chère amie*, Help, dear ! ' no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left ; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.<sup>1</sup>

CHAP. I  
July 17,  
1793

And so Marat People's-friend is ended ; the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar,—*whitherward* He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail ; re-echoed by Patriot France ; and the Convention, ' Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated,' may decree him Pantheon Honours, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him ; and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honour to call ' the good Sansculotte,'—whom we name not here ;<sup>2</sup> also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel ; and new-born children be named Marat ; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts ; and David paint his Picture, or Death-Scene ; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise : but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper : how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, ' that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given him.'<sup>3</sup> For Marat too had a brother and natural affections ; and was wrapped once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men !—A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished ; the recompense of it is near and sure. The *chère amie*, and neighbours of the house, flying at her, she ' overturns some movables,' entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive ; then quietly surrenders ; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison : she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her ; his

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, Nos. 197, 198, 199 ; *Hist. Parl.* xxviii. 301-5 ; *Deux Amis*, x. 368-74.

<sup>2</sup> See *Eloge funèbre de Jean-Paul Marat*, prononcé à Strasbourg (in Barbaroux, pp. 125-31) ; Mercier, etc.

<sup>3</sup> Séance du 16 Septembre 1793.

BOOK 13  
July 17,  
1793

Papers sealed—which may lead to consequences Fauchet in like manner though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her Charlotte confronted with these two Deputies praises the grave firmness of Duperret censures the dejection of Fauchet

On Wednesday morning the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face, beautiful and calm she dates it 'fourth day of the Preparation of Peace' A strange murmur ran through the Hall at sight of her, you could not say of what character' Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath knife, 'All these details are needless,' interrupted Charlotte, 'it is I that killed Marat.' By whose instigation?—'By no one's' What tempted you then? His crimes 'I killed one man' added she raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*) as they went on with their questions 'I killed one man to save a hundred thousand, a villain to save innocents, a savage wild beast to give repose to my country I was a Republican before the Revolution I never wanted energy' There is therefore nothing to be said The public gazes astonished the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving the men of law proceed with their formalities The doom is Death as a murderess To her Advocate she gives thanks, in gentle phrase, in high flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks, but needs not any shriving any ghostly or other aid from him

On this same evening therefore about half past seven o'clock from the gate of the Conciergerie to a City all on tiptoe the fatal Cart issues, seated on it a fair young creature sheeted in red smock of Murderess, so beautiful serene so full of life, journeying towards death—alone amid the World Many take off their hats, saluting reverently, for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl Adam Lux, of Mentz declares that she is greater than Brutus, that it were beautiful to die with her the head of this young man seems turned At the Place de la Révolution the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile The executioners proceed to bind her feet, she resists thinking it meant as an insult, on a word of explanation she submits with cheerful

<sup>1</sup> *Précis de Charlotte Corday* c. c. (*Hist. Parl.* xxv il. 311 35)

<sup>2</sup> *Deux Amis* x. 374-84

apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame over-spreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. 'It is most true,' says Forster, 'that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes: the Police imprisoned him for it.'<sup>1</sup>

In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. 'Day of the Preparation of Peace'? Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely Maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of Love-paradises and the light of Life, but of Codrus' sacrifices and Death well-earned? That Twenty-five million hearts have got to such temper, this is the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this: whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the History of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete; angelic-dæmonic: like a Star! Adam Lux goes home, half-delirious; to pour forth his Apotheosis of her, in paper and print; to propose that she have a statue with this inscription, *Greater than Brutus*. Friends represent his danger; Lux is reckless; thinks it were beautiful to die with her.

## CHAPTER II

### IN CIVIL WAR

BUT during these same hours, another guillotine is at work, on another: Charlotte, for the Girondins, dies at Paris today; Châlier, by the Girondins, dies at Lyons tomorrow.

From rumbling of cannon along the streets of that City, it has come to firing of them, to rabid fighting: Nièvre Chol and the Girondins triumph;—behind whom there is, as every-

<sup>1</sup> *Brüfvechtel*, i. 508.

where,

CHAP. I  
July 17,  
1793

BOOK IV  
July 15,  
1793

where, a Royalist faction waiting to strike in Trouble enough at Lyons, and the dominant party carrying it with a high hand! For, indeed, the whole South is astir; incarcerating Jacobins, arming for Girondins: wherefore we have got a 'Congress of Lyons'; also a 'Revolutionary Tribunal of Lyons' and Anarchists shall tremble. So Châlier was soon found guilty, of Jacobinism, of murderous Plot, 'address with drawn dagger on the sixth of February last'; and, on the morrow, he also travels his final road, along the streets of Lyons, 'by the side of an ecclesiastic, with whom he seems to speak earnestly,'—the axe now glittering nigh. He could weep, in old years this man, and 'fall on his knees on the pavement,' blessing Heaven at sight of Federation Programs or the like; then he pilgrimed to Paris, to worship Marat and the Mountain: now Marat and he are both gone,—we said he could not end well. Jacobinism groans inwardly, at Lyons, but dare not outwardly. Châlier, when the Tribunal sentenced him, made answer: 'My death will cost this City dear.'

Montélimart Town is not buried under its ruins, yet Marseilles is actually marching under order of a 'Lyons Congress', is incarcerating Patriots; the very Royalists now showing face. Against which a General Cartaux fights, though in small force, and with him an Artillery Major, of the name of—Napoleon Buonaparte. This Napoleon, to prove that the Marseillaise have no chance ultimately, not only fights but writes; publishes his *Supper of Beaucourt*, a Dialogue which has become curious.<sup>1</sup> Unfortunate Cities, with their actions and their reactions! Violence to be paid with violence in geometrical ratio, Royalism and Anarchism both striking in;—the final net amount of which geometrical series, what man shall sum?

The Bar of Iron has never yet floated in Marseilles Harbour, but the body of Rebecqui was found floating, self-drowned there. Hot Rebecqui, seeing how confusion deepened, and Respectability grew poisoned with Royalism, felt that there was no refuge for a Republican but death. Rebecqui disappeared. no one knew whither, till, one morning they found the empty case or body of him risen to the top, tumbling on the salt waves,<sup>2</sup> and perceived that Rebecqui had with drawn for ever—Toulon likewise is incarcerating Patriots;

<sup>1</sup> See Hist II, il. 329 41

<sup>2</sup> Barbaroux p. 29

sending delegates to Congress; intriguing, in case of necessity, with the Royalists and English. Montpellier, Bordeaux, Nantes: all France, that is not under the swoop of Austria and Cimmeria, seems rushing into madness and suicidal ruin. The Mountain labours; like a volcano in a burning volcanic Land. Convention Committees, of Surety, of Salvation, are busy night and day: Convention Commissioners whirl on all

CHAP. II  
July 16,  
1793



GENERAL. CARTAUX.

highways; bearing olive-branch and sword, or now perhaps sword only. Chaumette and Municipals come daily to the Tuileries demanding a Constitution: it is some weeks now since he resolved, in Townhall, that a Deputation 'should go every day,' and demand a Constitution, till one were got;<sup>1</sup> whereby suicidal France might rally and pacify itself; a thing inexpressibly desirable.

This then is the fruit your Antianarchic Girondins have got from that Levying of War in Calvados? This fruit, we

<sup>1</sup> *Deux Amis*, x. 345.



BOOK IV  
July 13,  
1793

may say ; and no other whatsoever For indeed, before either Charlotte's or Châlier's head had fallen, the Calvados War itself had, as it were, vanished, dreamlike, in a shriek ! With 'seventy-two Departments' on our side, one might have hoped better things But it turns out that Respectabilities, though they will vote, will not fight. Possession always is nine points in Law ; but in Lawsuits of this kind, one may say, it is ninety-and-nine points Men do what they were wont to do, and have immense irresolution and inertia they obey him who has the symbols that elum obedience Consider what, in modern society, this one fact means the Metropolis is with our enemies ! Metropolis, *Mother-city* ; rightly so named all the rest are but as her children, her nurselings Why, there is not a leathern Diligence, with its post bags and luggage boots, that lumbers out from her, but is as a huge life pulse, she is the heart of all Cut short that one leathern Diligence, how much is cut short !—General Wimpfen, looking practically into the matter, can see nothing for it but that one should fall back on Royalism ; get into Communication with Pitt ! Dark innuendos he flings out, to that effect. wherreat we Girondins start, horrorstruck He produces as his Second in command a certain '*Ci-devant*,' one Comte Puisaye ; entirely unknown to Louvet, greatly suspected by him

Few wars, accordingly, were ever levied of a more insufficient character than this of Calvados He that is curious in such things may read the details of it in the Memoirs of that same *Ci-devant* Puisaye, the much-enduring man and Royalist How our Girondin National forces, marching off with plenty of wind music, were drawn out about the old Château of Brécourt, in the wood-country near Vernon, to meet the Mountain National forces advancing from Paris How on the fifteenth afternoon of July, they did meet ;—and, as it were, shrieked mutually, and took mutually to flight, without loss How Puisaye thereafter,—for the Mountain Nationals fled first, and we thought ourselves the victors—was roused from his warm bed in the Castle of Brécourt, and had to gallop without boots, our Nationals, in the night watches, having fallen unexpectedly into *sauve-qui-peut*—and in brief the Calvados War had burnt priming, and the only question now was, Whitherward to vanish in what hole to lude oneself !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires de Puisaye* (London 1803) i. 242-6\*

The National Volunteers rush homewards, faster than they came. The Seventy-two Respectable Departments, says Meillan, 'all turned round and forsook us, in the space of four-and-twenty hours.' Unhappy those who, as at Lyons for instance, have gone too far for turning! 'One morning,' we find placarded on our Intendance Mansion, the Decree of Convention which casts us *Hors la loi*, into Outlawry; placarded by our Caen Magistrates;—clear hint that we also are to vanish. Vanish indeed: but whitherward? Gorsas has friends in Rennes; he will hide there,—unhappily will not lie hid. Guadet, Lanjuinais are on cross roads; making for Bordeaux. 'To Bordeaux!' cries the general voice, of Valour alike and of Despair. Some flag of Respectability still floats there, or is thought to float.

Thitherward therefore; each as he can! Eleven of these ill-fated Deputies, among whom we may count as twelfth, Friend Riouffe the Man of Letters, do an original thing: Take the uniform of National Volunteers, and retreat southward with the Breton Battalion, as private soldiers of that corps. These brave Bretons had stood truer by us than any other. Nevertheless, at the end of a day or two, they also do now get dubious, self-divided; we must part from them; and, with some half-dozen as convoy or guide, retreat by ourselves,—a solitary marching detachment, through waste regions of the West.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER III

### RETREAT OF THE ELEVEN

It is one of the notablest Retreats, this of the Eleven, that History presents: The handful of forlorn Legislators retreating there, continually, with shouldered firelock and well-filled cartridge-box, in the yellow autumn; long hundreds of miles between them and Bordeaux; the country all getting hostile, suspicious of the truth; simmering and buzzing on all sides, more and more. Louvet has preserved the Itinerary of it; a piece worth all the rest he ever wrote.

O virtuous Pétion, with thy early-white head, O brave

<sup>1</sup> Louvet, pp. 101-37; Meillan, pp. 81, 241-70.

BOOK IV  
July 1793

young Barbaroux, has it come to this? Weary ways, worn shoes, light purse,—encompassed with perils as with a sea! Revolutionary Committees are in every Township; of Jacobin temper, our friends all cowed, our cause the losing one. In the Borough of Moncontour, by ill chance it is market day to the gaping public such transit of a solitary Marching Detachment is suspicious, we have need of energy, of promptitude and luck, to be allowed to march through. Hasten, ye weary pilgrims! The country is getting up; noise of you is bruited day after day, a solitary Twelve retreating in this mysterious manner with every new day, a wider wave of inquisitive pursuing tumult is stirred up, till the whole West will be in motion. 'Cussy is tormented with gout, Buzot is too fat for marching' Riouffe, blistered, bleeding, marches only on tip-toe, Barbaroux limps with sprained ankle, yet ever cheery, full of hope and valour. Light Louvet glances hare-eyed, not hare-hearted only virtuous Pétion's serenity 'was but once seen ruffled'.<sup>1</sup> They lie in straw lofts, in woody brakes, rudest *paillasse* on the floor of a secret friend is luxury. They are seized in the dead of night by Jacobin majors and tap of drum, get off by firm countenance, rattle of muskets and ready wit.

Of Borderaux, through fiery La Vendée and the long geographical spaces that remain, it were madness to think well if you can get to Quimper on the sea-coast, and take shipping there. Faster, ever faster! Before the end of the march, so hot has the country grown it is found advisable to march all night. They do it, under the still night canopy they plod along,—and yet behold Rumour has outplodded them. In the paltry Village of Carlinx (be its thatched huts and bottomless peat bogs long notable to the Traveller) one is astonished to find light still glimmering citizens are awake with rush lights burning in that nook of the terrestrial planet, as we traverse swiftly the one poor street, a voice is heard saying, 'There they are, *Les roûls qui passent!*'<sup>2</sup> Swifter, ye doomed lame Twelve speed ere they can arm, gain the Woods of Quimper before day, and lie squatted there!

The doomed Twelve do it, though with difficulty, with loss of road with peril and the mistakes of a night. In Quimper are Girondin friends who perhaps will harbour the homeless,

<sup>1</sup> *Mir* lian, pp. 219-37

<sup>2</sup> Louvet pp. 133-64

till a Bordeaux ship weigh. Wayworn, heartworn, in agony of suspense, till Quimper friendship get warning, they lie there, squatted under the thick wet boscage; suspicious of the face of man. Some pity to the brave; to the unhappy! Unhappiest of all Legislators, O when ye packed your luggage, some score or two-score months ago, and mounted this or the other leathern vehicle, to be Conscript Fathers of a regenerated France, and reap deathless laurels,—did you think your journey was to lead *hither*? The Quimper Samaritans find them squatted; lift them up to help and comfort; will hide them in sure places. Thence let them dissipate gradually; or there they can lie quiet, and write *Memoirs*, till a Bordeaux ship sail.

And thus, in Calvados all is dissipated; Romme is out of prison, meditating his Calendar; ringleaders are locked in his room. At Caen the Corday family mourns in silence: Buzot's House is a heap of dust and demolition; and amid the rubbish sticks a Gallows, with this inscription, *Here dwelt the Traitor Buzot, who conspired against the Republic*. Buzot and the other vanished Deputies are *hors la loi*, as we saw; their lives free to take where they can be found. The worse fares it with the poor Arrested visible Deputies at Paris. 'Arrestment at home' threatens to become 'Confinement in the Luxembourg'; to end: *where*? For example, what pale-visaged thin man is this, journeying towards Switzerland as a Merchant of Neuchâtel, whom they arrest in the town of Moulins? To Revolutionary Committee he is suspect. To Revolutionary Committee, on probing the matter, he is evidently: Deputy Brissot! Back to thy Arrestment, poor Brissot; or indeed to strait confinement,—whither others are fated to follow. Rabaut has built himself a false-partition, in a friend's house; lives, in invisible darkness, between two walls. It will end, this same Arrestment business, in Prison, and the Revolutionary Tribunal.

Nor must we forget Duperret, and the seal put on his papers by reason of Charlotte. One Paper is there, fit to breed wo enough: A secret solemn Protest against that *suprema dies* of the Second of June! This Secret Protest our poor Duperret had drawn up, the same week, in all plainness of speech; waiting the time for publishing it: to which Secret Protest his signature,  
and

BOOK IV  
Aug 10,  
1793

have come, the venerablest Republicans of each Department, with solemn message of Acceptance; and now what remains but that our new Final Constitution be proclaimed, and sworn to, in Feast of Pikes? The Departmental Deputies, we say, are come some time ago; Chaumette very anxious about them, lest Girondin *Monsieurs*, Agio-jobbers, or were it even *Filles de joie* of a Girondin temper, corrupt their morals<sup>1</sup> Tenth of August, immortal Anniversary, greater almost than Bastille July, is the Day.

Painter David has not been idle Thanks to David and the French genius, there steps forth into the sunlight, this day, a Scenic Phantasmagory unexampled.—whereof History, so occupied with real Phantasmagories, will say but little

For one thing, History can notice with satisfaction, on the ruins of the Bastille, a *Statue of Nature*; gigantic, spouting water from her two *mammelles* Not a Dream this; but a fact, palpable visible There she spouts, great Nature; dim, before daybreak But as the coming Sun ruddies the East, come countless Multitudes, regulated and unregulated; come Departmental Deputies, come Mother Society and Daughters, comes National Convention, led on by handsome Hérault, soft wind music breathing note of expectation. Lo, as great Sol scatters his first fire handful, tipping the hills and chimney heads with gold, Hérault is at great Nature's feet (she is plaster of paris merely), Hérault lifts, in an iron saucer, water spouted from the sacred breasts; drinks of it, with an eloquent Pagan Prayer, beginning, 'O Nature!' and all the Departmental Deputies drink, each with what best suitable ejaculation or prophetic utterance is in him,—amid breathings, which become blasts, of wind music, and the roar of artillery and human throats. finishing well the first act of this solemnity.

Next are processionings along the Boulevards Deputies or Officials bound together by long indivisible tricolor riband, general 'members of the Sovereign' walking pell mell, with pikes, with hammers, with the tools and emblems of their crafts; among which we notice a Plough, and ancient Baucis and Philemon seated on it, drawn by their children. Many voiced harmony and dissonance filling the air Through Triumphal Arches enough at the basis of the first of which, we descry—whom thinkest thou?—the Heroines of the Insur

<sup>1</sup> *Deux Amis* xl. 73.





rection of Women. Strong Dames of the Market, they sit there (Théroigne too ill to attend, one fears), with oak-branches, tricolor bedizenment; firm seated on their Cannons. To whom handsome Hérault, making pause of admiration, addresses soothing eloquence; whereupon they rise and fall into the march.

CHAP. IV  
Aug. 10,  
1793

And now mark, in the Place de la Révolution, what other august Statue may this be; veiled in canvas,—which swiftly we shear off, by pulley and cord? The *Statue of Liberty*! She too is of plaster, hoping to become of metal; stands where a Tyrant Louis Quinze once stood. ‘Three thousand birds’ are let loose, into the whole world, with labels round their neck, *We are free; imitate us*. Holocaust of Royalist and *ci-devant* trumpery, such as one could still gather, is burnt; pontifical eloquence must be uttered, by handsome Hérault, and Pagan orisons offered up.

And then forward across the River; where is new enormous Statuary; enormous plaster Mountain; Hercules-*Peuple*, with uplifted all-conquering club; ‘many-headed Dragon of Girondin Federalism rising from fetid marsh’:—needing new eloquence from Hérault. To say nothing of Champ-de-Mars, and Fatherland’s Altar there; with urn of slain Defenders, Carpenter’s-level of the Law; and such exploding, gesticulating and perorating, that Hérault’s lips must be growing white, and his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth.<sup>1</sup>

Towards six o’clock let the wearied President, let Paris Patriotism generally sit down to what repast, and social repasts, can be had; and with flowing tankard or light-mantling glass, usher in this New and Newest Era. In fact, is not Romme’s New Calendar getting ready? On all housetops flicker little tricolor Flags, their flagstaff a Pike and Liberty-Cap. On all house-walls,—for no Patriot not suspect will be behind another,—there stand printed these words: *Republic one and indivisible; Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death*.

As to the New Calendar, we may say here rather than elsewhere that speculative men have long been struck with the inequalities and incongruities of the Old Calendar; that a New one has long been as good as determined on. Maréchal the Atheist, almost ten years ago, proposed a New Calendar,

<sup>1</sup> *Choix des Rapports*, xii. 432-42.



BOOK IV  
Oct. 8, 1797

Thus with new I cast of Pikes and New I ra or New Calendar, did France accept her New Constitution • the most Democratic Constitution ever committed to paper. How it will work in practice? Patriot Deputations, from time to time, solicit fruition of it; that it be set a going. Always, however, this seems questionable; for the moment, unsuitable. Till, in some weeks, *Salut Public*, through the organ of Saint Just, makes report, that, in the present alarming circumstances, the state of France is Revolutionary, that her 'Government must be Revolutionary till the Peace' Solely as Paper, then and as a Hope, must this poor new Constitution exist,—in which shape we may conceive it lying, even now, with an infinity of other things, in that Limbo near the Moon. Further than paper it never got, nor ever will get.

## CHAPTER V

### SWORD OF SHARPNESS

In fact, it is something quite other than paper theorems, it is iron and audacity that France now needs.

Is not La Vendée still blazing,—alas too literally, rogue Rossignol burning the very corn mills? General Santerre could do nothing there, General Rossignol, in blind fury, often in liquor, can do less than nothing. Rebellion spreads, grows ever madder. Happily these lean Quixote figures, whom we saw retreating out of Mentz, 'bound not to serve against the Coalition for a year,' have got to Paris. National Convention packs them into post vehicles and conveyances, sends them swiftly, by post, into La Vendée. There valiantly struggling, in obscure battle and skirmish, under rogue Rossignol, let them, unlaureled, save the Republic, and 'be cut down gradually to the last man' <sup>1</sup>

Does not the Coalition, like a fire-tide, pour in, Prussia through the opened Northeast, Austria, England through the Northwest? General Houchard prospers no better there than General Custine did. let him look to it! Through the Eastern and the Western Pyrenees Spain has deployed itself;

<sup>1</sup> *Deux Années* xl. 147; x l. 160-93 etc.

spreads, rustling with Bourbon banners, over the face of the South. Ashes and embers of confused Girondin civil war covered that region already. Marseilles is damped down, not quenched; to be quenched in blood. Toulon, terror-struck, too far gone for turning, has flung itself, ye righteous Powers, into the hands of the English! On Toulon Arsenal there flies a flag,—nay not even the Fleur-de-lys of a Louis Pre-

CHAP. V  
Aug. 1793  
(Year 1, Fruct.)



GENERAL HOUCHARD.

tender; there flies that accursed St. George's Cross of the English and Admiral Hood! What remnant of sea-craft, arsenals, roperies, war-navy France had, has given itself to these enemies of human nature, '*ennemis du genre humain.*' Beleaguer it, bombard it, ye Commissioners Barras, Fréron, Robespierre Junior; thou General Cartaux, General Dugommier; above all, thou remarkable Artillery-Major, Napoleon Buonaparte! Hood is fortifying himself, victualling himself; means, apparently, to make a new Gibraltar of it.

BOOK IV  
Aug 1793  
(Year 1. Fruct.)

But lo, in the Autumn night, late night, among the last of August, what sudden red sunblaze is this that has risen over Lyons City ; with a noise to deafen the world ! It is the Powder tower of Lyons, nay the Arsenal with four Powder towers, which has caught fire in the Bombardment ; and sprung into the air, carrying ' a hundred and seventeen houses ' after it. With a light, one fancies, as of the noon sun ; with a roar second only to the Last Trumpet ! All living sleepers far and wide it has awakened. What a sight was that, which the eye of History saw, in the sudden nocturnal sunblaze ! The roofs of hapless Lyons and all its domes and steeples made momentarily clear, Rhone and Saône streams flashing suddenly visible, and height and hollow, hamlet and smooth stubblefield, and all the region round ;—heights, alas, all scarped and counter scarped, into trenches, curtains, redoubts, blue Artillerymen, little Powder-devilkins plying their hell trade there through the *not* ambrosial night ! Let the darkness cover it again ; for it pains the eye. Of a truth, Châlier's death is costing the City dear. Convention Commissioners, Lyons Congresses have come and gone, and action there was and reaction ; bad ever growing worse ; till it has come to this ; Commissioner Dubois Crancé, ' with seventy thousand men, and all the Artillery of several Provinces ' bombarding Lyons day and night.

Worse things still are in store. Famine is in Lyons, and ruin and fire. Desperate are the sallies of the besieged, brave Précy, their National Colonel and Commandant, doing what is in man desperate but ineffectual. Provisions cut off, nothing entering our city but shot and shells ! The Arsenal has roared aloft, the very Hospital will be battered down, and the sick burned alive. A black Flag hung on this latter noble Edifice, appealing to the pity of the besiegers ; for though maddened, were they not still our brethren ? In their blind wrath, they took it for a flag of defiance, and aimed thitherward the more. Bad is growing ever worse here, and how will the worse stop, till it have grown worst of all ? Commissioner Dubois will listen to no pleading, to no speech, save this only, We surrender at discretion. Lyons contains in it subdued Jacobins, dominant Girondins, secret Royalists. And now, mere deaf madness and cannon shot, enveloping them, will not the desperate Municipality fly, at last, into the arms of Royalism itself ?

Majesty

Majesty of Sardinia was to bring help, but it failed. Emigrant d'Autichamp, in name of the Two Pretender Royal Highnesses, is coming through Switzerland with help; coming, not yet come: Pr  cy hoists the Fleur-de-lys!

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At sight of which all true Girondins sorrowfully fling down their arms:—Let our Tricolor brethren storm us, then, and slay us in their wrath; with *you* we conquer not. The famishing women and children are sent forth: deaf Dubois sends them back;—rains in mere fire and madness. Our 'redoubts of cotton-bags' are taken, retaken; Pr  cy under his Fleur-de-lys is valiant as Despair. What will become of Lyons? It is a siege of seventy days.<sup>1</sup>

Or see, in these same weeks, far in the Western waters: breasting through the Bay of Biscay, a greasy dingy little Merchant-ship, with Scotch skipper; under hatches whereof sit, disconsolate,—the last forlorn nucleus of Girondism, the Deputies from Quimper! Several have dissipated themselves, whithersoever they could. Poor Riouffe fell into the talons of Revolutionary Committee and Paris Prison. The rest sit here under hatches; reverend P  tion with his gray hair, angry Buzot, suspicious Louvet, brave young Barbaroux, and others. They have escaped from Quimper, in this sad craft; are now tacking and struggling; in danger from the waves, in danger from the English, in still worse danger from the French;—banished by Heaven and Earth to the greasy belly of this Scotch skipper's Merchant-vessel, unfruitful Atlantic raving round. They are for Bordeaux, if peradventure hope yet linger there. Enter not Bordeaux, O Friends! Bloody Convention Representatives, Tallien and suchlike, with their Edicts, with their Guillotine, have arrived there; Respectability is driven under ground; Jacobinism lords it on high. From that R  ole landing-place, or *Beak of Amb  s*, as it were, pale Death, waving his Revolutionary Sword of Sharpness, waves you elsewhere!

On one side or the other of that Bec d'Amb  s, the Scotch Skipper with difficulty moors, a dexterous greasy man; with difficulty lands his Girondins;—who, after reconnoitring, must rapidly burrow in the Earth; and so, in 'subterranean ways, in friends' back-closets, in cellars, barn-lofts, in caves of Saint-  milion and Libourne, stave-off cruel Death.<sup>2</sup> Unhappiest of all Senators!

<sup>1</sup> *Deux Amis*, xi. 80-143.

<sup>2</sup> Louvet, pp. 180-99.

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(Vol. 2. Part 2)

## CHAPTER VI

## RISE AGAINST TYRANTS

AGAINST all which incalculable impediments, horrors and disasters, what can a Jacobin Convention oppose? The uncalculating Spirit of Jacobinism, and Sansculottic sansformulistic Frenzy! Our Enemies press in on us, says Danton, but they shall not conquer us, 'we will burn France to ashes rather, *nous brûlerons la France*'

Committees of *Sûreté*, of *Salut*, have raised themselves 'à la hauteur, to the height of circumstances' Let all mortals raise themselves à la hauteur Let the Forty four thousand Sections and their Revolutionary Committees stir every fibre of the Republic, and every Frenchman feel that he is to do or die They are the life-circulation of Jacobinism, these Sections and Committees Danton, through the organ of Barrère and *Salut Public*, gets decreed, That there be in Paris by law, two meetings of Section weekly, also that the Poorer Citizen be paid for attending, and have his day's wages of Forty Sous<sup>1</sup> This is the celebrated 'Law of the Forty Sous', fiercely stimulant to Sansculottism, to the life-circulation of Jacobinism.

On the twenty third of August, Committee of Public Salvation, as usual through Barrère, had promulgated in words not unworthy of remembering their Report, which is soon made into a Law, of *Ley in Mass* 'All France, and whatsoever it contains of men or resources, is put under requisition,' says Barrère, really in Tyrtæan words, the best we know of his 'The Republic is one vast besieged city' Two-hundred and fifty forges shall, in these days, be set up in the Luxembourg Garden, and round the outer wall of the Tuileries, to make gun barrels, in sight of Earth and Heaven! From all hamlets towards their Departmental Town, from all Departmental Towns, towards the appointed Camp and seat of war, the Sons of Freedom shall march, their banner is to bear 'Le Peuple Français debout contre les Tyrans The French People risen against Tyrants The young men shall go to the

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur* Séance du 5 Septembre 1793.

battle,

battle; it is their task to conquer: the married men shall forge arms, transport baggage and artillery; provide subsistence: the women shall work at soldiers' clothes, make tents; serve in the hospitals: the children shall scrape old-linen into surgeon's-lint: the aged men shall have themselves carried into public places, and there, by their words, excite the courage of the young; preach hatred to Kings and unity to the Republic.<sup>1</sup> Tyrtæan words; which tingle through all French hearts.

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(Year 1, Fruct.)

In this humour, then, since no other serves, will France rush against its enemies. Headlong, reckoning no cost or consequence; heeding no law or rule but that supreme law, Salvation of the People! The weapons are, all the iron that is in France; the strength is, that of all the men, women, and children that are in France. There, in their two-hundred and fifty shed-smithies, in Garden of Luxembourg or Tuileries, let them forge gun-barrels, in sight of Heaven and Earth.

Nor with heroic daring against the Foreign foe, can black vengeance against the Domestic be wanting. Life-circulation of the Revolutionary Committees being quickened by that *Law of the Forty Sous*, Deputy Merlin,—not the Thionviller, whom we saw ride out of Mentz, but Merlin of Douai, named subsequently Merlin *Suspect*,—comes, about a week after, with his world-famous *Law of the Suspect*: ordering all Sections, by their Committees, instantly to arrest all Persons Suspect; and explaining withal who the Arrestable and Suspect specially are. 'Are suspect,' says he, 'all who by their actions, by their connexions, speakings, writings have'—in short become Suspect.<sup>2</sup> Nay Chaumette, illuminating the matter still further; in his Municipal Placards and Proclamations, will bring it about that you may almost recognise a Suspect on the streets; and clutch him there,—off to Committee and Prison. Watch well your words, watch well your looks: if Suspect of nothing else, you may grow, as came to be a saying, 'Suspect of being Suspect'! For are we not in a state of Revolution? No frightfuler Law ever ruled in a Nation of men. All Prisons and Houses of Arrest in French land are getting crowded to the ridge-tile: Forty-four thousand Committees,

<sup>1</sup> *Débats*, Séance du 23 Août 1793.

<sup>2</sup> *Moniteur*, Séance du 17 Septembre 1793.

BOOK IV  
Oct. 11, 1793  
(Paris, Vend.)

like as many companies of reapers or gleaners, gleaned France, are gathering their harvest, and storing it in these houses Harvest of Aristocrat tares! Nay, lest the Forty four thousand, each on its own harvest field, prove insufficient, we are to have an ambulant 'Revolutionary Army' six-thousand strong, under right captains, this shall perambulate the country at large, and strike in wherever it finds such harvest work slack So have Municipality and Mother Society petitioned, so has Convention decreed 'Let Aristocrats, Federalists, *Monsieurs* vanish, and all men tremble 'the Soil of Liberty shall be purged,'—with a vengeance!

Neither hitherto has the Revolutionary Tribunal been keeping holiday Blanchelande, for losing Saint Domingo; 'Conspirators of Orléans,' for 'assassinating,' for assaulting the sacred Deputy Léonard Bourdon these with many Nameless to whom life was sweet, have died Daily the great Guillotine has its due Like a black Spectre, daily at even tide glides the Death tumbrel through the variegated throng of things The variegated street shudders at it, for the moment, next moment forgets it. The Aristocrats! They were guilty against the Republic, their death, were it only that their goods are confiscated, will be useful to the Republic, *Vive la République!*

In the last days of August fell a notabler head General Custine's Custine was accused of harshness, of unskillfulness, perfidiousness, accused of many things found guilty, we may say, of one thing, unsuccessfulness Hearing his unexpected Sentence, 'Custine fell down before the Crucifix,' silent for the space of two hours he fared, with moist eyes and a look of prayer, towards the Place de la Révolution, glanced upwards at the clear suspended axe, then mounted swiftly aloft<sup>1</sup> swiftly was struck away from the lists of the Living He had fought in America, he was a proud, brave man, and his fortune led him *hither*

On the 2d of this same month, at three in the morning, a vehicle rolled off, with closed blinds, from the Temple to the Conciergerie. Within it were two Municipals, and Marie-Antoinette, once Queen of France! There in that Conciergerie, in ignominious dreary cell, she, secluded from children,

<sup>1</sup> *Mon leur Séances du 5 9 11 Septembre*

<sup>2</sup> *Deux Amis* xl. 143-83.

kindred, friend and hope, sits long weeks ; expecting when the end will be.<sup>1</sup>

CHAP. VI  
Oct. 14, 1793  
(Year 2, Vend. 23)

The Guillotine, we find, gets always a quicker motion, as other things are quickening. The Guillotine, by its speed of going, will give index of the general velocity of the Republic. The clanking of its huge axe, rising and falling there, in horrid systole-diastole, is portion of the whole enormous life-movement and pulsation of the Sansculottic System !—‘Orléans Conspirators’ and Assaulters had to die, in spite of much weeping and entreating ; so sacred is the person of a Deputy. Yet the sacred can become desecrated : your very Deputy is not greater than the Guillotine. Poor Deputy Journalist Gorsas : we saw him hide at Rennes, when the Calvados War burnt priming. He stole, afterwards, in August, to Paris ; lurked several weeks about the Palais *ci-devant* Royal ; was seen there, one day ; was clutched, identified, and without ceremony, being already ‘out of the Law,’ was sent to the Place de la Révolution. He died, recommending his wife and children to the pity of the Republic. It is the ninth day of October 1793. Gorsas is the first Deputy that dies on the scaffold ; he will not be the last.

Ex-Mayor Bailly is in Prison ; Ex-Procureur Manuel. Brissot and our poor Arrested Girondins have become Incarcerated Indicted Girondins ; universal Jacobinism clamouring for their punishment. Duperret’s Seals are *broken* ! Those Seventy-three Secret Protesters, suddenly one day, are reported upon, are decreed accused ; the Convention-doors being ‘previously shut,’ that none implicated might escape. They were marched, in a very rough manner, to Prison that evening. Happy those of them who chanced to be absent ! Condorcet has vanished into darkness ; perhaps, like Rabaut, sits between two walls, in the house of a friend.

<sup>1</sup> See *Mémoires particuliers de la Captivité à la Tour du Temple* (by the Duchesse d’Angoulême, Paris, 21 Janvier 1817).



BOOK IV  
Oct 14 1793  
(Years Vend.)

## CHAPTER VII

## MARIE-ANTOINETTE

ON Monday the Fourteenth of October 1793, a Cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court such as those old stone walls never witnessed the Trial of Marie Antoinette. The once brightest of Queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier Tinville's Judgment bar, answering for her life. The Indictment was delivered her last night<sup>1</sup>. To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate.

There are few Printed things one meets with of such tragic, almost ghastly, significance as those bald Pages of the *Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, which bear title *Trial of the Widow Capet*. Dim, dim, as if in disastrous eclipse, like the pale kingdoms of Dis! Plutonic Judges, Plutonic Tinville, encircled, nine times, with Styx and Lethe, with Fire Phlegethon and Coeytus named of Lamentation! The very witnesses summoned are like Ghosts—exculpatory, inculpatory, they themselves are all hovering over death and doom; they are known, in our imagination, as the prey of the Guillotine. Tall *ci devant* Count d'Estaing, anxious to show himself Patriot, cannot escape, nor Bailly, who, when asked If he knows the Accused, answers with a reverent inclination towards her, 'Ah, yes, I know Madame'. The Patriots are here, sharply dealt with, as Procureur Manuel, Ex Ministers, shorn of their splendour. We have cold Aristocratic impassivity, faithful to itself even in Tartarus, rabid stupidity, of Patriot Corporals, Patriot Washerwomen, who have much to say of Plots, Treasons, August Tenth, old Insurrection of Women. For all now has become a crime in her who has lost.

Marie Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment, and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous Indictment was reading continued calm, 'she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano'. You discern, not without interest, across that dim Revolutionary Bulletin itself,

<sup>1</sup> *Procès de la Reine* (Deux Amis xl. 251-381)

how she bears herself queenlike. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of Laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. 'You persist, then, in denial?'—'My plan is not denial: it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that.' Scandalous Hébert has borne his testimony as to many things: as to one thing, concerning Marie-Antoinette and her little Son, —wherewith Human Speech had better not further be soiled. She has answered Hébert; a Jurymen begs to observe that she has not answered as to *this*. 'I have not answered,' she exclaims with noble emotion, 'because Nature refuses to answer such a charge brought against a Mother. I appeal to all the Mothers that are here.' Robespierre, when he heard of it, broke out into something almost like swearing at the brutish blockheadism of this Hébert; <sup>1</sup> on whose foul head his foul lie has recoiled. At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out: sentence of Death. 'Have you anything to say?' The Accused shook her head, without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her too Time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day. This Hall of Tinville's is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die.

Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful Archduchess and Dauphiness, quitting her Mother's City, at the age of Fifteen; towards hopes such as no other Daughter of Eve then had: 'On the morrow,' says Weber an eye-witness, 'the Dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out; at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared: you saw her sunk back into her carriage; her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her head to see yet again this Palace of her Fathers, whither she was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude to the good Nation, which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears; but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last

<sup>1</sup> Villate, *Causes secrètes de la Révolution de Thermidor* (Paris, 1825), p. 179.

BOOK IV How will Tinville prove these men guilty of Royalism, Federal  
 (Oct. 30 1793) ism, Conspiracy against the Republic? Vergniaud's eloquence  
 (Vol. 2, Book 4) awakes once more, 'draws tears,' they say. And Journalists report, and the Trial lengthens itself out day after day; 'threatens to become eternal,' murmur many. Jacobinism and Municipality rise to the aid of Fouquier. On the 28th of the month, Hébert and others come in deputation to inform a Patriot Convention that the Revolutionary Tribunal is quite 'shackled by Forms of Law', that a Patriot Jury ought to have 'the power of cutting short, of *terminer les débats*, when they feel themselves convinced' Which pregnant suggestion of cutting short, passes itself, with all despatch, into a Decree.

Accordingly, at ten o'clock on the night of the 30th of October, the Twenty two, summoned back once more, receive this information. That the Jury feeling themselves convinced have cut short, have brought in their verdict, that the Accused are found guilty, and the Sentence on one and all of them is, Death with confiscation of goods.

Loud natural clamour rises among the poor Girondins, tumult; which can only be repressed by the gendarmes. Valazé stabs himself, falls down dead on the spot. The rest, amid loud clamour and confusion, are driven back to their Conciergerie, Lasource exclaiming, 'I die on the day when the People have lost their reason; ye will die when they recover it.' No help! Yielding to violence, the Doomed uplift the Hymn of the Marseillaise; return singing to their dungeon.

Riouffe, who was their Prison mate in these last days, has lovingly recorded what death they made. To our notions, it is not an edifying death. Gay satirical *Pot-pourris* by Ducos; rhymed Scenes of Tragedy, wherein Barrère and Robespierre discourse with Satan, death's eve spent in 'singing' and 'sallies of gaiety,' with 'discourses on the happiness of peoples'—these things, and the like of these, we have to accept for what they are worth. It is the manner in which the Girondins make their Last Supper. Valazé, with bloody breast, sleeps cold in death; hears not the singing. Vergniaud has his dose of poison; but it is not enough for his friends, it is enough only for himself, wherefore he flings it from him; presides at this

<sup>1</sup> *Discours éloquent, l'aveu de l'erreur, l'aveu de la faute. Le peuple s'en est dit, les supplices.*—*Plot. Off.* 1 iv p 310, ed. Reiske, 1776.

Last Supper of the Girondins, with wild coruscations of eloquence, with song and mirth. Poor human Will struggles to assert itself ; if not in this way, then in that.<sup>1</sup>

CHAP. VIII  
Oct. 30, 1793  
(Year 2, Drum. 9)

But on the morrow morning all Paris is out ; such a crowd as no man had seen. The Death-carts, Valazé's cold corpse stretched among the yet living Twenty-one, roll along. Bare-headed, hands bound ; in their shirt-sleeves, coat flung loosely



BRISOT DE WARVILLE.

round the neck : so fare the eloquent of France ; bemurmured, beshouted. To the shouts of *Vive la République*, some of them keep answering with counter-shouts of *Vive la République*. Others, as Brissot, sit sunk in silence. At the foot of the scaffold they again strike up, with appropriate variations, the Hymn of the Marseillaise. Such an act of music ; conceive it well ! The yet Living chant there ; the chorus so rapidly

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires de Riouffe* (in *Mémoires sur les Prisons*, Paris, 1823), pp. 48-55.

wearing

## BOOK FIFTH

# TERROR THE ORDER OF THE DAY

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### CHAPTER I

#### RUSHING DOWN

WE are now, therefore, got to that black precipitous Abyss; whither all things have long been tending; where, having now arrived on the giddy verge, they hurl down, in confused ruin; headlong, pell-mell, down, down;—till Sansculottism have consummated itself; and in this wondrous French Revolution, as in a Doomsday, a World have been rapidly, if not born again, yet destroyed and engulfed. Terror has long been terrible: but to the actors themselves it has now become manifest that their appointed course is one of Terror; and they say, Be it so. '*Que la Terreur soit à l'ordre du jour.*'

So many centuries, say only from Hugh Capet downwards, had been adding together, century transmitting it with increase to century, the sum of Wickedness, of Falsehood, Oppression of man by man. Kings were sinners, and Priests were, and People. Open Scoundrels rode triumphant, bediademed, be-coronetted, bemitred; or the still fataler species of Secret-Scoundrels, in their fair-sounding formulas, speciosities, respectabilities, hollow within: the race of Quacks was grown many as the sands of the sea. Till at length such a sum of Quackery had accumulated itself as, in brief, the Earth and the Heavens were weary of. Slow seemed the Day of Settlement; coming on, all imperceptible, across the bluster and fanfaronade of Courtierisms, Conquering-Heroisms, Most Christian *Grand Monarque*-isms, Well-beloved Pompadourisms: yet behold it was always coming; behold it has come, suddenly, unlooked for by any man! The harvest of long centuries was ripening and whitening so rapidly of late; and now it is grown *white*,  
and

and is reaped rapidly, as it were, in one day. Reaped, in this Reign of Terror; and carried home, to Hades and the Pit!—Unhappy Sons of Adam: it is ever so; and never do they know it, nor will they know it. With cheerfully smoothed countenances, day after day, and generation after generation, they, calling cheerfully to one another, Well-speed-ye, are at work, *sowing the wind*. And yet, as God lives, they *shall reap the whirlwind*: no other thing, we say, is possible,—since God is a Truth, and His World is a Truth.

History, however, in dealing with the Reign of Terror, has had her own difficulties. While the Phenomenon continued in its primary state, as mere 'Horrors of the French Revolution,' there was abundance to be said and shrieked. With and also without profit. Heaven knows, there were terrors and horrors enough: yet that was not all the Phenomenon; nay, more properly, that was not the Phenomenon at all, but rather was the *shadow* of it, the negative part of it. And now, in a new stage of the business, when History, ceasing to shriek, would try rather to include under her old Forms of speech or speculation this new amazing Thing; that so some accredited scientific Law of Nature might suffice for the unexpected Product of Nature, and History might get to speak of it articulately, and draw inferences and profit from it; in this new stage, History, we must say, babbles and flounders perhaps in a still painful manner. Take, for example, the latest Form of speech we have seen propounded on the subject as adequate to it, almost in these months, by our worthy M. Roux, in his *Histoire Parlementaire*. The latest and the strangest: that the French Revolution was a dead-lift effort, after eighteen hundred years of preparation, to realise—the Christian Religion! <sup>1</sup> *Unity, Indivisibility, Brotherhood or Death*, did indeed stand printed on all Houses of the Living; also on Cemeteries, or Houses of the Dead, stood printed, by order of Procureur Chaumette, *Here is Eternal Sleep*: <sup>2</sup> but a Christian Religion realised by the Guillotine and Death-Eternal 'is suspect to me,' as Robespierre was wont to say, '*m'est suspecte*.'

Alas, no, M. Roux! A Gospel of Brotherhood, not according to any of the Four old Evangelists, and calling on men

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Parl.* (Introd.) i. 1 et seqq.

<sup>2</sup> *Deux Amis*, xii. 78.

BOOK V  
1793  
(Over 2)

to repent, and amend *each his own* wicked existence, that they might be saved; but a Gospel rather, as we often hint, according to a new Fifth Evangelist Jean Jacques calling on men to amend *each the whole world's* wicked existence, and be saved by making the Constitution. A thing different and distant *tole caelo*, as they say: the whole breadth of the sky, and farther if possible!—It is thus, however, that History, and indeed all human Speech and Reason does yet, what Father Adam began life by doing. strive to *name* the new Things it sees of Nature's producing—often helplessly enough.

But what if History were to admit, for once, that all the Names and Theorems yet known to her fall short? That this grand Product of Nature was even grand, and new, in that it came not to range itself under old recorded Laws of Nature at all but to disclose new ones? In that case, History, renouncing the pretension to *name* it at present, will look honestly at it, and name what she can of it! Any approximation to the right Name has value were the right Name itself once here, the Thing is known henceforth, the Thing is then ours, and can be dealt with.

Now surely not realisation, of Christianity or of aught earthly, do we discern in this reign of Terror, in this French Revolution of which it is the consummating Destruction rather we discern,—of all that was destructible. It is as if Twenty five millions risen at length into the Pythian mood, had stood up simultaneously to say, with a sound which goes through far lands and times, that this Untruth of an Existence had become insupportable. O ye Hypocrisies and Speciosities, Royal mantles, Cardinal plush cloaks, ye Credos, Formulas, Respectabilities fair painted Sepulchres full of dead men's bones,—behold, ye appear to us to be altogether a Lie. Yet our Life is not a Lie, yet our Hunger and Misery is not a Lie! Behold we lift up, one and all, our Twenty five million right hands, and take the Heavens, and the Earth and also the Pit of Tophet to witness, that either ye shall be abolished, or else we shall be abolished!

No inconsiderable Oath truly, forming as has been often said the most remarkable transaction in these last thousand years. Wherefrom likewise there follow, and will follow, results. The fulfilment of this Oath; that is to say, the black desperate battle of Men against their whole Condition and Environment,—

ment,—a battle, alas, withal, against the Sin and that was in themselves as in others : this is the Reign of Terror. Transcendental despair was the purport of it, not consciously so. False hopes, of Fraternity, Political Liberty, and what not, we have always seen : but the unseen, the whole, the transcendental despair, was not false ; as it been of no effect. Despair, pushed far enough, breaks the circle, so to speak ; and becomes a kind of productive hope again.

Line of Fraternity, out of old Catholicism, does, it is very strangely in the vehicle of a Jean-Jacques Evangelist, plump down out of its cloud-firmament ; and from a doctrine determine to make itself a practice. But just so do the French intentions, customs, knowledges, thoughts, and feelings, which the French have, suddenly plump down ; Catholicism, Classicism, Sentimentalism, Cannibalism ; all that make up Man in France are rushing and roaring in a gulf ; and the theorem has become a practice, and never cannot swim sinks. Not Evangelist Jean-Jacques there is not a Village Schoolmaster but has contributed to it : do we not *thou* one another, according to the Free Religion of Antiquity ? The French Patriot, in red Phrygian cap of Liberty, christens his poor little red infant Cato,—or else of Utica. Gracchus has become Babœuf, and Newspapers ; Mutius Scævola, Cordwainer of that ilk, is in the Section Mutius-Scævola : and in brief, there is a wholly jumbling itself, to try what will swim.

Therefore we will, at all events, call this Reign of Terror a strange one. Dominant Sansculottism makes, as it were, a free arena ; one of the strangest temporary states of society was ever seen in. A nation of men, full of wants and void of habits ! The old habits are gone to wreck because they were old : men, driven forward by Necessity and fierce in a Madness, have, on the spur of the instant, to devise a way : want the *way* of satisfying it. The Wonted tumbles by imitation, by invention, the Unwonted hastily builds up. What the French National head has in it comes of not a great result, surely one of the strangest.

Whether shall the Reader fancy that it was all black, this Reign of Terror : far from it. How many hammermen and smiths, bakers and brewers, washers and wringers, over this



BOOK V  
1793  
(1222)

this France, must ply their old daily work let the Government be one of Terror or one of Joy! In this Paris there are Twenty three Theatres nightly, some count as many as Sixty Places of Dancing! The Playwright manufactures—pieces of a strictly Republican character Ever fresh Novel garbage, as of old foddens the Circulating Libraries! The 'Cesspool of *Agio*' now in a time of Paper Money, works with a vivacity unexampled unimagined, exhales from itself 'sudden fortunes,' like *Aladdin Palaces* really a kind of *miraculous Fata Morganas*, since you can live in them, for a time Terror is as a sable ground on which the most variegated of scenes paints itself In startling transitions in colours all intensified, the sublime the ludicrous, the horrible succeed one another, or rather in crowding tumult, accompany one another

Here, accordingly, if anywhere the 'hundred tongues' which the old Poets often clamour for, were of supreme service! In defect of any such organ on our part, let the Reader stir up his own imaginative organ let us snatch for him this or the other significant glumpse of things in the fittest sequence we can

## CHAPTER II

### DEATH

IN the early days of November there is one transient glumpse of things that is to be noted the last transit to his long home of Philippe d'Orléans Egalité Philippe was 'decreed accused' along with the Girondins much to his and their surprise, but not tried along with them They are doomed and dead some three days when Philippe after his long half year of durance at Marseilles arrives in Paris It is as we calculate the third of November 1793

On which same day two notable Female Prisoners are also put in ward there Dame Dubarry and Josephine Beauharnais Dame whilom Countess Dubarry Unfortunate female had returned from London, they snatched her, not only as Ex harlot of a whilom Majesty, and therefore Suspect, but as having 'furnished the Emigrants with money' Contem

<sup>1</sup> Merc er ii. 124

<sup>2</sup> *Monsieur* of these men his pass in poraneously

poraneously with whom there comes the wife Beauharnais, soon to be the widow: she that is Josephine Tascher Beauharnais;—that shall be Josephine Empress Buonaparte,—for a black Divineress of the Tropics prophesied long since that she should be a Queen and more. Likewise, in the same hours, poor Adam Lux, nigh turned in the head, who, according to Forster, ‘has taken no food these three weeks,’ marches to the Guillotine for his Pamphlet on Charlotte Corday: he ‘sprang to the scaffold’; said ‘he died for her with great joy.’ Amid such fellow-travellers does Philippe arrive. For, be the month named Brumaire year 2 of Liberty, or November year 1793 of Slavery, the Guillotine goes always, *Guillotine va toujours*.

Enough, Philippe’s indictment is soon drawn, his jury soon convinced. He finds himself made guilty of Royalism, Conspiracy and much else; nay, it is a guilt in him that he voted Louis’s Death, though he answers, ‘I voted in my soul and conscience.’ The doom he finds is death forthwith; this present 6th day of November is the last day that Philippe is to see. Philippe, says Montgaillard, thereupon called for breakfast: sufficiency of ‘oysters, two cutlets, best part of an excellent bottle of claret’; and consumed the same with apparent relish. A Revolutionary Judge, or some official Convention Emissary, then arrived, to signify that he might still do the State some service by revealing the truth about a plot or two. Philippe answered that, on him, in the pass things had come to, the State had, he thought, small claim; that nevertheless, in the interest of Liberty, he, having still some leisure on his hands, was willing, were a reasonable question asked him, to give a reasonable answer. And so, says Montgaillard, he leant his elbow on the mantel-piece, and conversed in an undertone, with great seeming composure; till the leisure was done, or the Emissary went his ways.

At the door of the Conciergerie, Philippe’s attitude was erect and easy, almost commanding. It is five years, all but a few days, since Philippe, within these same stone walls, stood up with an air of graciousity, and asked King Louis, ‘Whether it was a Royal Session, then, or a Bed of Justice?’ O Heaven!—Three poor blackguards were to ride and die with him: some say, they objected to such company, and had to be flung in neck and heels;<sup>1</sup> but it seems not true. Objecting or not

<sup>1</sup> Forster, ii. 628; Montgaillard, iv. 141-57.

objecting,

CHAP. II  
Nov. 6, 1793  
(Year 2, Brum. 16)

BOOK V  
Nov 6, 1793  
Years Drum. 10)

objecting, the gallows vehicle gets under way Philippe's dress is remarked for its elegance, green frock, waistcoat of white piqué, yellow buckskins, boots clear as Warren his air, as before, entirely composed, impassive, not to say easy and Brummellean polite Through street after street, slowly, amid execrations,—past the Palais Égalité, whilom Palais Royal! The cruel Populace stopped him there, some minutes Dame de Buffon, it is said, looked out on him, in Jerebel head tire; along the asilar Wall there ran these words in huge tri color print, REPUBLIC ONE AND INDIVISIBLE, LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY OR DEATH. *National Property* Philippe's eyes flashed hellfire, one instant; but the next instant it was gone, and he sat impassive, Brummellean polite On the scaffold, Samson was for drawing off his boots. 'Tush,' said Philippe, 'they will come better off *after*; let us have done, *dépêchons nous!*'

So Philippe was not without virtue, then? God forbid that there should be any living man without it! He had the virtue to keep living for five and forty years,—other virtues perhaps more than we know of But probably no mortal ever had such things recorded of him such facts, and also such lies For he was a *Jacobin Prince of the Blood*, consider what a combination! Also, unlike any Nero, any Borgia, he lived in the Age of Pamphlets Enough for us Chaos has re-absorbed him; may it late or never bear his like again!—Brave young Orléans Égalité, deprived of all only not deprived of himself, is gone to Coire in the Grisons, under the name of Corby, to teach Mathematics The Égalité Family is at the darkest depths of the Nadir

A far nobler Victim follows, one who will claim remembrance from several centuries. Jeanne Marie Philpon the Wife of Roland Queenly, sublime in her uncomplaining sorrow, seemed she to Riouffe in her Prison 'Something more than is usually found in the looks of women painted itself,' says Riouffe,<sup>1</sup> 'in those large black eyes of hers, full of expression and sweetness She spoke to me often, at the Grate we were all attentive round her, in a sort of admiration and astonishment, she expressed herself with a purity, with a harmony and prosody that made her language like music, of which the ear could never have enough Her conversation

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires (sur les Prisons, &c.)* pp. 55 7



PHOENIX DEATH-BIRTH.

*(The French army, as Bellona, is consumed,  
and Napoleon arises from the ashes.)*



was serious, not cold; coming from the mouth of a beautiful woman, it was frank and courageous as that of a great man.' 'And yet her maid said: "Before you, she collects her strength; but in her own room, she will sit three hours sometimes leaning on the window, and weeping."' She has been in Prison, liberated once, but recaptured the same hour, ever since the first of June: in agitation and uncertainty; which has gradually settled down into the last stern certainty, that of death. In the Abbaye Prison, she occupied Charlotte Corday's apartment. Here in the Conciergerie, she speaks with Riouffe, with Ex-Minister Clavière; calls the beheaded Twenty-two '*Nos amis*, our Friends,'—whom we are soon to follow. During these five months, those *Memoirs* of hers were written, which all the world still reads.

But now, on the 8th of November, 'clad in white,' says Riouffe, 'with her long black hair hanging down to her girdle,' she is gone to the Judgment-bar. She returned with a quick step; lifted her finger, to signify to us that she was doomed: her eyes seemed to have been wet. Fouquier-Tinville's questions had been 'brutal'; offended female honour flung them back on him, with scorn, not without tears. And now, short preparation soon done, she too shall go her last road. There went with her a certain Lamarche, 'Director of Assignat-printing'; whose dejection she endeavoured to cheer. Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, she asked for pen and paper, 'to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her':<sup>1</sup> a remarkable request; which was refused. Looking at the Statue of Liberty which stands there, she says bitterly: 'O Liberty, what things are done in thy name!' For Lamarche's sake, she will die first; show him how easy it is to die: 'Contrary to the order,' said Samson.—'Pshaw, you cannot refuse the last request of a Lady'; and Samson yielded.

Noble white Vision, with its high queenly face, its soft proud eyes, long black hair flowing down to the girdle; and as brave a heart as ever beat in woman's bosom! Like a white Grecian Statue, serenely complete, she shines in that black wreck of things;—long memorable. Honour to great Nature who, in Paris City, in the Era of Noble-Sentiment and Pompadourism, can make a Jeanne Philipon, and nourish her to clear perennial Womanhood, though but on Logics, *Encyclopédies*, and the

<sup>1</sup> *Memoires de Madame Roland* (Introd.), i. 68.

BOOK V  
Nov 1793  
(Trans. from.)

Gospel according to Jean-Jacques! Biography will long remember that trait of asking for a pen 'to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her' It is as a little light beam, shedding softness and a kind of sacredness over all that preceded so in her too there was an Unnameable, she too was a Daughter of the Infinite, there were mysteries which Philosophy had not dreamt of!—She left long written counsels to her little Girl, she said her Husband would not survive her

Still crueler was the fate of poor Bailly, First National President, First Mayor of Paris doomed now for Royalism, Fayettism, for that Red Flag Business of the Champ de-Mars, —one may say in general for leaving his Astronomy to meddle with Revolution It is the 10th of November 1793, a cold bitter drizzling rain as poor Bailly is led through the streets, howling Populace covering him with curses, with mud, waving over his face a burning or smoking mockery of a Red Flag Silent, unpitied, sits the innocent old man Slow faring through the sleety drizzle, they have got to the Champ de Mars Not there! vociferates the cursing Populace, such Blood ought not to stain an Altar of the Fatherland not there, but on that dung heap by the River side! So vociferates the cursing Populace, Officiality gives ear to them The Guillotine is taken down, though with hands numbed by the sleety drizzle, is carried to the River side, is there set up again with slow numbness, pulse after pulse still counting itself out in the old man's weary heart For hours long, amid curses and bitter frost rain! 'Bailly, thou tremblest,' said one 'Mon ami, it is for cold' said Bailly, '*c'est de froid*' Crueler end had no mortal<sup>1</sup>

Some days afterwards, Roland hearing the news of what happened on the 8th embraces his kind Friends at Rouen, leaves their kind house which had given him refuge, goes forth with farewell too sad for tears On the morrow morning 16th of the month, 'some four leagues from Rouen,' Paris ward, near Bourg Baudouin in M Normand's Avenue, there is seen sitting leant against a tree the figure of a rigorous wrinkled man, stiff now in the rigour of death, a cane-sword run through his heart, and at his feet this writing 'Who ever thou art that findest me lying respect my remains they are those of a man who consecrated all his life to being useful,

<sup>1</sup> *Vie de Bailly* (in *Mémoires* L.) p 39

and who has died as he lived, virtuous and honest.' 'Not fear, but indignation, made me quit my retreat, on learning that my Wife had been murdered. I wished not to remain longer on an Earth polluted with crimes.'<sup>1</sup>

CHAP. II  
Nov. 1793  
(Years, Brum.)

Barnave's appearance at the Revolutionary Tribunal was of the bravest; but it could not stead him. They have sent for him from Grenoble; to pay the common smart. Vain is eloquence, forensic or other, against the dumb Clotho-shears of Tinville. He is still

but two-and-thirty, this Barnave, and has known such changes. Short while ago, we saw him at the top of Fortune's wheel, his word a law to all Patriots: and now surely he is at the bottom of the wheel; in stormful altercation with a Tinville Tribunal, which is dooming him to die!<sup>2</sup> And Pétion, once also of the Extreme Left, and named *Pétion Virtue*, where is he? Civilly dead; in the Caves of Saint-Émilion; to be devoured of dogs. And Robespierre, who rode



J. PAUL RABAUT SAINT-ETIENNE.

along with him on the shoulders of the people, is in Committee of *Salut*; civilly alive: not to live always. So giddy-swift whirls and spins this immeasurable *tormentum* of a Revolution; wild-booming; not to be followed by the eye. Barnave, on the Scaffold, stamped with his foot; and looking upwards was heard to ejaculate, 'This, then, is my reward!'

Deputy Ex-Procureur Manuel is already gone; and Deputy Osselin, famed also in August and September, is about to go: and Rabaut, discovered treacherously between his two walls,

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires de Madame Roland* (Introd.), i. 88.

<sup>2</sup> Forster, ii. 629.



BOOK V  
Nov 1793  
Year 4. Brum.

with its National Representative, perhaps where Girondin Popular Tribunal had lately been, rises here and rises there; wheresoever needed Fouchés, Maignets, Barrases, Frérons scour the Southern Departments; like reapers, with their guillotine sickle Many are the labourers, great is the harvest. By the hundred and the thousand, men's lives are cropt; cast like brands into the burning

Marseilles is taken, and put under martial law: lo, at Marseilles, what one besmugged red bearded, corn ear is this which they cut,—one gross Man, we mean, with copper studded face; plenteous beard, or beard stubble, of a tile-colour? By Nemesis and the Fatal Sisters, it is Jourdan Coupe tête! Him they have clutched, in these martial law districts; him too, with their 'national razor,' their *rasoir national*, they sternly shave away. Low now is Jourdan the Headsman's own head,—low as Deshuttés's and Varigny's, which he sent on pikes, in the Insurrection of Women! No more shall he, as a copper Portent, be seen gyrating through the Cities of the South; no more sit judging, with pipes and brandy, in the Ice tower of Avignon The all hiding Earth has received him, the bloated Tilebeard: may we never look upon his like again!—Jourdan one names; the other Hundreds are not named Alas, they, like confused fagots, lie massed together for us, counted by the cart load. and yet not an individual fagot twig of them but had a Life and History; and was cut, not without pangs as when a Kaiser dies!

Least of all cities can Lyons escape Lyons, which we saw in dread sunblaze, that Autumn night when the Powder-tower sprang aloft, was clearly verging towards a sad end Inevitable: what could desperate valour and Précy do, Dubois Crancé, deaf as Destiny, stern as Doom, capturing their 'redoubts of cotton bags' hemming them in, ever closer, with his Artillery lava? Never would that *ci devant* D'Auti champ arrive, never any help from Blankenberg The Lyons Jacobins were hidden in cellars, the Girondin Municipality waxed pale, in famine, treason, and red fire Précy drew his sword, and some Fifteen Hundred with him; sprang to saddle, to cut their way to Switzerland They cut fiercely, and were fiercely cut, and cut down; not hundreds, hardly units of them ever saw Switzerland! Lyons, on the 9th of October, sur-

renders at discretion; it is become a devoted Town. Abbé CHAP. III  
 Lamourette, now Bishop Lamourette, whilom Legislator, he Nov. 1793  
 of the old *Baiser-l'Amourette* or Delilah-Kiss, is seized here; (Year 2, Brum.)  
 is sent to Paris to be guillotined: 'he made the sign of the  
 cross,' they say, when Tinville intimated his death-sentence to



FOUCHÉ.

him; and died as an eloquent Constitutional Bishop. But  
 we now to all Bishops, Priests, Aristocrats, and Federalists  
 that are in Lyons! The *manes* of Châlier are to be appeased;  
 the Republic, maddened to the Sibylline pitch, has bared her  
 right arm. Behold! Representative Fouché, it is Fouché of  
 Nantes, a name to become well known; he with a Patriot  
 company goes duly, in wondrous Procession, to raise the  
 corpse

BOOK V  
Dec. 1793  
(Years Film)

the guns, a short, taciturn, olive-complexioned young man, not unknown to us, by name Buonaparte; one of the best Artillery officers yet met with. And still Toulon is not taken. It is the fourth month now, December, in slave style, *Frost arious* or *Primaire*, in new style. and still their cursed Red Blue Flag flies there. They are provisioned from the Sea, they have seized all heights, felling wood, and fortifying themselves; like the cony, they have built their nest in the rocks.

Meanwhile *Frostarious* is not yet become *Snorrous* or *Nivose*, when a Council of War is called; Instructions have just arrived from Government and *Salut Public*. Carnot, in *Salut Public*, has sent us a plan of siege. on which plan General Dugommier has this criticism to make, Commissioner Salicetti has that, and criticisms and plans are very various, when that young Artillery Officer ventures to speak, the same whom we saw snatching sleep among the guns who has emerged several times in this History,—the name of him Napoleon Buonaparte. It is his humble opinion for he has been gliding about with spy glasses, with thoughts, That a certain Fort l'Eguillette can be clutched, as with lion spring, on the sudden, wherefrom, were it once ours, the very heart of Toulon might be battered, the English Lines were, so to speak, turned inside out, and Hood and our Natural Enemies must next day either put to sea, or be burnt to ashes. Commissioners arch their eyebrows, with negatory sniff who is this young gentleman with more wit than we all? Brave veteran Dugommier, however, thinks the idea worth a word, questions the young gentleman, becomes convinced, and there is for issue, Try it.

On the taciturn bronze countenance therefore, things being now all ready, there sits a grimmer gravity than ever, compressing a hotter central fire than ever. Yonder, thou seest, is Fort l'Eguillette, a desperate lion spring, yet a possible one, this day to be tried!—Tried it is, and found good. By stratagem and valour, stealing through ravines, plunging fiery through the fire tempest, Fort l'Eguillette is clutched at, is carried, the smoke having cleared, we see the Tricolor fly on it, the bronze-complexioned young man was right. Next morning, Hood, finding the interior of his lines exposed, his defences turned inside out, makes for his shipping. Taking such Royalists as wished it on board with him he weighs anchor,

anchor; on this 19th of December 1793, Toulon is once more the Republic's!

CHAP. III  
Dec. 1793  
(Year 2, Film.)

Cannonading has ceased at Toulon; and now the guillotining and fusillading may begin. Civil horrors, truly: but at least that infamy of an English domination is purged away. Let there be Civic Feast universally over France: so reports Barrère, or Painter David; and the Convention assist in a body.<sup>1</sup> Nay, it is said, these infamous English (with an attention rather to their own interests than to ours) set fire to our store-houses, arsenals, war-ships in Toulon Harbour, before weighing; some score of brave war-ships, the only ones we now had! However, it did not prosper, though the flame spread far and high; some two ships were burned, not more; the very galley-slaves ran with buckets to quench. These same proud ships, Ship *l'Orient* and the rest, have to carry this same young man to Egypt first: not yet can they be changed to ashes, or to Sea-Nymphs; not yet to sky-rockets, O ship *l'Orient*; nor become the prey of England,—before their time!

And so, over France universally, there is Civic Feast and high-tide: and Toulon sees fusillading, grapeshotting in mass, as Lyons saw; and 'death is poured out in great floods, *romie à grands flots*'; and Twelve-thousand masons are requisitioned from the neighbouring country, to raze Toulon from the face of the Earth. For it is to be razed, so reports Barrère; all but the National Shipping Establishments; and to be called henceforth not Toulon, but *Port of the Mountain*. There in black death-cloud we must leave it;—hoping only that Toulon too is built of stone; that perhaps even Twelve-thousand Masons cannot pull it down, till the fit pass.

One begins to be sick of 'death vomited in great floods.' Nevertheless, hearest thou not, O Reader (for the sound reaches through centuries), in the dead December and January nights, over Nantes Town,—confused noises, as of musketry and tumult, as of rage and lamentation; mingling with the everlasting moan of the Loire waters there? Nantes Town is sunk in sleep; but *Représentant* Carrier is not sleeping, the wool-capped Company of Marat is not sleeping. Why unmoors that flatbottomed craft, that *gabarre*; about eleven at night;

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, 1793, Nov. 101 (31 Décembre), 95, 96, 98, etc.

BOOK V  
Dec 1<sup>st</sup> 03  
(Year 2, Term.)

with Ninety Priests under hatches? They are going to Belle Isle? In the middle of the Loire stream, on signal given, the gabarre is scuttled, she sinks with all her cargo 'Sentence of Deportation,' writes Carrier, 'was executed vertically' The Ninety Priests with their gabarre coffin, lie deep! It is the first of the *Noyades*, what we may call *Drownages*, of Carrier, which have become famous for ever

Guillotining there was at Nantes till the Headsman sank worn out then fusillading 'in the Plain of Saint Mauve', little children-fusilladed and women with children at the breast, children and women by the hundred and twenty, and by the five hundred so hot is La Vendée till the very Jacobins grew sick, and all but the company of Marat cried, Hold! Wherefore now we have got Noyading, and on the 24th night of *Irosarious* year 2, which is 14th of December 1793, we have a second Noyade, consisting of 'a Hundred and Thirty-eight persons'

Or why waste a gabarre, sinking it with them? Flung them out, flung them out, with their hands tied pour a continual hail of lead over all the space till the last struggler of them be sunk! Unsound sleepers of Nantes and the Sea Villages thereabouts hear the musketry amid the night winds, wonder what the meaning of it is And women were in that gabarre, whom the Red Nightcaps were stripping naked, who begged in their agony, that their smocks might not be stript from them And young children were thrown in, their mothers vainly pleading 'Wolfings,' answered the Company of Marat, 'who would grow to be wolves'

By degrees daylight itself witnesses Noyades women and men are tied together, feet and feet, hands and hands, and flung in thus they call *Marriage R publicain*, Republican Marriage Cruel is the panther of the woods, the she bear bereaved of her whelps but there is in man a hatred crueller than that Dumb out of suffering now, as pale swoln corpses, the victims tumble confusedly seaward along the Loire stream, the tide rolling them back clouds of ravens darken the River, wolves prowl on the shoal places Carrier writes '*Quel torrent r volutionnaire*, What a torrent of Revolution!' For the man is rabid, and the Time is rabid These are the Noyades of Carrier, twenty five by the tale for what is done in darkness

<sup>1</sup> *Deux Ann es* xii. 266 72; *M moire* r du 2 Janvier 1794

comes to be investigated in sunlight :<sup>1</sup> not to be forgotten for centuries.—We will turn to another aspect of the Consummation of Sansculottism ; leaving this as the blackest.

CHAP. III  
Dec. 1793  
(Year 1, Film.)

But indeed men are all rabid ; as the Time is. Repre-



JOSEPH LEBON.

sentative Lebon, at Arras, dashes his sword into the blood flowing from the Guillotine ; exclaims, 'How I like it !' Mothers, they say, by his orders, have to stand by while the Guillotine devours their children : a band of music is stationed near ; and, at the fall of every head, strikes up its *Ça-ira*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Précis de Carrier* (4 tomes, Paris, 1795).

<sup>2</sup> *Les Horreurs des Prisons d'Arras* (Paris, 1823).

BOOK V  
Dec 1793  
(Year 5 Frim.)

In the Burgh of Bedouin, in the Orange region, the Liberty tree has been cut down overnight. Representative Magnét, at Orange, hears of it, burns Bedouin Burgh to the last dog hutch, guillotines the inhabitants, or drives them into the caves and hills.<sup>1</sup> Republic One and Indivisible! She is the newest Birth of Nature's waste inorganic Deep, which men name Orcus Chaos primeval Night, and knows one law, that of self preservation. *Tigresse Nationale* meddle not with a whisker of her! Swift rending is her stroke, look what a paw she spreads,—pity has not entered into her heart.

Prudhomme, the dull blustering Printer and able Editor, as yet a Jacobin Editor, will become a renegade one, and publish large volumes, on these matters, *Crimes of the Revolution*, adding innumerable lies withal, as if the truth were not sufficient. We, for our part, find it more edifying to know, one good time that this Republic and National Tigress is a New Birth, a Fact of Nature among Formulas in an Age of Formulas, and to look, oftenest in silence, how the so genuine Nature-Fact will demean itself among these. For the Formulas are partly genuine, partly delusive, supposititious we call them, in the language of metaphor, regulated modelled *shapes*, some of which have bodies and life still in them, most of which, according to a German Writer, have only emptiness, 'glass eyes glaring on you with a ghastly affectation of life, and in their interior unclean accumulation of beetles and spiders!' But the Fact, let all men observe, is a genuine and sincere one, the sincerest of Facts, terrible in its sincerity, as very Death Whatsoever is equally sincere may front it, and beard it, but whatsoever is *not*?—

## CHAPTER IV

### CARMAGNOLE COMPLETE

SIMULTANEOUSLY with this Tophet black aspect, there unfolds itself another aspect, which one may call a Tophet red aspect, the Destruction of the Catholic Religion, and indeed for the time being of Religion itself. We saw Romme's New Calendar establish its *Tenth Day of Rest*, and asked what

<sup>1</sup> Montgaillard iv 200.

would become of the Christian Sabbath? The Calendar is hardly a month old, till all this is set at rest. Very singular, as Mercier observes: last *Corpus-Christi* Day 1792, the whole world, and Sovereign Authority itself, walked in religious gala, with a quite devout air;—Butcher Legendre, supposed to be irreverent, was like to be massacred in his Gig, as the thing went by. A Gallican Hierarchy, and Church, and Church Formulas seemed to flourish, a little brown-leaved or so, but not browner than of late years or decades; to flourish far and wide, in the sympathies of an unsophisticated People; defying Philosophism, Legislature and the Encyclopédie. Far and wide, alas, like a brown-leaved Vallombrosa: which waits but one whirl-blast of the November wind, and in an hour stands bare! Since that *Corpus-Christi* Day, Brunswick has come, and the Emigrants, and La Vendée, and eighteen months of Time: to all flourishing, especially to brown-leaved flourishing, there comes, were it never so slowly, an end.

CHAP. IV  
Nov. 10,  
1793  
(Year 2, Brum. 20)

On the 7th of November, a certain Citoyen Parens, Curate of Boissise-le-Bertrand, writes to the Convention that he has all his life been preaching a lie, and is grown weary of doing it; wherefore he will now lay down his Curaey and stipend, and begs that an august Convention would give him something else to live upon. '*Mention honorable,*' shall we give him? Or 'reference to Committee of Finances'? Hardly is this got decided, when goose Gobel, Constitutional Bishop of Paris, with his Chapter, with Municipal and Departmental escort in red nightcaps, makes his appearance, to do as Parens has done. Goose Gobel will now acknowledge 'no Religion but Liberty'; therefore he doffs his Priest-gear, and receives the Fraternal embrace. To the joy of Departmental Momoro, of Municipal Chaumettes and Héberts, of Vincent and the Revolutionary Army! Chaumette asks, Ought there not, in these circumstances, to be among our intercalary Days Sans-breeches, a Feast of Reason?<sup>1</sup> Proper surely! Let Atheist Maréchal, Lalande, and little Atheist Naigeon rejoice; let Cloutz, Speaker of Mankind, present to the Convention his *Evidences of the Mahometan Religion*, 'a work evincing the nullity of all Religions,'—with thanks. There shall be Universal Republic now, thinks Cloutz; and 'one God only; *Le Peuple.*'

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, Séance du 17 Brumaire (7th November), 1793.



BOOK V

Nov. 10,

1793

(Vendredi, Drum, &amp;c.)

The French nation is of gregarious imitative nature; it needed but a fogle-motion in this matter; and goose Gobel, driven by Municipality and force of circumstances, has given one. What Curé will be behind him of Boissise; what Bishop behind him of Paris? Bishop Grégoire, indeed, courageously declines; to the sound of 'We force no one; let Grégoire consult his conscience'; but Protestant and Romish by the hundred volunteer and assent. From far and near, all through November into December, till the work is accomplished, come Letters of renegation, come Curates who 'are learning to



GRÉGOIRE.

be Carpenters,' Curates with their new-wedded Nuns: has not the day of Reason dawned, very swiftly, and become noon? From sequestered Townships come Addresses, stating plainly, though in Patois dialect, That 'they will have no more to do with the black animal called Curay, *animal noir appelé Curay*.'<sup>1</sup>

Above all things, there come Patriotic Gifts, of Church-furniture. The remnant of

bells, except for tocsin, descend from their belfries, into the National meltingpot to make cannon. Censers and all sacred vessels are beaten broad; of silver, they are fit for the poverty-stricken Mint; of pewter, let them become bullets, to shoot the '*ennemies du genre humain*.' Dalmatics of plush make breeches for him who had none; linen albs will clip into shirts for the Defenders of the Country: old-clothesmen, Jew or Heathen, drive the briskest trade. Chaliér's Ass-Procession, at Lyons, was but a type of what went on, in those same days, in all Towns. In all Towns and Townships as quick as the guillotine may go, so quick

<sup>1</sup> *Analyse du Moniteur* (Paris, 1801), II. 230.

goes the axe and the wrench: sacristies, lutrins, altar-rails are pulled down; the Mass-Books torn into cartridge-papers: men dance the Carmagnole all night about the bonfire. All highways jingle with metallic Priest-tackle, beaten broad; sent to the Convention, to the poverty-stricken Mint. Good Sainte-Geneviève's *Chasse* is let down: alas, to be burst open, this time, and burnt on the Place de Grève. Saint Louis's Shirt is burnt;—might not a Defender of the Country have had it? At Saint-Denis Town, no longer Saint-Denis but *Franciade*, Patriotism has been down among the Tombs, rum-maging; the Revolutionary Army has taken spoil. This, accordingly, is what the streets of Paris saw:

CHAP. IV  
Nov. 10,  
1793  
(Year 2, Brum. 20)

'Most of these persons were still drunk, with the brandy they had swallowed out of chalices;—eating mackerel on the patenas! Mounted on Asses, which were housed with Priests' cloaks, they reined them with Priests' stoles; they held clutched with the same hand communion-cup and sacred wafer. They stopped at the doors of Dramshops; held out ciboriums: and the landlord, stoup in hand, had to fill them thrice. Next came Mules high-laden with crosses, chandeliers, censers, holy-water vessels, hyssops;—recalling to mind the Priests of Cybele, whose panniers, filled with the instruments of their worship, served at once as storehouse, sacristy, and temple. In such equipage did these profaners advance towards the Convention. They enter there, in an immense train, ranged in two rows; all masked like mummers in fantastic sacerdotal vestments; bearing on hand-barrows their heaped plunder,—ciboriums, suns, candelabras, plates of gold and silver.'<sup>1</sup>

The Address we do not give; for indeed it was in strophes, sung *vivâ voce*, with all the parts;—Danton glooming considerably, in his place; and demanding that there be prose and decency in future.<sup>2</sup> Nevertheless the captors of such *spolia opima* crave, not untouched with liquor, permission to dance the Carmagnole also on the spot: whereto an exhilarated Convention cannot but accede. Nay 'several Members,' continues the exaggerative Mercier, who was not there to witness, being in Limbo now, as one of Duperret's *Seventy-three*, 'several Members, quitting their curule chairs, took the hand of girls flaunting in Priests' vestures, and danced the

<sup>1</sup> Mercier, iv. 134. See *Moniteur*, Séance du 10 Novembre.

<sup>2</sup> See also *Moniteur*, Séance du 26 Novembre.

BOOK V Carmagnole along with them' Such Old Hallowtide have  
 Nov 10, they, in this year once named of Grace 1793

1793

(Years From >)

Out of which strange fall of formulas, tumbling there in confused welter, betrampled by the Patriotic dance, is it not passing strange to see a *new* Formula arise? For the human tongue is not adequate to speak what 'triviality run distracted' there is in human nature Black Mumbo Jumbo of the woods and most Indian Wau waus, one can understand but this of Procureur *Anaxagoras*, whilom John Peter, Chaumette? We will say only Man is a born idol worshipper, *sight* worshipper, so sensuous imaginative is he, and also partakes much of the nature of the ape

For the same day, while this brave Carmagnole dance has hardly jiggged itself out, there arrive Procureur Chaumette and Municipals and Departmentals, and with them the strangest freightage a New Religion! Demoiselle Candelle, of the Opera, a woman fair to look upon, when well rouged, she, borne on palanquin shoulderhigh, with red woollen nightcap, in azure mantle, garlanded with oak, holding in her hand the Pike of the Jupiter *Peuple*, sails in heralded by white young women girt in tricolor Let the world consider it! This, O National Convention wonder of the universe, is our New Divinity, *Goddess of Reason*, worthy, and alone worthy of revering Her henceforth we adore Nay were it too much to ask of an august National Representation that it also went with us to the *ci devant* Cathedral called of Notre Dame, and executed a few strophes in worship of her?

President and Secretaries give Goddess Candelle, borne at due height round their platform, successively the Fraternal kiss, whereupon she, by decree, sails to the right hand of the President and there alights And now, after due pause and flourishes of oratory, the Convention gathering its limbs, does get under way in the required procession towards Notre Dame, —Reason again in her litter sitting in the van of them borne as one judges, by men in the Roman costume, escorted by wind music, red nightcaps and the madness of the world And so, straightway, Reason taking seat on the high altar of Notre Dame, the requisite worship or quasi-worship is say the Newspapers, *executed*, National Convention chanting 'the *Hymn to Liberty*, words by Chénier, music by Gossec' It is  
 the

the first of the *Fests of Reason*; first communion-service of the New Religion of Chaumette.

'The corresponding Festival in the Church of Saint-Eustache,' says Mercier, 'offered the spectacle of a great tavern. The interior of the choir represented a landscape decorated with cottages and boskets of trees. Round the choir stood tables overloaded with bottles, with sausages, pork-puddings, pastries and other meats. The guests flowed in and out through all doors: whosoever presented himself took part of the good things: children of eight, girls as well as boys, put hand to plate, in sign of Liberty; they drank also of the bottles, and their prompt intoxication created laughter. Reason sat in azure mantle aloft, in a serene manner; Canonciers, pipe in mouth, serving her as acolytes. And out of doors,' continues the exaggerative man, 'were mad multitudes dancing round the bonfire of Chapel-balustrades, of Priests' and Canons' stalls; and the dancers,—I exaggerate nothing,—the dancers nigh bare of breeches, neck and breast naked, stockings down, went whirling and spinning, like those Dust-vortexes, fore-runners of Tempest and Destruction.'<sup>1</sup> At Saint-Gervais Church, again, there was a terrible 'smell of herrings'; Section or Municipality having provided no food, no condiment, but left it to chance. Other mysteries, seemingly of a Cabiric or even Paphian character, we leave under the Veil, which appropriately stretches itself 'along the pillars of the aisles,'—not to be lifted aside by the hand of history.

But there is one thing we should like almost better to understand than any other: what Reason herself thought of it, all the while. What articulate words poor Mrs. Momoro, for example, uttered; when she had become ungoddessed again, and the Bibliopolist and she sat quiet at home, at supper? For he was an earnest man, Bookseller Momoro; and had notions of Agrarian Law. Mrs. Momoro, it is admitted, made one of the best Goddesses of Reason; though her teeth were a little defective.—And now if the Reader will represent to himself that such visible Adoration of Reason went on 'all over the Republic,' through these November and December weeks, till the Church woodwork was burnt out, and the business otherwise completed, he will perhaps feel sufficiently what

CHAP. IV  
Nov. 10,  
1793  
(Year 2, Brum. 20)

<sup>1</sup> Mercier, iv. 127-46.

BOOK V  
Nov 1793  
(Year 2 Drama.)

*Sûreté Générale* have assumed their ulterior form and mode of operating

Committee of Public Salvation as supreme, of General Surety, as subaltern these like a Lesser and Greater Council, most harmonious hitherto have become the centre of all things They ride thus Whirlwind, they, raised by force of circumstances, insensibly, very strangely, thither to that dread height,—and guide it, and seem to guide it Stranger set of Cloud Compellers the Earth never saw A Robespierre, a Billaud, a Collot, Couthon Saint Just, not to mention still meaner Amars, Vadiers, in *Sûreté Générale* these are your Cloud Compellers Small intellectual talent is necessary indeed where among them, except in the head of Carnot, busied organising victory, would you find any? The talent is one of instinct rather It is that of divining aright what this great dumb Whirlwind wishes and wills, that of willing with more frenzy than any one, what all the world wills To stand at no obstacles, to heed no considerations, human or divine, to know well that, of divine or human there is one thing needful Triumph of the Republic, Destruction of the Enemies of the Republic! With this one spiritual endowment, and so few others it is strange to see how a dumb inarticulately storming Whirlwind of things puts, as it were its reins into your hand and invites and compels you to be leader of it

Hard by sits a Municipality of Paris, all in red nightcaps since the fourth of November last a set of men fully 'on a level with circumstances' or even beyond it Sleek Mayor Pache studious to be safe in the middle, Chaumettes Héberts, Varlets and Hennot their great Commandant, not to speak of Vincent the War clerk, of Momoros Dobsents and suchlike all intent to have Churches plundered, to have Reason adored Suspects cut down and the Revolution triumph Perhaps carrying the matter *too far*? Danton was heard to grumble at the civic strophes, and to recommend prose and decency Robespierre also grumbles that in overturning Superstition we did not mean to make a religion of Atheism In fact, your Chaumette and Company constitute a kind of Hyper Jacobinism or rabid 'Faction des Enragés', which has given orthodox Patriotism some umbrage of late months To 'know a Suspect on the streets', what is this but bringing the *Law of the Suspect* itself into ill odour? Men half frantic men zealous over

over-much,—they toil there, in their red nightcaps, restlessly, rapidly, accomplishing what of Life is allotted them.

And the Forty-four Thousand other Townships, each with Revolutionary Committee, based on Jacobin Daughter Society; enlightened by the spirit of Jacobinism; quickened by the Forty Sous a-day!—The French Constitution spurned always at anything like Two Chambers; and yet, behold, has it not verily got Two Chambers? National Convention, elected, for one; Mother of Patriotism, self-elected, for another! Mother of Patriotism has her Debates reported in the *Moniteur*, as important state-procedures; which indisputably they are. A Second Chamber of Legislature we call this Mother Society;—if perhaps it were not rather comparable to that old Scotch Body named *Lords of the Articles*, without whose origination, and signal given, the so-called Parliament could introduce no bill, could do no work? Robespierre himself, whose words are a law, opens his incorruptible lips copiously in the Jacobins Hall. Smaller Council of *Salut Public*, Greater Council of *Sûreté Générale*, all active Parties, come here to plead; to shape beforehand what decision they must arrive at, what destiny they have to expect. Now if a question arose, Which of those Two Chambers, Convention, or Lords of the Articles, was the *stronger*? Happily they as yet go hand in hand.

As for the National Convention, truly it has become a most composed Body. Quenched now the old effervescence; the Seventy-three locked in ward; once noisy Friends of the Girondins sunk all into silent men of the Plain, called even 'Frogs of the Marsh,' *Crapauds du Marais*! Addresses come, Revolutionary Church-plunder comes; Deputations, with prose or strophes: these the Convention receives. But beyond this, the Convention has one thing mainly to do: to listen what *Salut Public* proposes, and say, Yea.

Bazire followed by Chabot, with some impetuosity, declared, one morning, that this was not the way of a Free Assembly. 'There ought to be an Opposition side, a *Côté Droit*,' cried Chabot: 'if none else will form it, I will. People say to me, You will all get guillotined in your turn, first you and Bazire, then Danton, then Robespierre himself.' <sup>1</sup> So spake the Disfrocked, with a loud voice: next week, Bazire and he lie in the Abbaye; wending, one may fear, towards Tinville and the

<sup>1</sup> *Débats*, du 10 Novembre 1793.

CHAP. V  
Nov. 1793  
(Year 2, Brum.)

BOOK V  
1793-4  
(1794-5)

Sincerely, each in his own cellar, for saltpetre The Earth heap rises at every door, the Citoyennes with hod and bucket carrying it up, the Citoyens, pith in every muscle, shovelling and digging for life and saltpetre Dig, my braves, and right well speed ye! What of saltpetre is essential the Republic shall not want

Consummation of Sansculottism has many aspects and tints but the brightest tint, really of a solar or stellar brightness, is this which the Armies give it That same fervour of Jacobinism, which internally fills France with hatreds, suspicions, scaffolds and Reason worship, does, on the Frontiers, show itself as a glorious *Pro patria mori* Ever since Dumouriez's defection, three Convention Representatives attend every General Committee of *Salut* has sent them, often with this Laconic order only 'Do thy duty, *Fais ton devoir*' It is strange, under what impediments the fire of Jacobinism, like other such fires, will burn These Soldiers have shoes of wood and pasteboard, or go booted in hay ropes, in dead of winter, they shewer a bast mat round their shoulders, and are destitute of most things What then? It is for Rights of Frenchhood, of Manhood, that they fight the unquenchable spirit, here as elsewhere, works miracles 'With steel and bread,' says the Convention Representative, 'one may get to China' The Generals go fast to the guillotine, justly and unjustly From which what inference? This, among others That ill success is death, that in victory alone is life! To conquer or die is no theatrical palabra, in these circumstances, but a practical truth and necessity All Girondism, Halfness, Compromise is swept away Forward ye Soldiers of the Republic, captain and man! Dash, with your *Gaelic* impetuosity, on Austria, England, Prussia, Spain, Sardinia, Pitt, Cobourg, York, and the Devil and the World! Behind us is but the Guillotine, before us is Victory, Apotheosis and Millennium without end!

See, accordingly, on all Frontiers, how the Sons of Night, astonished after short triumph, do recoil,—the Sons of the Republic flying at them, with wild *Ga-rra* or Marseillaise *Aux armes*, with the temper of cat o' mountain, or demon incarnate, which no Son of Night can stand! Spain, which came bursting through the Pyrenees, rustling with Bourbon banners and  
went

CHAP. VI

1793-4

(Year 2)

for a season, falters at such  
itself in again; too happy  
ble. Not only does Dugom-  
Spain back; he invades Spain.

by the Eastern Pyrenees;  
by the Western. *Shall*, that

*Public* has said it; Repre-  
there, must see it done. Im-

le! answers Cavaignac. Diffi-  
purpose. 'The Committee is

answers Cavaignac, *n'entend pas*  
wantest thou of men, of horses,

em. Conquerors, conquered or  
Which things also, even as the

were *done*. The Spring of the  
and redoubts are carried, and

scarped description; Spanish  
such cat-o'-mountain spirit, the

rept are the Pyrenees; Town  
terror or the petard. In the

will crave Peace; acknowledge  
y, in Madrid, there will be joy

is got.

be notabler than these Conven-  
power more than kingly. Nay

, *Able-men*, of a sort; chosen  
Forty-nine French Kings; with

representative Levasseur, of small  
acific Surgeon-Accoucheur, has

(mad at the Doom of Custine)  
lone amid them, the one small

hard as flint, which also carries  
hooten, far in the afternoon, he

lost; that it must be gained;  
wn obstetric hand;—horse shot

to the haunches in tide-water';

la Captain-Kirk reported of this Cavaignac;  
of *Hommes Marquans*, of *Biographie Univer-*

it, but, much more singular, is still capable  
etc.  
A cutting



BOOK V  
1793-4  
(Year 2)

cutting stocendo and passado there, in defiance of Water, Earth, Air and Fire, the choleric little Representative that he was! Whereby, as natural, Royal Highness of York had to withdraw,—occasionally at full gallop; like to be swallowed by the tide: and his Siege of Dunkirk became a dream, realising only much loss of beautiful siege-artillery and of brave lives.<sup>1</sup>



JOURDAN.

— General Houchard, it would appear, stood behind a hedge on this Hondschooten occasion; wherefore they have since guillotined him. A new General Jourdan, late Sergeant Jourdan, commands in his stead: he, in long-winded Battles of Watigny, 'murderous artillery-fire mingling itself with sound of Revolutionary battle-hymns,' forces Austria behind the

<sup>1</sup> Levasseur, *Mémoires*, II c 27

Sambre again ; has hopes of purging the soil of Liberty. With hard wrestling, with artillerying and *ça-ira-ing*, it shall be done. In the course of a new Summer, Valenciennes will see itself beleaguered ; Condé beleaguered ; whatsoever is yet in the hands of Austria beleaguered and bombarded : nay, by Convention Decree, we even summon them *all* ' either to surrender in twenty-four hours, or else be put to the sword ' ;—a high saying, which, though it remains unfulfilled, may show what spirit one is of.

Representative Drouet, as an Old-dragoon, could fight by a kind of second nature : but he was unlucky. Him, in a night-foray at Maubeuge, the Austrians took alive, in October last. They stript him almost naked, he says ; making a show of him, as King-taker of Varennes. They flung him into carts ; sent him far into the interior of Cimmeria, to ' a Fortress called Spitzberg ' on the Danube River ; and left him there, at an elevation of perhaps a hundred and forty feet, to his own bitter reflections. Reflections ; and also devices ! For the indomitable Old-dragoon constructs wing-machinery, of Paperkite ; saws window-bars ; determines to fly down. He will seize a boat, will follow the River's course ; land somewhere in Crim Tartary, in the Black-Sea or Constantinople region : *à la Sindbad* ! Authentic History, accordingly, looking far into Cimmeria, discerns dimly a phenomenon. In the dead night-watches, the Spitzberg sentry is near fainting with terror :—Is it a huge vague Portent descending through the night-air ? It is a huge National Representative Old-dragoon, descending by Paperkite ; too rapidly, alas ! For Drouet had taken with him ' a small provision-store, twenty pounds weight or thereby ' ; which proved accelerative : so he fell, fracturing his leg ; and lay there, moaning, till day dawned, till you could discern clearly that he was not a Portent but a Representative.<sup>1</sup>

Or see Saint-Just, in the lines of Weissembourg, though physically of a timid apprehensive nature, how he charges with his ' Alsatian Peasants armed hastily ' for the nonce ; the solemn face of him blazing into flame ; his black hair and tricolor hat-taffeta flowing in the breeze ! These our Lines of Weissembourg were indeed forced, and Prussia and the Emigrants rolled through : but we *re-force* the Lines of

<sup>1</sup> His Narrative (in *Deux Amis*, xiv. 177-86).

BOOK V Weissembourg; and Prussia and the Emigrants roll back again  
 June 1, 1794 still faster,—hurled with bayonet-charges and fiery *ça-ira-ing*.  
 (1449, *Picgru* 15)

*Ci-devant* Sergeant Pichegru, *ci-devant* Sergeant Hoche, risen now to be Generals, have done wonders here. Tall Pichegru was meant for the Church; was Teacher of Mathematics once,



PICHEGRU.

in Brienne School,—his remarkablest pupil there was the Boy Napoleon Buonaparte. He then, not in the sweetest humour, enlisted, exchanging ferula for musket; and had got the length of the halberd, beyond which nothing could be hoped; when the Bastille barriers falling made passage for him, and he is here. Hoche bore a hand at the literal overturn of the Bastille; he was, as we saw, a Sergeant of the *Gardes Françaises*, spending his

his pay in rushlights and cheap editions of books. How the Mountains are burst, and many an Enceladus is disimprisoned ; and Captains founding on Four parchments of Nobility are blown with their parchments across the Rhine, into Lunar Limbo !

CHAP. VI  
June 1, 1794  
(Year 2, Prair. 13)

What high feats of arms, therefore, were done in these Fourteen Armies ; and how, for love of Liberty and hope of Promotion, lowborn valour cut its desperate way to Generalship ; and, from the central Carnot in *Salut Public* to the outmost drummer on the Frontiers, men strove for their Republic, let Readers fancy. The snows of Winter, the flowers of Summer continue to be stained with warlike blood. Gaelic impetuosity mounts ever higher with victory ; spirit of Jacobinism weds itself to national vanity : the Soldiers of the Republic are becoming, as we prophesied, very Sons of Fire. Barefooted, barebacked : but with bread and iron you can get to China ! It is one Nation against the whole world ; but the Nation has that within her which the whole world will not conquer. Cimmeria, astonished, recoils faster or slower ; all round the Republic there rises fiery, as it were, a magic ring of musket-volleying and *ça-ira-ing*. Majesty of Prussia, as Majesty of Spain, will by and by acknowledge his sins and the Republic ; and make a Peace of Bâle.

Foreign Commerce, Colonies, Factories in the East and in the West, are fallen or falling into the hands of sea-ruling Pitt, enemy of human nature. Nevertheless what sound is this that we hear, on the first of June 1794 ; sound as of war-thunder borne from the Ocean too, of tone most piercing ? War-thunder from off the Brest waters : Villaret-Joyeuse and English Howe, after long manœuvring, have ranked themselves there ; and are belching fire. The enemies of human nature are on their own element ; cannot be conquered ; cannot be kept from conquering. Twelve hours of raging cannonade ; sun now sinking westward through the battle-smoke : six French Ships taken, the Battle lost ; what Ship soever can still sail, making off ! But how 'is it, then, with that *Vengeur* Ship, she neither strikes nor makes off ? She is lamed, she cannot make off ; strike she will not. Fire rakes her fore and aft from victorious enemies ; the *Vengeur* is sinking. Strong are ye, Tyrants of the sea ; yet we also, are we  
weak ?

BOOK V weak? Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor  
*June 1, 1794* that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft: the whole crew  
*(Years, Fr. 12)* crowds to the upper deck; and with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts *Vive la République*,—sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl; Ocean yawns abysmal: down rushes the *Vengeur*, carrying *Vive la République* along



BARRÈRE.

with her, unconquerable, into Eternity.<sup>1</sup> Let foreign Despots think of that. There is an Unconquerable in man, when he stands on his Rights of Man: let Despots and Slaves and all people know this, and only them that stand on the Wrongs of Man tremble to know it.—So has History written, nothing doubting, of the sunk *Vengeur*.

— Reader! Mendez Pinto, Münchhausen, Cagliostro, Psal-

<sup>1</sup> Compare Barrère (*Claire des Rapports*, xvi. 416-21); Lord Howe (*Annual Register* of 1794, p. 36), etc.

manazar have been great; but they are not the greatest. O CHAP. VI  
Barrère, Barrère, Anacreon of the Guillotine! must inquisi- June 1, 1794  
tive pictorial History, in a new edition, ask again, 'How *is* it (Year 2, Prob. 1.)  
with the *Vengeur*,' in this its glorious suicidal sinking; and,  
with resentful brush, dash a bend-sinister of contumelious  
lamp-black through thee and it? Alas, alas! The *Vengeur*,  
after fighting bravely, did sink altogether as other ships do,  
her captain and above two-hundred of her crew escaping gladly  
in British boats; and this same enormous inspiring Feat,  
and rumour 'of sound most piercing,' turns out to be an enor-  
mous inspiring Non-entity, extant nowhere save, as falsehood,  
in the brain of Barrère! Actually so.<sup>1</sup> Founded, like the  
World itself, on *Nothing*; proved by Convention Report, by  
solemn Convention Decree and Decrees, and wooden '*Model  
of the Vengeur*'; believed, bewept, besung by the whole French  
People to this hour, it may be regarded as Barrère's master-  
piece; the largest, most inspiring piece of *blague* manufactured,  
for some centuries, by any man or nation. As such, and not  
otherwise, be it henceforth memorable.

## CHAPTER VII

## FLAME-PICTURE

In this manner, med-blazing with same of all imaginable  
tints, from the red of Tophet to the starlight, blazes off  
this Consummation of Sansculottism.

But the hundredth part of the things that were done, and  
the thousandth part of the things that were proposed and  
decreed to be done, would fill the volume of History. Statute  
of the *Peuple Souverain*, high as Strasburg Steeple; which  
shall fling its shadow from the Pantheon over Jacobin National  
and Convention Hall;—summed in *Plaster Paris's Head*:  
With other the free common Statutes not a few: reduced in  
paper Decree. For indeed, the Statute of Liberty herself  
is still but Plaster, in the Face of a Revolution. The Equal-  
isation of Weights and Measures with decimal fraction; Insti-  
tution, of Music and of much else; Institute in general; &c. &c.

<sup>1</sup> *See the Appendix, I. Ending of the Taper.*

BOOK V of Arts, School of Mars, *Elèves de la Patrie*, Normal Schools  
 June 26 1794 amid such Gun boring, Altar burning, Saltpetre-digging, and  
 (Year 2 Mon. 3) miraculous improvements in Tannery !

What, for example, is this that Engineer Chappe is doing in the Park of Vincennes ? In the Park of Vincennes, and onwards, they say, in the Park of Lepelletier Saint Fargeau the assassinated Deputy, and still onwards to the Heights of Fecouen and farther, he has scaffolding set up, has posts driven in, wooden arms with elbow joints are jerking and furling in the air, in the most rapid mysterious manner ! Citizens run up, suspicious Yes, O Citizens, we are signalling it is a device this, worthy of the Republic, a thing for what we will call *Far writing* without the aid of post bags, in Greek it shall be named Telegraph *Télégraphe sacré !* answers Citizenism For writing to Traitors, to Austria ?—and tears it down Chappe had to escape, and get a new Legislative Decree. Nevertheless he has accomplished it, the indefatigable Chappe this his *Far writer*, with its wooden arms and elbow joints, can intelligibly signal, and lines of them are set up, to the North Frontiers and elsewhere On an Autumn evening of the Year Two, Far-writer having just written that Condé Town has surrendered to us, we send from the Tuileries Convention Hall this response in the shape of Decree 'The name of Condé is changed to *Nord Libre*, North Free The Army of the North ceases not to merit well of the country'—To the admiration of men ! For lo, in some half hour, while the Convention yet debates, there arrives this new answer 'I inform thee, *je t'annonce*, Citizen President, that the Decree of Convention, ordering change of the name Condé into *North Free*, and the other, declaring that the Army of the North ceases not to merit well of the country, are transmitted and acknowledged by Telegraph I have instructed my Officer at Lille to forward them to North Free by express Signed, CHAPPE' !

Or see, over Fleurus in the Netherlands, where General Jourdan, having now swept the soil of Liberty, and advanced thus far, is just about to fight, and sweep or be swept, hangs there not in the Heaven's Vault some Prodigy, seen by Austrian eyes and spy glasses in the similitude of an enormous Wind bag, with netting and enormous Saucer depending from it ? A

Jove's Balance, O ye Austrian spy-glasses? One saucer-scale of a Jove's Balance; *your* poor Austrian scale having kicked itself quite aloft, out of sight? By Heaven, answer the spy-glasses, it is a Montgolfier, a Balloon, and they are making signals! Austrian cannon-battery barks at this Montgolfier; harmless as dog at the Moon: the Montgolfier makes its signals; detects what Austrian ambuscade there may be, and descends at its ease.<sup>1</sup>—What will not these devils incarnate contrive?

On the whole, is it not, O Reader, one of the strangest Flame-Pictures that ever painted itself; flaming off there, on its ground of Guillotine-black? And the nightly Theatres are Twenty-three; and the *Salons de danse* are Sixty; full of mere *Égalité*, *Fraternité* and *Carmagnole*. And Section Committee-rooms are Forty-eight; redolent of tobacco and brandy: vigorous with twenty-pence a-day, coercing the Suspect. And the Houses of Arrest are Twelve, for Paris alone; crowded and even crammed. And at all turns, you need your 'Certificate of Civism'; be it for going out, or for coming in; nay without it you cannot, for money, get your daily ounces of bread. Dusky red-capped Bakers'-queues; wagging themselves; not in silence! For we still live by Maximum, in all things; waited on by these two, Scarcity and Confusion. The faces of men are darkened with suspicion; with suspecting, or being suspect. The streets lie unswept; the ways unmended. Law has shut her Books; speaks little, save impromptu, through the throat of Tinville. Crimes go unpunished; not crimes against the Revolution.<sup>2</sup> 'The number of foundling children,' as some compute, 'is doubled.'

How silent now sits Royalism; sits all Aristocratism; Respectability that kept its Gig! The honour now, and the safety, is to Poverty, not to Wealth. Your Citizen, who would be fashionable, walks abroad, with his Wife on his arm, in red-wool nightcap, black-shag spencer, and carmagnole complete. Aristocratism crouches low, in what shelter is still left; submitting to all requisitions, vexations; too happy to escape with life. Ghastly châteaux stare on you by the wayside; disroofed, diswindowed; which the National House-

<sup>1</sup> 26th June 1794 (see *Rapport de Guyton-Morveau sur les Aérostats*, in *Moniteur* du 6 Vendémiaire, An 2).

<sup>2</sup> Mercier, v. 25; *Deux Amis*, xii. 142-99.



## BOOK SIXTH

# THE RMIDOR

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### CHAPTER I

#### THE GODS ARE ATHIRST

WHAT, then, is this Thing called *La Révolution*, which, like an Angel of Death, hangs over France, noyading, fusillading, fighting gun boring tanning human skins? *La Révolution* is but so many Alphabetic Letters, a thing nowhere to be laid hands on, to be clapt under lock and key where is it? what is it? It is the Madness that dwells in the hearts of men. In this man it is, and in that man, as a rage or as a terror, it is in all men. Invisible, impalpable, and yet no black Azrael, with wings spread over half a continent, with sword sweeping from sea to sea, could be a truer Reality.

To explain, what is called explaining, the march of this Revolutionary Government, be no task of ours. Men cannot explain it. A paralytic Couthon, asking in the Jacobins 'What hast thou done to be hanged if Counter Revolution should arrive?' a sombre Saint Just, not yet six and twenty, declaring that 'for Revolutionists there is no rest but in the tomb', a seagreen Robespierre converted into vinegar and gall, much more an Amar and Vadier, a Collot and Billaud to inquire what thoughts, predetermination or prevision, might be in the head of these men! Record of their thought remains not, Death and Darkness have swept it out utterly. Nay, if we even had their thought, all that they could have articulately spoken to us how insignificant a fraction were that of the Thing which realised itself, which decreed itself, on signal given by them! As has been said more than once this Revolutionary Government is not a self-conscious but a blind fatal one. Each man, enveloped in his ambient atmosphere



THE WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT.



sphere of revolutionary fanatic Madness, rushes on, impelled and impelling; and has become a blind brute Force; no rest for him but in the grave! Darkness and the mystery of horrid cruelty cover it for us, in History; as they did in Nature. The chaotic Thunder-cloud, with its pitchy black, and its tumult of dazzling jagged fire, in a world all electric: thou wilt not undertake to show how that comported itself, —what the secrets of its dark womb were; from what sources, with what specialties, the lightning it held did, in confused brightness of terror, strike forth, destructive and self-destructive, till it ended? Like a Blackness naturally of Erebus, which by will of Providence had for once mounted itself into dominion and the Azure: is not this properly the nature of Sansculottism consummating itself? Of which Erebus Blackness be it enough to discern that this and the other dazzling fire-bolt, dazzling fire-torrent, does by small Volition and great Necessity, verily issue,—in such and such succession; destructive so and so, self-destructive so and so: till it end.

CHAP. I  
March 1794  
(Ventr, Vent.)

Royalism is extinct; 'sunk,' as they say, 'in the mud of the Loire'; Republicanism dominates without and within: what, therefore, on the 15th day of March 1794, is this? Arrestment, sudden really as a bolt out of the Blue, has hit strange victims: Hébert *Père Duchesne*, Bibliopoliſt Momoro, Clerk Vincent, General Ronsin; high Cordelier Patriots, red-capped Magistrates of Paris, Worshippers of Reason, Commanders of Revolutionary Army! Eight short days ago, their Cordelier Club was loud, and louder than ever, with Patriot denunciations. Hébert *Père Duchesne* had 'held his tongue and his heart these two months, at sight of Moderates, Crypto-Aristocrats, Camilles, *Scélérats* in the Convention itself: but could not do it any longer; would, if other remedy were not, invoke the sacred right of Insurrection.' So spake Hébert in Cordelier Session; with vivats, till the roofs rang again.<sup>1</sup> Eight short days ago; and now already! They rub their eyes: it is no dream; they find themselves in the Luxembourg. Goose Gobel too; and they that burnt Churches! Chaumette himself, potent Procureur, *Agent National* as they now call it, who could 'recognise the Suspect by the very face of them,' he lingers but three days; on the third day he too is hurled

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, du 17 Ventose (7th March 1794).

BOOK VI of dead bodies,' begins to ask now, Whether among so many  
 March 24, arresting and punishing Committees, there ought not to be a  
 1794 'Committee of Merely'? Saint Just, he observes, is an ex-  
 (Year 2 Germ. 4) tremely solemn young Republican, who 'carries his head as  
 if it were a *Saint Sacrament*,' adorable Hostie or divine Real  
 Presence! Sharply enough, this old Cordelier,—Danton and  
 he were of the earliest primary Cordeliers,—shoots his glitter-  
 ing war shafts into your *new* Cordeliers, your Héberts, Momoros  
 with their brawling brutalities and despicabilities, say, as  
 the Sun god (for poor Camille is a Poet) shot into that Python  
 Serpent sprung of mud

Whereat, as was natural, the Hébertist Python did hiss and  
 writhed amazingly, and threaten 'sacred right of Insurrection',  
 —and, as we saw, get cast into Prison Nay, with all the old  
 wit, dexterity and light graceful poignancy, Camille, trans-  
 lating 'out of *Tacitus*, from the Reign of Tiberius,' pricks  
 into the *Law of the Suspect* itself, making it odious! Twice,  
 in the Decade, his wild Leaves issue, full of wit, nay of humour,  
 of harmonious ingenuity and insight,—one of the strangest  
 phenomena of that dark time, and smite, in their wild sparkling  
 way, at various monstrosities, Saint Sacrament heads, and  
 Juggernaut idols, in a rather reckless manner To the great  
 joy of Josephine Beauharnais, and the other Five thousand  
 and odd Suspect, who fill the Twelve Houses of Arrest, on  
 whom a ray of hope dawns! Robespierre, at first appro-  
 batory, knew not at last what to think, then thought, with  
 his Jacobins, that Camille must be expelled A man of true  
 Revolutionary spirit, this Camille, but with the unwisest  
 sallies, whom Aristocrats and Moderates have the art to  
 corrupt! Jacobinism is in uttermost crisis and struggle,  
 enmeshed wholly in plots, corruptibilities, neck gins and  
 baited falltraps of Pitt *ennemi du genre humain* Camille's  
 First Number begins with 'O Pitt!'—his last is dated 15  
 Pluviose, Year 2, 8d February 1794, and ends with these  
 words of Montezuma's '*Les dieux ont soif*, The gods are athirst'

Be this as it may, the Hébertists lie in Prison only some  
 nine days On the 24th of March, therefore, the Revolution  
 Tumbrils carry through that Life tumult a new cargo Hébert,  
 Vincent, Momoro, Ronsin, Nineteen of them in all, with  
 whom, curious enough, sits Cloutz Speaker of Mankind They  
 have

have been massed swiftly into a lump, this miscellany of Non-descripts; and travel now their last road. No help. They too must 'look through the little window'; they too 'must sneeze into the sack,' *Éternuer dans le sac*; as they have done to others, so is it done to them. *Sainte-Guillotine*, meseems, is worse than the old Saints of Superstition; a man-devouring Saint? Clootz, still with an air of polished sarcasm, endeavours to jest, to offer cheering 'arguments of Materialism'; he requested to be executed last, 'in order to establish certain principles,'—which hitherto, I think, Philosophy has got no good of. General Ronsin too, he still looks forth with some air of defiance, eye of command: the rest are sunk in a stony paleness of despair. Momoro, poor Bibliopolist, no Agrarian Law yet realised,—they might as well have hanged thee at Evreux, twenty months ago, when Girondin Buzot hindered them. Hébert *Père Duchesne* shall never in this world rise in sacred right of insurrection; he sits there low enough, head sunk on breast; Red Nightcaps shouting round him, in frightful parody of his Newspaper Articles, 'Grand choler of the *Père Duchesne*!' Thus perish they; the sack receives all their heads. Through some section of History, Nineteen spectre-chimeras shall slit, squeaking and gibbering; till Oblivion swallow them.

In the course of a week, the Revolutionary Army itself is disbanded; the General having become spectral. This Faction of Rabids, therefore, is also purged from the Republican soil; here also the baited falltraps of that Pitt have been wrenched up harmless; and anew there is joy over a plot Discovered. The Revolution, then, is verily devouring its own children? All Anarchy, by the nature of it, is not only destructive but self-destructive.

## CHAPTER II

### DANTON, NO WEAKNESS

DANTON meanwhile has been pressingly sent for from Arcis: he must return instantly, cried Camille, cried Phélippeaux and Friends, who scented danger in the wind. Danger enough! A Danton, a Robespierre, chief-products of a victorious Revolution,

CHAP. I  
March 24,  
1794  
(Year 2, Germ. 4)

BOOK VI  
March 31,  
1794  
(1 year, Germ.)

tion are now arrived in immediate front of one another, must ascertain how they will live together, rule together One conceives easily the deep mutual incompatibility that divided these two with what terror of feminine hatred the poor sea-green Formula looked at the monstrous colossal Reality, and grew greener to behold him,—the Reality, again, struggling to think no ill of a chief product of the Revolution, yet feeling at bottom that such chief product was little other than a chief windbag blown large by Popular air, not a man, with the heart of a man but a poor spasmodic incorruptible pedant, with a logic-formula instead of heart, of Jesuit or Methodist Parson nature, full of sincere-cant, incorruptibility, of virulence, poltroonery, barren as the eastwind! Two such chief products are too much for one Revolution

Friends trembling at the results of a quarrel on their part, brought them to meet, 'It is right,' said Danton, swallowing much indignation, 'to repress the Royalists but we should not strike except where it is useful to the Republic, we should not confound the innocent and the guilty'—'And who told you' replied Robespierre with a poisonous look, 'that one innocent person had perished?'—'Quoi,' said Danton, turning round to Friend Pâris self named Fabricius, Jurymen in the Revolutionary Tribunal 'Quoi, not one innocent? What sayest thou of it, Fabricius?'—Friends, Westermann, this Pâris and others urged him to show himself to ascend the Tribune and act. The man Danton was not prone to show himself, to act, or uproar for his own safety. A man of careless, large, hoping nature, a large nature that could rest he would sit whole hours, they say, hearing Camille talk, and liked nothing so well. Friends urged him to fly, his Wife urged him 'Whither fly?' answered he 'If freed France cast me out there are only dungeons for me elsewhere One carries not his country with him at the sole of his shoe! The man Danton sat still Not even the arrestment of Friend Hérault, a member of *Salut* yet arrested by *Salut*, can rouse Danton—On the night of the 30th of March Jurymen Pâris came rushing in, haste looking through his eyes. A clerk of the *Salut* Committee had told him Danton's warrant was made out, he is to be arrested this very night! Entreaties there are and trepidation, of poor Wife, of Pâris and Friends

<sup>1</sup> *Bio-graphie des M. nistres* § Danton

Danton sat silent for a while ; then answered, '*Ils n'oseraient*, They dare not' ; and would take no measures. Murmuring 'They dare not,' he goes to sleep as usual.

CHAP. II  
March 31,  
1794  
(Year 2, Germ 11)

And yet, on the morrow morning, strange rumour spreads over Paris City : Danton, Camille, Phélippeaux, Lacroix have been arrested overnight ! It is verily so : the corridors of the Luxembourg were all crowded, Prisoners crowding forth to see this giant of the Revolution enter among them. 'Messieurs,' said Danton politely, 'I hoped soon to have got you all out of this : but here I am myself ; and one sees not where it will end,'—Rumour may spread over Paris : the Convention clusters itself into groups ; wide-eyed, whispering 'Danton arrested !' Who then is safe ? Legendre, mounting the Tribune, utters, at his own peril, a feeble word for him ; moving that he be heard at that Bar before indictment ; but Robespierre frowns him down : 'Did you hear Chabot or Bazire ? Would you have two weights and measures ?' Legendre cowers low : Danton, like the others, must take his doom.

Danton's Prison-thoughts were curious to have ; but are not given in any quantity : indeed few such remarkable men have been left so obscure to us as this Titan of the Revolution. He was heard to ejaculate : 'This time twelvemonth, I was moving the creation of that same Revolutionary Tribunal. I crave pardon for it of God and man. They are all Brothers Cain ; Brissot would have had me guillotined as Robespierre now will. I leave the whole business in a frightful welter (*gâchis épouvantable*) : not one of them understands anything of government. Robespierre will follow me ; I drag down Robespierre. O, it were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with governing of men.'—Camille's young beautiful Wife, who had made him rich not in money alone, hovers round the Luxembourg, like a disembodied spirit, day and night. Camille's stolen letters to her still exist ; stained with the marks of his tears.<sup>1</sup> 'I carry my head like a Saint-Sacrament ?' so Saint-Just was heard to mutter : 'perhaps he will carry his like a Saint-Denis.'

Unhappy Danton, thou still unhappier light Camille, once light *Procureur de la Lanterne*, ye also have arrived, then, at

<sup>1</sup> *Aperçus sur Camille Desmoulins* (in *Vieux Cordelier*, Paris, 1825), pp. 1-29.

the



BOOK VI the Bourne of Creation, where, like Ulysses Polytlas at the  
 April 2 1794 limit and utmost Gades of his voyage, gazing into that dim  
 (Years Germ 13) Waste beyond Creation, a man does see *the Shade of his Mother*,  
 pale, ineffectual,—and days when his Mother nursed and  
 wrapped him are all too sternly contrasted with this day!  
 Danton, Camille, Héroult, Westermann, and the others, very  
 strangely massed up with Bazures, Swindler Chabots, Fabre  
 d'Eglantines, Banker Freys, a most motley Batch '*Fournée*,' as  
 such things will be called, stand ranked at the Bar of Tinville  
 It is the 2nd of April 1794 Danton has had but three days to  
 lie in Prison, for the time presses

What is your name? place of abode? and the like, Fouquier asks, according to formality 'My name is Danton,' answers he, 'a name tolerably known in the Revolution my abode will soon be Annihilation (*dans le Néant*), but I shall live in the Pantheon of History' A man will endeavour to say something forcible, be it by nature or not! Héroult mentions epigrammatically that he 'sat in this Hall, and was detested of Parlementeers' Camille makes answer, 'My age is that of the *bon Sansculotte Jésus*, an age fatal to Revolutionists' O Camille, Camille! And yet in that Divine Transaction, let us say, there did lie, among other things, the fatalest Reproof ever uttered here below to Worldly Right honourable ness, 'the highest fact,' so devout Novalis calls it, 'in the Rights of Man' Camille's real age, it would seem, is thirty four Danton is one year older

Some five months ago, the Trial of the Twenty two Girondins was the greatest that Fouquier had then done But here is a still greater to do, a thing which tasks the whole faculty of Fouquier, which makes the very heart of him waver For it is the voice of Danton that reverberates now from these domes, in passionate words, piercing with their wild sincerity, winged with wrath Your best Witnesses he shivers into ruin at one stroke He demands that the Committee men themselves come as Witnesses, as Accusers, he 'will cover them with ignominy' He raises his huge stature, he shakes his huge black head, fire flashes from the eyes of him—piercing to all Republican hearts so that the very Galleries though we filled them by ticket murmur sympathy, and are like to burst down and raise the People, and deliver him! He complains loudly that he is classed with Chabots, with swindling  
 Stockjobbers,

Stockjobbers; that his Indictment is a list of platitudes and horrors. 'Danton hidden on the 10th of August?' reverberates he, with the roar of a lion in the toils: 'where are the men that had to press Danton to show himself, that day? Where are these high-gifted souls of whom he borrowed energy? Let them appear, these Accusers of mine: I have all the clearness of my self-possession when I demand them. I will unmask the three shallow scoundrels,' *les trois plats coquins*, Saint-Just, Couthon, Lebas, 'who fawn on Robespierre, and lead him towards his destruction. Let them produce themselves here; I will plunge them into Nothingness, out of which they ought never to have risen.' The agitated President agitates his bell; enjoins calmness, in a vehement manner: 'What is it to thee how I defend myself?' cries the other: 'the right of *dooming* me is thine always. The voice of a man speaking for his honour and his life may well drown the jingling of thy bell!' Thus Danton, higher and higher; till the lion-voice of him 'dies away in his throat': speech will not utter what is in that man. The Galleries murmur ominously; the first day's Session is over.

O Tinville, President Herman, what will ye do? They have two days more of it, by strictest Revolutionary Law. The Galleries already murmur. If this Danton were to burst your mesh-work!—Very curious indeed to consider. It turns on a hair: and what a hoitytoity were *there*, Justice and Culprit changing places; and the whole History of France running changed! For in France there is this Danton only that could still try to govern France. He only, the wild amorphous Titan;—and perhaps that other olive-complexioned individual, the Artillery-officer at Toulon, whom we left pushing his fortune in the South?

On the evening of the second day, matters looking not better but worse and worse, Fouquier and Herman, distraction in their aspect, rush over to *Salut Public*. What is to be done? *Salut Public* rapidly concocts a new Decree; whereby if men 'insult Justice,' they may be 'thrown out of the Debates.' For indeed, withal, is there not 'a Plot in the Luxembourg Prison'? *Ci-devant* General Dillon, and others of the Suspect, plotting with Camille's Wife to distribute *assignats*; to force the Prisons, upset the Republic? Citizen Laflotte, himself Suspect but desiring enfranchisement, has reported said Plot

for

CHAP. II  
April 2, 1794  
(Year 2, Germ. 13)

BOOK VI for us :—a report that may bear fruit ! Enough, on the morrow April 8, 1794 morning, an obedient Convention passes this Decree. *Salut* (Year 2, Germ. 16) rushes off with it to the aid of Tinville, reduced now almost to extremities. And so, *Hors de Débats*, Out of the Debates, ye insolents ! Policemen, do your duty ! In such manner, with a dead-lift effort *Salut*, Tinville, Herman, Leroi *Dix-Août*,



LUCILE DESMOULINS.

and all stanch jurymen setting heart and shoulder to it, the Jury becomes 'sufficiently instructed'; Sentence is passed, is sent by an Official, and torn and trampled on : *Death this day*. It is the 5th of April 1794. Camille's poor Wife may cease hovering about this Prison. Nay let her kiss her poor children ; and prepare to enter it, and to follow !—

Danton carried a high look in the Death-cart. Not so Camille :

Camille : it is but one week, and all is so topsyturvied ; angel Wife left weeping ; love, riches, revolutionary fame, left all at the Prison-gate ; carnivorous Rabble now howling round. Palpable, and yet incredible ; like a madman's dream ! Camille struggles and writhes ; his shoulders shuffle the loose coat off them, which hangs knotted, the hands tied : ' Calm, my friend,' said Danton ; ' heed not that vile canaille (*laissez là cette vile canaille*). ' At the foot of the Scaffold, Danton was heard to ejaculate : ' O my Wife, my well-beloved, I shall never see thee more, then ! '—but, interrupting himself : ' Danton, no weakness ! ' He said to Héault-Séchelles stepping forward to embrace him : ' Our heads will meet *there*, ' in the Headsman's sack. His last words were to Samson the Headsman himself : ' Thou wilt show my head to the people ; it is worth showing. '

CHAP. II  
April 10,  
1794  
(Year 2, Germ. 21)

So passes, like a gigantic mass of valour, ostentation, fury, affection and wild revolutionary force and manhood, this Danton, to his unknown home. He was of Arcis-sur-Aube ; born of ' good farmer-people ' there. He had many sins ; but one worst sin he had not, that of Cant. No hollow Formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, *ghastly* to the natural sense, was this ; but a very Man : with all his dross he was a Man ; fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick ; he walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of men.

## CHAPTER III

### THE TUMBRILS

NEXT week, it is still but the 10th of April, there comes a new Nineteen ; Chaumette, Gobel, Hébert's Widow, the Widow of Camille : these also roll their fated journey ; black Death devours them. Mean Hébert's Widow was weeping, Camille's Widow tried to speak comfort to her. O ye kind Heavens, azure, beautiful, eternal behind your tempests and Time-clouds, is there not pity in store for all ! Gobel, it seems, was repentant ; he begged absolution of a Priest ; died as a Gobel best could. For Anaxagoras Chaumette, the sleek head now stripped of its *bonnet rouge*, what hope is there ? Unless Death

BOOK VI Death were 'an eternal sleep' ? Wretched Anaxagoras, God  
 April 22, shall judge thee, not I

1794  
 (Year 4 Flor 3)

Hébert, therefore, is gone, and the Hébertists, they that robbed Churches, and adored blue Reason in red nightcap Great Danton, and the Dantonists, they also are gone Down to the catacombs, they are become silent men ! Let no Paris Municipality, no Sect or Party of this hue or that, resist the will of Robespierre and *Salut* Mayor Pache, not prompt enough in denouncing these Pitt Plots, may congratulate about them now. Never so heartily, it skills not ! His course likewise is to the Luxembourg We appoint one Fleuriot Lescot Interim Mayor in his stead an 'architect from Belgium,' they say, this Fleuriot, he is a man one can depend on. Our new Agent National is Payan, lately Jurymen, whose cynosure also is Robespierre

Thus then, we perceive, this confusedly electric Erebus cloud of Revolutionary Government has altered its shape somewhat. Two masses, or wings, belonging to it, an over electric mass of Cordelier Rabids and an under electric of Dantonist Moderates and Clemency men,—these two masses, shooting bolts at one another, so to speak, have annihilated one another For the Erebus cloud, as we often remark, is of suicidal nature, and, in jagged irregularity, darts its lightning withal into itself But now these two discrepant masses being mutually annihilated, it is as if the Erebus cloud had got to internal composure, and did only pour its hellfire lightning on the World that lay under it In plain words, Terror of the Guillotine was never terrible till now Systole, diastole, swift and ever swifter goes the Axe of Samson Indictments cease by degrees to have so much as plausibility Fouquier chooses from the Twelve Houses of Arrest what he calls Batches, '*Fournées*,' a score or more at a time, his Jurymen are charged to make *feu de file*, file firing till the ground be clear Citizen Laffitte's report of Plot in the Luxembourg is verily bearing fruit ! If no speakable charge exist against a man, or Batch of men, Fouquier has always this a Plot in the Prison Swift and ever swifter goes Samson, up, finally to threescore and more at a Batch It is the highday of Death none but the Dead return not

O dusky D Espréménil, what a day is this the 22d of April thy last day ! The Palais Hall here is the same stone Hall,  
 where

where thou, five years ago, stoopest perorating, amid endless pathos of rebellious Parlement, in the gray of the morning; bound to march with D'Agoust to the Isles of Hières. The stones are the same stones: but the rest, Men, Rebellion, Pathos, Peroration, see, it has all fled, like a gibbering troop of ghosts, like the phantasms of a dying brain. With D'Espréménil, in the same line of Tumbrils, goes the mournfulest medley. Chapelier goes, *ci-devant* popular President of the Constituent; whom the Menads and Maillard met in his carriage, on the Versailles Road. Thouret likewise, *ci-devant* President, father of the Constitutional Law-acts; he whom we heard saying, long since, with a loud voice, 'The Constituent Assembly has fulfilled its mission!' And the noble old Malesherbes, who defended Louis and could not speak, like a gray old rock dissolving into sudden water: he journeys here now, with his kindred, daughters, sons, and grandsons, his Lamoignons, Chateaubriands; silent, towards Death.—One young Chateaubriand alone is wandering amid the Natchez, by the roar of Niagara Falls, the moan of endless forests: Welcome thou great Nature, savage, but not false, not unkind, unmotherly; no Formula thou, or rabid jangle of Hypothesis, Parliamentary Eloquence, Constitution-building and the Guillotine; speak thou to me, O Mother, and sing my sick heart thy mystic everlasting lullaby-song, and let all the rest be far!—

Another row of Tumbrils we must notice: that which holds Elizabeth, the Sister of Louis. Her Trial was like the rest; for Plots, for Plots. She was among the kindest, most innocent of women. There sat with her, amid four-and-twenty others, a once timorous Marchioness de Crussol; courageous now; expressing towards her the liveliest loyalty. At the foot of the Scaffold, Elizabeth with tears in her eyes thanked this Marchioness; said she was grieved she could not reward her. 'Ah, Madame, would your Royal Highness deign to embrace me, my wishes were complete!'—'Right willingly, Marquise de Crussol, and with my whole heart.'<sup>1</sup> Thus they: at the foot of the Scaffold. The Royal Family is now reduced to two: a girl and a little boy. The boy, once named Dauphin, was taken from his Mother while she yet lived; and given to one Simon, by trade a Cordwainer, on service then about the

CHAP. III  
April 22,  
1794  
(Year 2, Flor. 3)

<sup>1</sup> Montgaillard, iv. 200.

BOOK VI  
May 1794  
(year 2 Flor)

concealment is become dangerous to others and himself; he has to fly again, to skulk, round Paris, in thickets and stone-quarries. And so at the Village of Clamars, one bleared May morning, there enters a Figure ragged, rough bearded, hunger stricken; asks breakfast in the tavern there. Suspect, by the look of him! 'Servant out of place, sayest thou?' Committee President of Forty Sous finds a Latin Horace on him. 'Art not thou one of those *Ci devants* that were wont to keep servants? *Suspect*!' He is haled forthwith, breakfast unfinished, towards Bourg la Reine, on foot: he faints with exhaustion; is set on a peasant's horse; is flung into his damp prison cell: on the morrow, recollecting him, you enter; Condorcet lies dead on the floor. They die fast, and disappear the Notabilities of France disappear, one after one, like lights in a Theatre, which you are snuffing out.

Under which circumstances, is it not singular, and almost touching, to see Paris City drawn out, in the meek May nights, in civic ceremony, which they call '*Souper Fraternel*,' Brotherly Supper? Spontaneous, or partially spontaneous, in the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth nights of this May month, it is seen. Along the Rue Saint Honoré, and main Streets and Spaces, each Citoyen brings forth what of supper the stingy *Maximum* has yielded him, to the open air; joins it to his neighbour's supper; and with common table, cheerful light burning frequent, and what due modicum of cut glass and other garnish and relish is convenient, they eat frugally together, under the kind stars<sup>1</sup>. See it, O Night! With cheerfully pledged wine-cup, hobnobbing to the Reign of Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood, with their wives in best ribands, with their little ones romping round, the Citoyens, in frugal Love feast, sit there. Night in her wide empire sees nothing similar. O my brothers, why is the reign of Brotherhood *not* come! It is come, it shall have come, say the Citoyens frugally hobnobbing—Ah me! these everlasting stars, do they not look down 'like glistering eyes, bright with immortal pity, over the lot of man'!—

One lamentable thing, however, is, that individuals will attempt assassination—of Representatives of the People

<sup>1</sup> *Tableaux de la Révolution* § *Soupers Fraternels*, Mercier, ii. 150.

Representative Collot, Member even of *Salut*, returning home, 'about one in the morning,' probably touched with liquor, as he is apt to be, meets on the stairs the cry '*Scélérat!*' and also the snap of a pistol: which latter flashes in the pan; disclosing to him, momentarily, a pair of truculent saucer-eyes, swart grim-clenched countenance; recognisable as that of our

CHAP. III  
May 1794  
(Year 2, Flor.)



COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

little fellow-lodger, Citoyen Amiral, formerly 'a clerk in the Lotteries.' Collot shouts *Murder*, with lungs fit to awaken all the *Rue Favart*; Amiral snaps a second time; a second time flashes in the pan; then darts up into his apartment; and, after there firing, still with inadequate effect, one musket at himself and another at his captor, is clutched and locked in Prison.<sup>1</sup> An indignant little man this Amiral, of Southern

<sup>1</sup> Riouffe, p. 73; *Deux Amis*, xii. 298-302.



BOOK VI France, sets his torch to Atheism and Company, which are  
 June 1794 but made of pasteboard steeped in turpentine They burn  
 (Yes & Prair) up rapidly, and, from within, there rises 'by machinery,'  
 an incombustible Statue of Wisdom, which, by ill hap, gets  
 besmoked a little, but does stand there visible in as serene  
 attitude as it can

And then? Why, then, there is other Processioning,  
 scraggy Discoursing, and—this is our Feast of the *Être Sup*  
*rême*, our new Religion, better or worse, is come!—Look  
 at it one moment, O Reader, not two The shabbiest page  
 of Human Annals or is there, that thou wottest of, one  
 shabbier? Mumbo Jumbo of the African woods to me seems  
 venerable beside this new Deity of Robespierre, for this is  
 a *conscious* Mumbo Jumbo, and *knows* that he is machinery  
 O seagreen Prophet, unhappiest of windbags blown nigh to  
 bursting what distracted Chimera among realities art thou  
 growing to! This then, this common pitch link for artificial  
 fireworks of turpentine and pasteboard, *this* is the miraculous  
 Aaron's Rod thou wilt stretch over a hag ridden hell ridden  
 France, and bid her plagues cease? Vanish thou and it!—  
 'Avec ton *Être Suprême*' said Billaud '*tu commences m'embêter*  
 With thy *Être Suprême* thou beginnest to be a bore to me'<sup>1</sup>

Catherine Théot, on the other hand 'an ancient serving maid  
 seventy nine years of age,' inured to Prophecy and the Bastille  
 from of old sits in an upper room in the Rue de Contrescarpe,  
 poring over the Book of Revelation, with an eye to Robes  
 pierre, finds that this astonishing thrice potent Maximilien  
 really is the Man spoken of by Prophets, who is to make the  
 Earth young again With her sit devout old Marchionesses  
*ci devant* honourable women, among whom Old Constituent  
 Dom Gerle, with his addle head cannot be wanting They  
 sit there, in the Rue de Contrescarpe, in mysterious adora  
 tion Mumbo is Mumbo, and Robespierre is his Prophet A  
 conspicuous man this Robespierre He has his volunteer Body  
 guard of *Tappe durs*, let us say *Strike sharps* fierce Patriots  
 with feruled sticks, and Jacobins kissing the hem of his gar  
 ment He enjoys the admiration of many the worship of some,  
 and is well worth the wonder of one and all

<sup>1</sup> See V late *Causse Secrètes* (V'late's Narrat ve is very curious but is not to be  
 taken as true w'out sift'ng being at bottom n sp'te of its title not a Narrat ve but  
 a Plead'ng)

The grand question and hope, however, is: Will not this Feast of the Tuileries Mumbo-Jumbo be a sign perhaps that the Guillotine is to abate? Far enough from that! Precisely on the second day after it, Couthon, one of the 'three shallow scoundrels,' gets himself lifted into the Tribune; produces a bundle of papers. Couthon proposes that, as Plots still abound, the *Law of the Suspect* shall have extension, and Arrestment new vigour and facility. Further, that as in such case business is like to be heavy, our Revolutionary Tribunal too shall have extension; be divided, say, into Four Tribunals, each with its President, each with its Fouquier or Substitute of Fouquier, all labouring at once, any remnant of trouble or dilatory formality be struck off: in this way it may perhaps still overtake the work. Such is Couthon's *Decree of the Twenty-second Prairial*, famed in those times. At hearing of which Decree, the very Mountain gasped, swelled; and one Ruamps ventured to say that if it passed without adjourn-

CHAP. IV  
June 1794  
(Gore, Push.)

BOOK VI  
June 1794  
(Year of Fear)

tion, the inhabitants along the Rue Saint Honoré, as these continual Tumbrils pass, begin to look gloomy? Republicans too have bowels. The Guillotine is shifted, then again shifted, finally set up at the remote extremity of the South east<sup>1</sup> Suburbs Saint Antoine and Saint Marceau, it is to be hoped, if they have bowels, have very tough ones

## CHAPTER V

### THE PRISONS

It is time now, however, to cast a glance into the Prisons. When Desmoulins moved for his Committee of Mercy, these Twelve Houses of Arrest held five thousand persons. Continually arriving since then, there have now accumulated twelve-thousand. They are Cidevants, Royalists, in far greater part, they are Republicans, of various Girondin, Fayetteish, Un Jacobin colour. Perhaps no Human habitation or Prison ever equalled in squalor, in noisome horror, these Twelve Houses of Arrest. There exist records of personal experience in them. *Mémoires sur les Prisons*, one of the strangest Chapters in the Biography of Man.

Very singular to look into it. how a kind of order rises up in all conditions of human existence, and wherever two or three are gathered together, there are formed modes of existing together, habitudes, observances, nay gracefulnesses, joys! Citoyen Coittant will explain fully how our lean dinner, of herbs and carrion, was consumed not without politeness and *place aux dames*. how Seigneur and Shoeblick, Duchess and Doll Tearsheet, flung pell mell into a heap, ranked themselves according to method. at what hour 'the Citoyennes took to their needlework', and we, yielding the chairs to them, endeavouring to talk gallantly in a standing posture, or even to sing and harp more or less. Jealousies, enmities, are not wanting, nor flirtations, of an effective character.

Alas, by degrees, even needlework must cease. Plot in the Prison rises by Citoyen Laflotte and Preternatural Suspicion. Suspicious Municipality snatches from us all implements, all money and possession, of means or metal, is ruthlessly searched

<sup>1</sup> Montguillard iv 237

CHAP. V  
June 1794  
(Year 2, Prair.)

for, in pocket, in pillow and paillasse, and snatched away : red-capped Commissaries entering every cell. Indignation, temporary desperation, at robbery of its very thimble, fills the gentle heart. Old Nuns shriek shrill discord ; demand to be killed forthwith. No help from shrieking ! Better was that of the two shifty male Citizens, who, eager to preserve an implement or two, were it but a pipe-picker, or needle to darn hose with, determined to defend themselves : by tobacco. Swift then, as your fell Red Caps are heard in the Corridor rummaging and slamming, the two Citoyens light their pipes, and begin smoking. Thick darkness envelops them. The Red Nightcaps, opening the cell, breathe but one mouthful ; burst forth into chorus of barking and coughing. '*Quoi, Messieurs,*' cry the two Citoyens, 'you don't smoke ? Is the pipe disagreeable ? *Est-ce que vous ne fumez pas ?*' But the Red Nightcaps have fled, with slight search : '*Vous n'aimez pas la pipe ?*' cry the Citoyens, as their door slams-to again.<sup>1</sup> My poor brother Citoyens, O surely, in a reign of Brotherhood, you are not the two I would guillotine !

Rigour grows, stiffens into horrid tyranny ; Plot in the Prison getting ever rifer. This Plot in the Prison, as we said, is now the stereotype formula of Tinville : against whomsoever he knows no crime, this is a ready-made crime. His Judgment-bar has become unspeakable ; a recognised mockery ; known only as the wicket one passes through, towards Death. His Indictments are drawn out in blank ; you insert the Names after. He has his *moutons*, detestable traitor jackals, who report and bear witness ; that they themselves may be allowed to live,—for a time. His *Fournées*, says the reproachful Collot, 'shall in no case exceed three-score' ; that is his *maximum*. Nightly come his Tumbrils to the Luxembourg, with the fatal Roll-call ; list of the *Fournée* of tomorrow. Men rush towards the Grate ; listen, if their name be in it ? One deep-drawn breath, when the name is not in ; we live still one day ! And yet some score or scores of names were in. Quick these, they clasp their loved ones to their heart, one last time ; with brief adieu, wet-eyed or dry-eyed, they mount, and are away. This night to the Conciergerie ; through the Palais misnamed of *Justice*, to the Guillotine tomorrow.

Recklessness, defiant levity, the Stoicism if not of strength

<sup>1</sup> *Maison d'Arrêt de l'ort-Libre*, par Coittant, etc. (*Mémoires sur les Prisons*, ii.)

BOOK VI  
June 1794  
(1 ear = Prair)

yet of weakness, has possessed all hearts Weak women and *Ci devants*, their locks not yet made into blond perukes, their skins not yet tanned into breeches, are accustomed to 'act the Guillotine' by way of pastime In fantastic mummery, with towel turbans, blanket ermine, a mock Sanhedrim of Judges sits, a mock Tinville pleads, a culprit is doomed, is guillotined by the oversetting of two chairs Sometimes we carry it further Tinville himself, in his turn, is doomed, and not to the Guillotine alone With blackened face, hirsute, horned, a shaggy Satan snatches him not unshrieking, shows him, with outstretched arm and voice, the fire that is not quenched, the worm that dies not, the monotony of Hell pain, and the *What hour?* answered by, *It is Eternity*<sup>1</sup>

And still the Prisons fill fuller, and still the Guillotine goes faster On all high roads march flights of Prisoners, wending towards Paris Not *Ci devants* now, they, the noisy of them, are mown down, it is Republicans now Chained two and two they march, in exasperated moments singing their *Mar seillaise* A hundred and thirty two men of Nantes, for instance, march towards Paris, in these same days Republicans or say even Jacobins to the marrow of the bone, but Jacobins who had not approved Noyading<sup>2</sup> *Vive la République* rises from them in all streets of towns they rest by night in unutterable noisome dens crowded to choking, one or two dead on the morrow They are wayworn, weary of heart, can only shout *Live the Republic*, we, as under horrid enchantment, dying in this way for it!

Some Four hundred Priests, of whom also there is record, ride at anchor 'in the roads of the Isle of Aix,' long months, looking out on misery, vacuity, waste Sands of Oleron and the ever moaning brine Ragged sordid, hungry, wasted to shadows eating their unclean ration on deck, circularly, in parties of a dozen, with finger and thumb, beating their scandalous clothes between two stones, choked in horrible miasmata closed under hatches seventy of them in a berth, through night, so that the 'aged Priest is found lying dead in the morning, in the attitude of prayer'!<sup>3</sup>—How long O Lord!

<sup>1</sup> Montgaillard iv 218 Riouffe p 273

<sup>2</sup> *Voyage de Cent Trente deux Nanta* (Prisons : 283 335)

<sup>3</sup> *Relation de ce qui s'est fait pour la Religion les Prêtres déportés en 1794, dans la rade de l'île d'Aix* (Ib. ii. 387 485)

CHAP. V  
June 1794  
(Year 9, Pub.)

## TO FINISH THE TERROR

We note further, that among the Democrats in the "two Houses of Congress, there is one whom we have never before, Senators included, from California, the late Democratic member Representative Walter D. Bunker Hays of California, who without effort or thought, takes it upon him to deliver, every since, from Congress; and in the next morning publishes a vain that he would, sooner or later, see, the work of Jacobinism in this great country; the Tribune, picked him out; two times the Democrats gathered at his house of counsel from the Convention to come and see the "Globe," and by conversation, the American Congress, in spite of the fact could do: such a grand picture of itself, the Democrats brought out to the Congress, that the most pressing business, and continuing: some was very much. Some have not been the one, and is exposed, from which we have, exhibiting a "Globe" is, with; against them he argues: but he has no success, as in the "Globe" from: the Democratic Party of "the" is not open but in. There has been a constant flow, in the

BOOK VI true Tallien has had words of omen, Bourdon has had words,  
 July 1794 Fréron is hated and Barras each man 'feels his head if it  
 (Years Mess.) yet stick on his shoulders'

Meanwhile Robespierre, we still observe, goes little to Convention, not at all to Committee, speaks nothing except to his Jacobin House of Lords, amid his bodyguard of *Tappeurs*. These 'forty days,' for we are now far in July, he has not showed face in Committee, could only work there by his three shallow scoundrels, and the terror there was of him. The Incorruptible himself sits apart, or is seen stalking in solitary places in the fields, with an intensely meditative air, some say, 'with eyes red spotted,'<sup>1</sup> fruit of extreme bile the lamentablest seagreen Chimera that walks the Earth that July! O hapless Chimera,—for thou too hadst a life, and heart of flesh—what is this that the stern gods, seeming to smile all the way, have led and let thee to! Art not thou he, who, few years ago, was a young Advocate of promise, and gave up the Arras Judgeship rather than sentence one man to die?—

What his thoughts might be? His plans for finishing the Terror? One knows not. Dim vestiges there flit of Agrarian Law, a victorious Sansculottism become Landed Proprietor, old Soldiers sitting in National Mansions, in Hospital Palaces of Chambord and Chantilly, peace bought by victory, breaches healed by Feast of *Être Supreme*,—and so, through seas of blood, to Equality, Frugality, worksome Blessedness, Fraternity, and Republic of the virtues. Blessed shore, of such a sea of Aristocrat blood but how to land on it? Through one last wave blood of corrupt Sansculottists, traitorous or semi traitorous Conventionals, rebellious Talliens, Billauds, to whom with my *Être Supreme* I have become a bore, with my Apocalyptic Old Woman a laughing stock!—So stalks he, this poor Robespierre, like a seagreen ghost, through the blooming July Vestiges of schemes flit dim. But *what* his schemes or his thoughts were will never be known to man.

New Catacombs, some say, are digging for a huge simultaneous butchery. Convention to be butchered, down to the right pitch, by General Henriot and Company Jacobin House of Lords made dominant, and Robespierre Dictator.<sup>2</sup> There is actually, or else there is not actually, a List made

<sup>1</sup> *Deux Amis* x 347 73

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid* xii 350-8



NAPOLEON.

(The triple crown, and the bubble bait)





out; which the Hairdresser has got eye on, as he frizzled the Incorruptible locks. Each man asks himself, Is it I?

Nay, as Tradition and rumour of Anecdote still convey it, there was a remarkable bachelor's dinner, one hot day, at Barrère's. For doubt not, O Reader, this Barrère and others of them gave dinners; had 'country-house at Clichy,' with elegant enough sumptuosities, and pleasures high-rouged.<sup>1</sup> But at this dinner we speak of, the day being so hot, it is said, the guests all stript their coats, and left them in the drawing-room: from the dinner-table Carnot glided out, driven by a necessity, needing of all things *paper*; groped in Robespierre's pocket; found a list of Forty, his own name among them;—and tarried not at the wine-cup that day!—Ye must bestir yourselves, O Friends; ye dull Frogs of the Marsh, mute ever since Girondism sank under, even you now must croak or die! Councils are held, with word and beck; nocturnal, mysterious as death. Does not a feline Maximilien stalk there; voiceless as yet; his green eyes red-spotted; back bent, and hair up? Rash Tallien, with his rash temper and audacity of tongue; he shall *bell the cat*. Fix a day; and be it soon, lest never!

Lo, before the fixed day, on the day which they call Eighth of Thermidor, 26th July 1794, Robespierre himself reappears in Convention; mounts to the Tribune! The biliary face seems clouded with new gloom: judge whether your Talliens, Bourdons, listened with interest. It is a voice bodeful of death or of life. Longwinded, unmelodious as the screech-owl's, sounds that prophetic voice: Degenerate condition of Republican spirit; corrupt Moderatism; *Sûreté, Salut* Committees themselves infected; backsliding on this hand and on that; I, Maximilien, alone left incorruptible, ready to die at a moment's warning. For all which what remedy is there? The Guillotine; new vigour to the all-healing Guillotine; death to traitors of every hue! So sings the prophetic voice; into its Convention sounding-board. The old song this: but today, O Heavens, has the sounding-board ceased to act? There is not resonance in this Convention; there is, so to speak, a gasp of silence; nay a certain grating of one knows not what!—Lecointre, our old Draper of Versailles, in these questionable circumstances, sees nothing he can do so safe as rise, 'insidiously' or not insidiously, and move, according

CHAP. VI  
July 26,  
1794  
Year 2, Therm. 8)

<sup>1</sup> See Vilate.

BOOK VI  
July 26,  
1794  
(*see Therm.*)

to established wont, that the Robespierre Speech be 'printed and sent to the Departments' Hark gratings, even of dissonance! Honourable Members hint dissonance, Committee-Members, inculcated in the Speech, utter dissonance, demand 'delay in printing' Ever higher rises the note of dissonance, inquiry is even made by Editor Fréron 'What has become of the Liberty of Opinions in this Convention?' The Order to print and transmit, which had got passed, is rescinded Robespierre, greener than ever before has to retire, foiled, discerning that it is mutiny, that evil is nigh!

Mutiny is a thing of the fatalest nature in all enterprises whatsoever, a thing so incalculable, swift frightful not to be dealt with in *fright* But mutiny in a Robespierre Convention, above all—it is like fire seen sputtering in the ship's powder-room! One death-defiant plunge at it, this moment, and you may still tread it out hesitate till next moment,—ship and ship's captain, crew and cargo are shivered far, the ship's voyage has suddenly ended between sea and sky If Robespierre can, tonight, produce his Henriot and Company, and get his work done by them, he and Sansculottism may still subsist some time, if not, probably not. Oliver Cromwell, when that Agitator Sergeant stepped forth from the ranks with plea of grievances, and began gesticulating and demonstrating as the mouthpiece of Thousands expectant there,—discerned with those truculent eyes of his, how the matter lay, plucked a pistol from his holsters, blew Agitator and Agitation instantly out. Noll was a man fit for such things.

Robespierre, for his part, glides over at evening to his Jacobin House of Lords, unfolds there, instead of some adequate resolution, his woes, his uncommon virtues, incorruptibilities, then, secondly, his rejected screech-owl Oration,—reads this latter over again, and declares that he is ready to die at a moment's warning Thou shalt not die! shouts Jacobinism from its thousand throats 'Robespierre, I will drink the hemlock with thee,' cries Painter David, '*Je boirai la cigue avec toi*';—a thing not essential to do, but which, in the fire of the moment, can be said

Our Jacobin sounding board, therefore, does act! Applauses heaven high cover the rejected Oration, fire-eyed fury lights all Jacobin features Insurrection a sacred duty, the Convention

vention to be purged; Sovereign People under Henriot and Municipality; we will make a new June-Second of it: To your tents, O Israel! In this key pipes Jacobinism; in sheer tumult of revolt. Let Tallien and all Opposition men make off. Collot d'Herbois, though of the supreme *Salut*, and so lately

CHAP. VI

July 20,

1794

(Years, Therm. 2)



DAVID.

near shot, is elbowed, bullied; is glad to escape alive. Entering Committee-room of *Salut*, all dishevelled, he finds sleek sombre Saint-Just there, among the rest; who in his sleek way asks, 'What is passing at the Jacobins?'—'What is passing?' repeats Collot, in the unhistoric Cambray-rein: 'What is passing? Nothing but revolt and horror are passing

BOOK VI  
July 26,  
1794  
(Years Therm 8)

passing 'Ye want our lives, ye shall not have them' Saint Just stutters at such Cambyzes oratory, takes his hat to withdraw That *Report* he had been speaking of, Report on Republican Things in General we may say, which is to be read in Convention on the morrow, he cannot show it them, at this moment a friend has it, he, Saint Just, will get it, and send it, were he once home Once home, he sends not it, but an answer that he will not send it, that they will hear it from the Tribune tomorrow

*Let every man, therefore, according to a well known good advice, 'pray to Heaven, and keep his powder dry!' Paris on the morrow, will see a thing Swift scouts fly dim or invisible, all night, from Sûreté and Salut, from conclave to conclave, from Mother Society to Townhall Sleep, can it fall on the eyes of Talliens, Frérons, Collots? Pussant Henriot, Mayor Fleuriot, Judge Coffinhal, Procureur Payan, Robespierre and all the Jacobins are getting ready*

## CHAPTER VII

### GO DOWN TO

TALLIEN'S eyes beamed bright, on the morrow, Ninth of Thermidor, 'about nine o'clock,' to see that the Convention had actually met Paris is in rumour but at least we are met, in Legal Convention here, we have not been snatched seriatim, treated with a *Pride's Purge* at the door 'Allons, brave men of the Plain,' late Frogs of the Marsh! cried Tallien with a squeeze of the hand, as he passed in, Saint Just's sonorous voice being now audible from the Tribune, and the game of games begun

Saint Just is verily reading that Report of his, green Vengeance, in the shape of Robespierre, watching nigh Behold, however, Saint Just has read but few sentences, when interruption rises, rapid *crescendo*, when Tallien starts to his feet, and Billaud, and this man starts and that,—Tallien, a second time, with his 'Citoyens, at the Jacobins last night, I trembled for the Republic I said to myself, if the Convention dare not strike the Tyrant then I myself dare, and with this I will do it, if need be,' said he, whisking out a clear gleaming Dagger, and

and brandishing it there; the Steel of Brutus, as we call it. CHAP. VII  
Whereat we all bellow, and brandish, impetuous acclaim. July 27,  
'Tyranny! Dictatorship! Triumvirate!' And the *Salut* 1794  
Committee-men accuse, and all men accuse, and uproar, and (Year 2, Therm. 9)  
impetuously acclaim. And Saint-Just is standing motionless,  
pale of face; Couthon ejaculating 'Triumvir?' with a look  
at his paralytic legs. And Robespierre is struggling to speak,  
but President Thuriot is jingling the bell against him, but the  
Hall is sounding against him like an Æolus-Hall: and Robes-  
pierre is mounting the Tribune-steps and descending again;  
going and coming, like to choke with rage, terror, desperation:  
—and mutiny is the order of the day! <sup>1</sup>

O President Thuriot, thou that wert Elector Thuriot, and  
from the Bastille battlements sawest Saint-Antoine rising like  
the Ocean-tide, and hast seen much since, sawest thou ever  
the like of this? Jingle of bell, which thou jinglest against  
Robespierre, is hardly audible amid the Bedlam storm; and  
men rage for life. 'President of Assassins,' shrieks Robespierre,  
'I demand speech of thee for the last time!' It cannot be  
had. 'To you, O virtuous men of the Plain,' cries he, finding  
audience one moment, 'I appeal to you!' The virtuous men  
of the Plain sit silent as stones. And Thuriot's bell jingles,  
and the Hall sounds like Æolus's Hall. Robespierre's frothing  
lips are grown 'blue'; his tongue dry, cleaving to the roof of  
his mouth. 'The blood of Danton chokes him,' cry they.  
'Accusation! Decree of Accusation!' Thuriot swiftly puts  
that question. Accusation passes; the incorruptible Maxi-  
milien is decreed Accused.

'I demand to share my Brother's fate, as I have striven to  
share his virtues,' cries Augustin, the Younger Robespierre:  
Augustin also is decreed. And Couthon, and Saint-Just, and  
Lebas, they are all decreed; and packed forth,—not without  
difficulty, the Ushers almost trembling to obey. Triumvirate  
and Company are packed forth, into *Salut* Committee-room;  
their tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth. You have  
but to summon the Municipality; to cashier Commandant  
Henriot, and launch Arrest at him; to regulate formalities;  
hand Tinville his victims. It is noon: the Æolus-Hall has  
delivered itself; blows now victorious, harmonious, as one  
irresistible wind.

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, Nos. 311, 312; *Débats*, iv. 421-42; *Deux Amis*, xii. 390-411.

BOOK VI      And so the work is finished? One thinks so: and yet it is  
 July 27,      not so. Alas, there is yet but the first-act finished; three or  
 1794      four other acts still to come; and an uncertain catastrophe!  
 (Years, Therm.)      A huge City holds in it so many confusions: seven hundred  
                          thousand human heads; not one of which knows what its



SAINT-JUST.

neighbour is doing, nay not what itself is doing.—See, accordingly, about three in the afternoon, Commandant Henriot, how instead of sitting cashiered, arrested, he gallops along the Quais, followed by Municipal Gendarmes, ‘trampling down several persons’! For the Townhall sits deliberating, openly insurgent: Barriers to be shut; no Gaoler to admit any Prisoner this day;—and Henriot is galloping towards the  
                          Tuileries,

Tuileries, to deliver Robespierre. On the Quai de la Ferraille, a young Citoyen, walking with his wife, says aloud : ' Gendarmes, that man is not your Commandant ; he is under arrest.' The Gendarmes strike down the young Citoyen with the flat of their swords.<sup>1</sup>

CHAP. VII  
July 28,  
1794  
(Year 2,  
Therm. 10)

Representatives themselves (as Merlin the Thionviller), who accost him, this puissant Henriot flings into guard-houses. He bursts towards the Tuileries Committee-room, ' to speak with Robespierre ' : with difficulty, the Ushers and Tuileries Gendarmes, earnestly pleading and drawing sabre, seize this Henriot ; get the Henriot Gendarmes persuaded not to fight ; get Robespierre and Company packed into hackney-coaches, sent off under escort, to the Luxembourg and other Prisons. This, then, is the end ? May not an exhausted Convention adjourn now, for a little repose and sustenance, ' at five o'clock ' ?

An exhausted Convention did it ; and repented it. The end was not come ; only the end of the *second-act*. Hark, while exhausted Representatives sit at victuals,—tocsin bursting from all steeples, drums rolling, in the summer evening : Judge Coffinhal is galloping with new Gendarmes, to deliver Henriot from Tuileries Committee-room ; and does deliver him ! Puissant Henriot vaults on horseback ; sets to haranguing the Tuileries Gendarmes ; corrupts the Tuileries Gendarmes too ; trots off with them to Townhall. Alas, and Robespierre is not in Prison : the Gaoler showed his Municipal order, durst not, on pain of his life, admit any Prisoner ; the Robespierre Hackney-coaches, in this confused jangle and whirl of uncertain Gendarmes, have floated safe—into the Townhall ! There sit Robespierre and Company, embraced by Municipals and Jacobins in sacred right of Insurrection ; redacting Proclamations ; sounding tocsins ; corresponding with Sections and Mother Society. Is not here a pretty enough third-act of a *natural* Greek Drama ; catastrophe more uncertain than ever ?

The hasty Convention rushes together again, in the ominous nightfall : President Collot, for the chair is his, enters with long strides, paleness on his face ; claps-on his hat ; says with solemn tone : ' Citoyens, armed Villains have beset the Committee-rooms, and got possession of them. The hour is come,

<sup>1</sup> *Précis des Evénemens du Neuf Thermidor*, par C. A. Méda, ancien Gendarme (Paris, 1825).



BOOK VI

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1794

(Year 2,  
Therm. 10)

to die at our post ! ' *Oui,* answer one and all : ' We swear it ! ' It is no rodомontade, this time, but a sad fact and necessity ; unless we *do* at our posts, we must verily die. Swift therefore, Robespierre, Henriot, the Municipality, are declared Rebels ; put *Hors la Loi*, Out of Law. Better still, we appoint Barras Commandant of what Armed-force is to be had ; send Missionary Representatives to all Sections and quarters, to preach, and raise force ; will die at least with harness on our back.

What a distracted City ; men riding and running, reporting and hearsaying ; the Hour clearly in travail,—child not to be *named* till born ! The poor Prisoners in the Luxembourg hear the rumour ; tremble for a new September. They see men making signals to them, on skylights and roofs, apparently signals of hope ; cannot in the least make out what it is.<sup>1</sup> We observe, however, in the eventide, as usual, the Death-tumbrils faring Southeastward, through Saint-Antoine, towards their Barrier du Trône. Saint-Antoine's tough bowels melt ; Saint-Antoine surrounds the Tumbrils ; says, It shall not be. O Heavens, why should it ! Henriot and Gendarmes, scouring the streets that way, bellow, with waved sabres, that it must. Quit hope, ye poor Doomed ! The Tumbrils move on.

But in this set of Tumbrils there are two other things notable : one notable person ; and one want of a notable person. The notable person is Lieutenant-General Loiserolles, a nobleman by birth and by nature ; laying down his life here for his son. In the Prison of Saint-Lazare, the night before last, hurrying to the Grate to hear the Death-List read, he caught the name of his son. The son was asleep at the moment. ' I am Loiserolles,' cried the old man : at Tinvillé's bar, an error in the Christian name is little ; small objection was made.—The want of the notable person, again, is that of Deputy Paine ! Paine has sat in the Luxembourg since January ; and seemed forgotten ; but Fouquier had pricked him at last. The Turnkey, List in hand, is marking with chalk the outer doors of tomorrow's *Fournée*. Paine's outer door happened to be open, turned back on the wall ; the Turnkey marked it on the side next him, and hurried on ! another Turnkey came, and shut it ; no chalk-mark now visible, the *Fournée* went without Paine. Paine's life lay not there.—

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires sur les Prisons*, ii. 277.

Our fifth-act, of this natural Greek Drama, with its natural unities, can only be painted in gross ; somewhat as that antique Painter, driven desperate, did the *foam*. For through this blessed July night, there is clangour, confusion very great, of marching troops ; of Sections going this way, Sections going that ; of Missionary Representatives reading Proclamations by torchlight ; Missionary Legendre, who has raised force somewhere, emptying out the Jacobins, and flinging their key on the Convention table : ‘ I have locked their door ; it shall be Virtue that reopens it.’ Paris, we say, is set against itself, rushing confused, as Ocean-currents do ; a huge Mahlstrom, sounding there, under cloud of night. Convention sits permanent on this hand ; Municipality most permanent on that. The poor prisoners hear tocsin and rumour ; strive to bethink them of the signals apparently of hope. Meek continual Twilight streaming up, which will be Dawn and a Tomorrow, silvers the Northern hem of Night ; it wends and wends there, that meek brightness, like a silent prophecy, along the great ring-dial of the Heaven. So still, eternal ! and on Earth all is confused shadow and conflict ; dissidence, tumultuous gloom and glare ; and ‘ Destiny as yet sits wavering, and shakes her doubtful urn.’

About three in the morning the dissident Armed-forces have *met*. Henriot’s Armed-force stood ranked in the Place de Grève ; and now Barras’s, which he has recruited, arrives there ; and they front each other, cannon bristling against cannon. Citoyens ! cries the voice of Discretion loudly enough, Before coming to bloodshed, to endless civil-war, hear the Convention Decree read : ‘ Robespierre and all rebels Out of Law ! ’—Out of Law ? There is terror in the sound. Unarmed Citoyens disperse rapidly home. Municipal Cannoneers, in sudden whirl, anxiously unanimous, range themselves on the Convention side, with shouting. At which shout, Henriot descends from his upper room, far gone in drink as some say ; finds his Place de Grève empty ; the cannons’ mouth turned *towards* him ; and on the whole,—that it is now the catastrophe !

Stumbling in again, the wretched drunk-sobered Henriot announces : ‘ All is lost ! ’ ‘ *Misérable*, it is thou that hast lost it ! ’ cry they ; and fling him, or else he flings himself, out of window : far enough down ; into masonwork and horror of cesspool ;

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cesspool, not into death but worse Augustin Robespierre follows him, with the like fate Saint Just, they say, called on Lebas to kill him, who would not Couthon crept under a table, attempting to kill himself, not doing it.—On entering that Sanhedrim of Insurrection, we find all as good as extinct, undone, ready for seizure Robespierre was sitting on a chair, with pistol shot blown through not his head but his under jaw, the suicidal hand had failed<sup>1</sup> With prompt zeal, not without trouble, we gather these wrecked Conspirators, fish up even Henriot and Augustin, bleeding and foul, pack them all, rudely enough, into carts, and shall, before sunrise, have them safe under lock and key Amid shoutings and embracings

Robespierre lay in an anteroom of the Convention Hall, while his Prison escort was getting ready, the mangled jaw bound up rudely with bloody linen a spectacle to men He lies stretched on a table, a deal box his pillow, the sheath of the pistol is still clenched convulsively in his hand Men bully him, insult him his eyes still indicate intelligence, he speaks no word 'He had on the sky blue coat he had got made for the Feast of the *Être Suprême* —O Reader, can thy hard heart hold out against that? His trousers were nankeen, the stockings had fallen down over the ankles He spake no word more in this world

And so, at six in the morning a victorious Convention adjourns Report flies over Paris as on golden wings, penetrates the Prisons, irradiates the faces of those that were ready to perish turnkeys and *moutons*, fallen from their high estate, look mute and blue It is the 28th day of July, called 10th of Thermidor, year 1794

Fouquier had but to identify, his Prisoners being already Out of Law At four in the afternoon, never before were the streets of Paris seen so crowded From the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution, for *thither* again go the Tumbrils this time, it is one dense stirring mass, all windows crammed, the very roofs and ridge tiles budding forth human Curiosity, in strange gladness The Death tumbrils, with

<sup>1</sup> Méda p. 384 (Méda asserts that it was he who, with infinite courage though in a left-handed manner shot Robespierre Méda got promoted for his services of this night and died General and Baron Few credited Méda in what was otherwise incredible)

their motley Batch of Outlaws, some Twenty-three or so, from Maximilien to Mayor Fleuriot and Simon the Cordwainer, roll on. All eyes are on Robespierre's Tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead Brother and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered; their 'seventeen hours' of agony about to end. The Gendarmes point their swords at him, to show the people which is he. A woman springs on the Tumbril; clutching the side of it with one hand, waving the other Sibyl-like; and exclaims: 'The death of thee gladdens my very heart, *m'enivre de joie*';

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Robespierre opened his eyes; '*Scélérat*, go down to Hell, with the curses of all wives and mothers!'—At the foot of the scaffold, they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted aloft, his eyes again opened; caught the bloody axe. Samson wrenched the coat off him; wrenched the dirty linen from his jaw: the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry;—hideous to hear and see. Samson, thou canst not be too quick!



SIMON THE CORDWAINER.

Samson's work done, there bursts forth shout on shout of applause. Shout, which prolongs itself not only over Paris, but over France, but over Europe, and down to this generation. Deservedly, and also undeservedly. O unhappiest Advocate of Arras, wert thou worse than other Advocates? Stricter man, according to his Formula, to his Credo and his Cant, of probities, benevolences, pleasures-of-virtue, and suchlike, lived not in that age. A man fitted, in some luckier settled age, to have become one of those incorruptible barren Pattern-Figures and have had marble-tablets and funeral-sermons. His poor landlord,

BOOK VI landlord, the Cabinet-maker in the Rue Saint-Honoré, loved  
July 27, him; his Brother died for him. May God be merciful to him,  
1794 and to us !  
(Years, Therm.)

This is the end of the Reign of Terror ; new glorious *Revolution* named *of Thermidor* ; of Thermidor 9th, year 2 ; which being interpreted into old slave-style means 27th of July 1794. Terror is ended ; and death in the Place de la Révolution, were the '*Tail of Robespierre*' once executed ; which service Fouquier, in large Batches, is swiftly managing.

# BOOK SEVENTH

## VENDÉMIARE

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### CHAPTER I

#### DECADENT

How little did any one suppose that here was the end not of Robespierre only, but of the Revolution System itself ! Least of all did the mutinying Committee-men suppose it ; who had mutinied with no view whatever except to continue the National Regeneration with their own heads on their shoulders. And yet so it verily was. The insignificant stone they had struck out, so insignificant anywhere else, proved to be the Keystone ; the whole arch-work and edifice of Sansculottism began to loosen, to crack, to yawn ; and tumbled piecemeal, with considerable rapidity, plunge after plunge ; till the Abyss had swallowed it all, and in this upper world Sansculottism was no more.

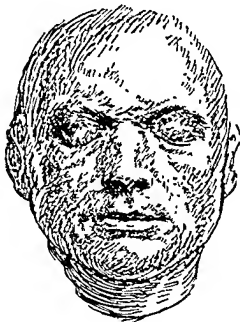
For despicable as Robespierre himself might be, the death of Robespierre was a signal at which great multitudes of men, struck dumb with terror heretofore, rose out of their hiding-places ; and, as it were, saw one another, how multitudinous they were ; and began speaking and complaining. They are countable by the thousand and the million ; who have suffered cruel wrong. Ever louder rises the plaint of such a multitude ; into a universal sound, into a universal continuous peal, of what they call Public Opinion. Camille had demanded a ' Committee of Mercy,' and could not get it ; but now the whole Nation resolves itself into a Committee of Mercy : the Nation has tried Sansculottism, and is weary of it. Force of Public Opinion ! What King or Convention can withstand it ? You in vain struggle : the thing that is rejected as ' calumnious ' today must pass as veracious with triumph another day : gods and

BOOK VII and men have declared that Sansculottism cannot be. Sansculottism, on that Ninth night of Thermidor suicidally 'fractured its under-jaw'; and lies writhing, never to rise more.

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Through the next fifteen months, it is what we may call the death-agony of Sansculottism. Sansculottism, Anarchy of the Jean-Jacques Evangel, having now got deep enough, is to perish in a new singular system of Culottism and Arrange-

ment. For Arrangement is indispensable to man; Arrangement, were it grounded only on that old primary Evangel of Force, with Sceptre in the shape of Hammer! Be there method, be there order, cry all men; were it that of the Drill-sergeant! More tolerable is the drilled Bayonet-rank, than that undrilled Guillotine, incalculable as the wind.—How Sansculottism, writhing in death-throes, strove some twice, or even three times, to get on its feet again; but fell always, and was flung resupine the next



DEATH MASK OF ROBESPIERRE.

instant; and finally breathed out the life of it, and stirred no more: this we are now, from a due distance, with due brevity, to glance at; and then—O Reader!—Courage, I see land!

Two of the first acts of the Convention, very natural for it after this Thermidor, are to be specified here: the first is, renewal of the Governing Committees. Both *Sûreté Générale* and *Salut Public*, thinned by the Guillotine, need filling up: we

we naturally fill them up with Talliens, Frérons, victorious Thermidorian men. Still more to the purpose, we appoint that they shall, as Law directs, not in name only but in deed, be renewed and changed from period to period; a fourth part of them going out monthly. The Convention will no more lie under bondage of Committees, under terror of death; but be a free Convention; free to follow its own judgment, and the Force of Public Opinion. Not less natural is it to enact that Prisoners and Persons under Accusation shall have right to demand some 'Writ of Accusation,' and see clearly what they are accused of. Very natural acts: the harbingers of hundreds not less so.

For now Fouquier's trade, shackled by Writ of Accusation, and legal proof, is as good as gone; effectual only against Robespierre's Tail. The Prisons give up their Suspect; emit them faster and faster. The Committees see themselves besieged with Prisoners' friends; complain that they are hindered in their work: it is as with men rushing out of a crowded place; and obstructing one another. Turned are the tables: Prisoners pouring out in floods; Jailors, *Moutons* and the Tail of Robespierre going now whither they were wont to send!—The Hundred and thirty-two Nantese Republicans, whom we saw marching in irons, have arrived; shrunk to Ninety-four, the fifth man of them choked by the road. They arrive: and suddenly find themselves not pleaders for life, but denouncers to death. Their Trial is for acquittal, and more. As the voice of a trumpet, their testimony sounds far and wide, mere atrocities of a Reign of Terror. For a space of nineteen days; with all solemnity and publicity. Representative Carrier, Company of Marat; Noyadings, Loire Marriages, things done in darkness, come forth into light: clear is the voice of these poor resuscitated Nantese; and Journals, and Speech, and universal Committee of Mercy reverberate it loud enough, into all ears and hearts. Deputation arrives from Arras; denouncing the atrocities of Representative Lebon. A tamed Convention loves its own life: yet what help? Representative Lebon, Representative Carrier must wend towards the Revolutionary Tribunal; struggle and delay as we will, the cry of a Nation pursues them louder and louder. Them also Tinville must abolish;—if indeed Tinville himself be not abolished.

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(cont.)

We must note, moreover, the decrepit condition into which a once omnipotent Mother Society has fallen. Legendre flung her keys on the Convention table, that Thermidor night, her President was guillotined with Robespierre. The once mighty Mother came, some time after, with a subdued countenance, begging back her keys: the keys were restored her, but the strength could not be restored her, the strength had departed for ever. Alas, one's day is done. Vain that the Tribune in mid air sounds as of old: to the general ear it has become a horror, and even a weariness. By and by, Affiliation is prohibited: the mighty Mother sees herself suddenly childless, mourns as so hoarse a Rachel may.

The Revolutionary Committees, without Suspects to prey upon, perish fast, as it were, of famine. In Paris the old Forty-eight of them are reduced to Twelve, their *Forty sous* are abolished: yet a little while, and Revolutionary Committees are no more. *Maximum* will be abolished, let Sansculottism find food where it can<sup>1</sup>. Neither is there now any Municipality, any centre at the Townhall. Mayor Fleurot and Company perished, whom we shall not be in haste to replace. The Townhall remains in a broken submissive state, knows not well what it is growing to, knows only that it is grown weak, and must obey. What if we should split Paris into, say, a Dozen separate Municipalities, incapable of concert? The Sections were thus rendered safe to act with—or indeed might not the Sections themselves be abolished? You had then merely your Twelve manageable pacific Townships, without centre or subdivision<sup>2</sup> and sacred right of Insurrection fell into abeyance!

So much is getting abolished, fleeing swiftly into the Inane. For the Press speaks, and the human tongue, Journals, heavy and light, in Philippic and Burlesque: a renegade Fréron, a renegade Prudhomme, loud they as ever, only the contrary way. And *Ci-de-avant* show themselves, almost parade themselves, resuscitated as from death sleep, publish what death pains they have had. The very Frogs of the Marsh croak with emphasis. Your protesting Seventy-three shall with a struggle, be emitted out of Prison: back to their seats, your Louvets, Isnards, Lanjuinais, and wrecks of Girondism,

<sup>1</sup> 24th December 1794 (*Moniteur* No. 97)<sup>2</sup> October 1795 (*Dulaure* viii. 454-6).

recalled from their haylofts, and caves in Switzerland, will resume their place in the Convention :<sup>1</sup> natural foes of Terror !

Thermidorian Talliens, and mere foes of Terror, rule in this Convention, and out of it. The compressed Mountain shrinks silent more and more. Moderatism rises louder and louder : not as a tempest, with threatenings ; say rather, as the rushing of a mighty organ-blast, and melodious deafening Force of Public Opinion, from the Twenty-five million windpipes of a Nation all in Committee of Mercy : which how shall any detached body of individuals withstand ?

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## CHAPTER II

### LA CABARUS

How, above all, shall a poor National Convention withstand it ? In this poor National Convention, broken, bewildered by long terror, perturbations and guillotinement, there is no Pilot, there is not now even a Danton, who could undertake to steer you anywhither, in such press of weather. The utmost a bewildered Convention can do, is to veer, and trim, and try to keep itself steady ; and rush, undrowned, before the wind. Needless to struggle ; to sling helm a-lee, and make *'bout ship* ! A bewildered Convention sails not in the teeth of the wind ; but is rapidly blown round again. So strong is the wind, we say ; and so changed ; blowing fresher and fresher, as from the sweet Southwest ; your devastating Northeasters, and wild Tornado-gusts of Terror, blown utterly out ! All Sansculottic things are passing away ; all things are becoming Culottic.

Do but look at the cut of clothes ; that light visible Result, significant of a thousand things which are not so visible. In winter 1793, men went in red nightcap ; Municipals themselves in *sabots* ; the very Citoyennes had to petition against such headgear. But now in this winter 1794, where is the red nightcap ? With the things beyond the Flood. Your moneyed Citoyen ponders in what most elegant style he shall dress himself ; whether he shall not even dress himself as the Free Peoples of Antiquity. The more adventurous Citoyenne

<sup>1</sup> *Deux Amis*, xiii. 3-39.

BOOK VII has already done it. Behold her, that beautiful, adventurous  
 1794-5 Citoyenne: in costume of the ancient Greeks, such Greek  
 (Year 3) as Painter David could teach; her sweeping tresses snooded



MME. CABARUS

by glittering antique fillet; bright-dyed tunic of the Greek women; her little feet naked, as in Antique Statues, with mere sandals, and winding strings of riband,—defying the frost!

There

There is such an effervescence of Luxury. For your Emigrant *Ci-devants* carried not their mansions and furnitures out of the country with them; but left them standing here: and in the swift changes of property, what with money coined on the Place de la Révolution, what with Army-furnishings, sales of Emigrant Domains and Church Lands and King's Lands, and then with the Aladdin's-lamp of Agio in a time of Paper-money, such mansions have found new occupants. Old wine, drawn from *Ci-devant* bottles, descends new throats. Paris has swept herself, relighted herself; Salons, Soupers not Fraternal, beam once more with suitable effulgence, very singular in colour. The fair Cabarus has come out of Prison; wedded to her red-gloomy Dis, whom they say she treats too loftily: fair Cabarus gives the most brilliant soirées. Round her is gathered a new Republican Army, of Citoyennes in sandals; *Ci-devants* or other: what remnants soever of the old grace survive are rallied there. At her right-hand, in this cause, labours fair Josephine the Widow of Beauharnais, though in straitened circumstances: intent, both of them, to blandish-down the grimness of Republican austerity, and recivilise mankind.

Recivilise, even as of old they were civilised: by witchery of the Orphic fiddle-bow, and Euterpean rhythm; by the Graces, by the Smiles! Thermidorian Deputies are there in those soirées: Editor Fréron, *Orateur du Peuple*; Barras, who has known other dances than the Carmagnole. Grim Generals of the Republic are there; in enormous horse-collar neckcloth, good against sabre-cuts; their hair gathered all into one knot, 'flowing down behind, fixed with a comb.' Among which latter do we not recognise, once more, that little bronze-complexioned Artillery-Officer of Toulon, home from the Italian Wars! Grim enough; of lean, almost cruel aspect: for he has been in trouble, in ill health; also in ill favour, as a man promoted, deservedly or not, by the Terrorists and Robespierre Junior. But does not Barras know him? Will not Barras speak a word for him? Yes,—if at any time it will serve Barras so to do. Somewhat forlorn of fortune, for the present, stands that Artillery-Officer; looks, with those deep earnest eyes of his, into a future as waste as the most. Taciturn; yet with the strangest utterances in him, if you awaken him, which smite home, like light or lightning;—on the

BOOK VII the whole, rather dangerous? A 'dissocial' man? Dissocial  
 1794-5 enough; a natural terror and horror to all Phantasms, being  
 (Year's 2) himself of the genus Reality! He stands here, without work



JOSEPHINE.

or outlook, in this forsaken manner;—glances nevertheless, it would seem, at the kind glance of Josephine Beauharnais; and, for the rest, with severe countenance, with open eyes, and closed lips, waits what will betide.

That

That the Balls, therefore, have a new figure this winter, we can see. Not Carmagnoles, rude 'whirlblasts of rags,' as Mercier called them, 'predecessors of storm and destruction'; no, soft Ionic motions; fit for the light sandal and antique Grecian tunic! Efflorescence of Luxury has come out: for men have wealth; nay new-got wealth; and under the Terror you durst not dance, except in rags. Among the innumerable kinds of Balls, let the hasty reader mark only this single one: the kind they call Victim Balls, *Bals à Victime*. The dancers, in choice costume, have all crape round the left arm: to be admitted, it needs that you be a *Victime*; that you have lost a relative under the Terror. Peace to the Dead; let us *dance* to their memory! For in all ways one must dance.

It is very remarkable, according to Mercier, under what varieties of figure this great business of dancing goes on. 'The women,' says he, 'are Nymphs, Sultanas; sometimes Minervas, Junos, even Dianas. In lightly-unerring gyrations they swim there; with such earnestness of purpose; with perfect silence, so absorbed are they. What is singular,' continues he, 'the onlookers are as it were mingled with the dancers; form, as it were, a circumambient element round the different contredances, yet without deranging them. It is rare, in fact, that a Sultana in such circumstances experiences the smallest collision. Her pretty foot darts down, an inch from mine; she is off again; she is as a flash of light: but soon the measure recalls her to the point she set out from. Like a glittering comet she travels her ellipse; revolving on herself, as by a double effect of gravitation and attraction.'<sup>1</sup> Looking forward a little way, into Time, the same Mercier discerns *Merveilleuses* in 'flesh-coloured drawers' with gold circlets; mere dancing Houris of an artificial Mahomet's-Paradise: much too Mahometan. Montgaillard, with his splenetic eye, notes a no less strange thing; that every fashionable Citoyenne you meet is in an interesting situation. Good Heavens, *every*? Mere pillows and stuffing! adds the acrid man;—such in a time of depopulation by war and guillotine, being the fashion.<sup>2</sup> No further seek its merits to disclose.

Behold also, instead of the old grim *Tappe-durs* of Robespierre, what new street-groups are these? Young men habited not in black-shag Carmagnole spencer, but in superfine *habit*

<sup>1</sup> Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*, iii. 138, 153.

<sup>2</sup> Montgaillard, iv. 436-42.

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*carri*, or spencer with rectangular tail appended to it, 'square-tailed coat,' with elegant anti guillotinish specialty of collar, 'the hair plaited at the temples,' and knotted back, long flowing in military wise young men of what they call the *Muscadin* or Dandy species! Fréron, in his fondness names them *Jeunesse Dorée*, Golden or Gilt Youth They have come out, these Gilt Youths in a kind of resuscitated state, they wear crape round the left arm, such of them as were *Victims* More, they carry clubs loaded with lead, in an angry manner any *Tappe dur*, or remnant of Jacobinism they may fall in with, shall fare the worse They have suffered much their friends guillotined, their pleasures, frolics, superfine collars ruthlessly repressed 'ware now the base Red Nightcaps who did it! Fair Cabarus and the Army of Greek sandals smile approval In the Théâtre Feydeau, young Valour in square-tailed coat eyes Beauty in Greek sandals, and kindles by her glances Down with Jacobinism! No Jacobin hymn or demonstration, only Thermidorian ones, shall be permitted here we beat down Jacobinism with clubs loaded with lead

But let any one who has examined the Dandy nature, how petulant it is, especially in the gregarious state, think what an element, in sacred right of insurrection, this Gilt Youth was! Broils and battery, war without truce or measure! Hateful is Sansculottism as Death and Night For indeed is not the Dandy *cullotte* habitatory, by law of existence, 'a cloth animal, one that lives, moves and has his being in cloth'?

So goes it, waltzing bickering, fair Cabarus, by Orphic witchery, struggling to recivilise mankind Not unsuccessfully, we hear What utmost Republican grimness can resist Greek sandals in Ionic motion, the very toes covered with gold rings? By degrees the indisputablest new politeness rises, grows with vigour And yet, whether, even to this day, that inexpressible tone of society known under the old Kings, when Sin had 'lost all its deformity' (with or without advantage to us) and airy Nothing had obtained such a local habitation and establishment as she never had—be recovered? Or even, whether it be not lost beyond recovery?—Either way, the world must contrive to struggle on

<sup>1</sup> Montgaillard Mercier (ubi supra)

De Staël *Cours d'état* ont. lii c. 10, etc.  
Chapter III

## CHAPTER III

## QUIBERON

BUT, indeed, do not these long-flowing hair-queues of a *Jeunesse Dorée* in semi-military costume betoken, unconsciously, another still more important tendency? The Republic, abhorrent of her Guillotine, loves her Army.

And with cause. For, surely, if good fighting be a kind of honour, as it is in its season; and be with the vulgar of men, even the chief kind of honour; then here is good fighting, in good season, if there ever was. These sons of the Republic, they rose, in mad wrath, to deliver her from Slavery and Cimmeria. And have they not done it? Through Maritime Alps, through gorges of Pyrenees, through Low Countries, Northward along the Rhine valley, far is Cimmeria hurled back from the sacred Motherland. Fierce as fire, they have carried her Tricolor over the faces of all her enemies;—over scarp'd heights, over cannon-batteries, it has flown victorious, winged with rage. She has 'Eleven hundred-thousand fighters on foot,' this Republic: 'at one particular moment she had,' or supposed she had, 'Seventeen-hundred thousand.'<sup>1</sup> Like a ring of lightning, they, volleying and *ça-ira*-ing, begirdle her from shore to shore. Cimmerian Coalition of Despots recoils, smitten with astonishment and strange pangs.

Such a fire is in these Gaelic Republican men; high-blazing; which no Coalition can withstand! Not scutcheons, with four degrees of nobility; but *ci-devant* Sergeants, who have had to clutch Generalship out of the cannon's throat, a Pichegru, a Jourdan, a Hoche lead them on. They have bread, they have iron; 'with bread and iron you can get to China.'—See Pichegru's soldiers, this hard winter, in their looped and windowed destitution, in their 'straw-rope shoes and cloaks of bast-mat,' how they overrun Holland, like a demon-host, the ice having bridged all waters; and rush shouting from victory to victory! Ships in the Texel are taken by hussars on horseback: fled is York; fled is the Stadtholder, glad to escape to England, and leave Holland to fraternise.<sup>2</sup> Such a Gaelic fire, we say,

<sup>1</sup> Toulangeon, iii. c. 7; v. c. 10 (p. 194).

<sup>2</sup> 19th January 1795 (Montgaillard, iv. 287-311).



BOOK VII  
1791-3  
(1792-3)

gangrene of La Vendée seems veritably extirpated. It has cost, as they reckon in round numbers, the lives of a Hundred-thousand fellow-mortals; with noyadings, conflagrations by infernal column, which defy arithmetic. This is the La Vendée War.<sup>1</sup>

Nay in few months, it does burst-up once more, but once only;—blown upon by Pitt, by our Ci-devant Puisaye of



CADOUDAL.

Calvados, and others. In the month of July 1795, English Ships will ride in Quiberon roads. There will be debarkation of chivalrous Ci-devants, of volunteer Prisoners-of-war—eager to desert; of fire-arms, Proclamations, clothes-chests, Royalists and specie. Whereupon also, on the Republican side, there will be rapid stand-to-arms; with ambuscade marchings by Quiberon beach, at midnight; storming of Fort Penthièvre;

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire de la Guerre de La Vendée, par M. le Comte de Vauban; Mémoires de Madame de la Rochejaquelein, etc.*

war-thunder mingling with the roar of the nightly main; and such a morning light as has seldom dawned: debarkation hurled back into its boats, or into the devouring billows, with wreck and wail;—in one word, a *Ci-devant* Puisaye as totally ineffectual here as he was in Calvados, when he rode from Vernon Castle without boots.<sup>1</sup>

CHAP. III  
1794-5  
(Year 2-3)

Again, therefore, it has cost the lives of many a brave man. Among whom the whole world laments the brave Son of Sombréuil. Ill-fated family! The father and younger son went to the guillotine; the heroic daughter languishes, reduced to want, hides her woes from History: the elder son perishes here; shot by military tribunal as an Emigrant; Hoche himself cannot save him. If all wars, civil and other, are misunderstandings, what a thing must right-understanding be!

## CHAPTER IV

### LION NOT DEAD

THE Convention, borne on the tide of Fortune towards foreign Victory, and driven by the strong wind of Public Opinion towards Clemency and Luxury, is rushing fast; all skill of pilotage is needed, and more than all, in such a velocity.

Curious to see, how we veer and whirl, yet must ever whirl round again, and seud before the wind. If, on the one hand, we re-admit the *Protesting Seventy-three*, we, on the other hand, agree to consummate the Apotheosis of Marat; lift his body from the Cordeliers Church, and transport it to the Pantheon of Great Men,—flinging out Mirabeau to make room for him. To no purpose: so strong blows Public Opinion! A Gilt Youthhood, in plaited hair-tresses, tears down his Busts from the Théâtre Feydeau; tramples them under foot; scatters them, with vociferation, into the Cesspool of Montmartre.<sup>2</sup> Swept is his Chapel from the Place du Carrousel; the Cesspool of Montmartre will receive his very dust. Shorter godhood had no divine man. Some four months in this Pantheon, Temple of All the Immortals; then to the Cesspool,

<sup>1</sup> *Deux Amis*, xiv. 94-106; Puisaye, *Mémoires*, iii.-vii.

<sup>2</sup> *Moniteur*, du 25 Septembre 1794, du 4 Février 1795.

BOOK VII grand Cloaca of Paris and the World! 'His Burts at one time  
 April 1, 1793 amounted to four thousand' Between Temple of All the  
 (Cous & Cousin 11) Immortals and Cloaca of the World, how are poor human  
 creatures whiled!

Furthermore the question arises, When will the Constitu-  
 tion of *Ninety three*, of 1793, come into action? Considerate  
 heads surmise, in all privacy, that the Constitution of Ninety  
 three will never come into action. Let them busy themselves  
 to get ready a better.

Or, again, where now are the Jacobins? Childless, most  
 decrepit, as we saw, sat the mighty Mother; gnashing not  
 teeth, but empty gums, against a traitorous Thermidorian  
 Convention and the current of things. Twice were Billaud,  
 Collot and Company accused in Convention, by a Legendre;  
 by a Legendre; and the second time, it was not voted calu-  
 mious. Billaud from the Jacobin tribune says, 'The lion  
 is not dead; he is only sleeping.' They ask him in Conven-  
 tion, What he means by the awakening of the lion? And  
 bickering, of an extensive sort, arose in the Palais Egalité  
 between *Tappes durs* and the Gilt Youthhood, cries of 'Down  
 with the Jacobins, the Jacobins,' *coquin* meaning scoundrel!  
 The Tribune in mid air gave battle sound; answered only by  
 silence and uncertain gasps. Talk was, in Government Com-  
 mittees, of 'suspending' the Jacobin Sessions. Hark, there!  
 —it is in Allhallow time, or on the Hallow eve itself month  
*ci-devant* November, year once named of Grace 1794 and eve  
 for Jacobinism,—volley of stones dashing through our windows,  
 with jingle and execration! The female Jacobins, famed  
*Tricoteuses* with knitting needles, take flight, are met at the  
 doors by a Gilt Youthhood and 'mob of four thousand persons',  
 are hooted, shouted, hustled, fustigated in a scandalous manner,  
*cotillons retroussés*,—and vanish in mere hysterics. Silly  
 out, ye male Jacobins! The male Jacobins sallies out, but  
 only to battle, disaster and confusion. So that armed Authority  
 has to intervene: and again on the morrow to intervene; and  
 suspend the Jacobin Session for ever and a day!—Gone are  
 the Jacobins, into invisibility, in a storm of laughter and howls.  
 Their Place is made a Normal School, the first of the kind seen,  
 it then vanishes into a 'Market of Thermidor Ninth', into  
 a Market of Saint Honoré, where is now peaceable chaffening

for poultry and greens. The solemn temples, the great globe itself; the baseless fabric! Are not we such stuff, we and this world of ours, as Dreams are made of ?

CHAP. IV  
April 1, 1795  
(Year 3, Germ. 12)

Maximum being abrogated, Trade was to take its own free course. Alas, Trade, shackled, topsyturvied in the way we saw, and now suddenly let-go again, can for the present take no course at all; but only reel and stagger. There is, so to speak, no Trade whatever, for the time being. Assignats, long sinking, emitted in such quantities, sink now with an alacrity beyond parallel. '*Combien ?*' said one, to a Hackney-coachman, 'What fare ?' 'Six thousand livres,' answered he: some three hundred pounds sterling, in Paper-money.<sup>1</sup> Pressure of Maximum withdrawn, the things it compressed likewise withdraw. 'Two ounces of bread per day' is the modicum allotted: wide-waving, doleful are the Bakers' Queues; Farmers' houses are become pawnbrokers' shops.

One can imagine, in these circumstances, with what humour Sansculottism growled in its throat '*La Cabarus*'; beheld Cidevants return dancing, the Thermidor effulgence of recivilisation, and Balls in flesh-coloured drawers. Greek tunics and sandals; hosts of *Muscadins* parading, with their clubs loaded with lead;—and we here, cast out, abhorred, 'picking offals from the street';<sup>2</sup> agitating in Baker's Queue for our two ounces of bread! Will the Jacobin lion, which they say is meeting secretly 'at the Archevêché, in *bonnet rouge* with loaded pistols,' not awaken? Seemingly, not. Our Collot, our Billaud, Barrère, Vadier, in these last days of March 1795, are found worthy of *Déportation*, of Banishment beyond seas; and shall, for the present, be trundled off to the Castle of Ham. The lion is dead;—or writhing in death-throes!

Behold, accordingly, on the day they call Twelfth of Germinal (which is also called First of April, not a lucky day), how lively are these streets of Paris once more! Floods of hungry women, of squalid hungry men; ejaculating, 'Bread, bread, and the Constitution of Ninety-three!' Paris has risen, once again, like the Ocean-tide; is flowing towards the Tuileries, for Bread and a Constitution. Tuileries Sentries do their best;

<sup>1</sup> Mercier, ii. 94. ('1st February 1796: at the Bourse of Paris, the gold louis,' of 20 francs in silver, 'costs 5,300 francs in assignats.' Montgaillard, iv. 419.)

<sup>2</sup> Fantin Desodoards, *Histoire de la Révolution*, vii. c. 4.

BOOK VII  
April 2, 1793  
(see p. 426, 1.)

but it serves not : the Ocean-tide sweeps them away ; inundates the Convention Hall itself ; howling, ' Bread and the Constitution ! '

Unhappy Senators, unhappy People, there is yet, after all toils and broils, no Bread, no Constitution. '*Du pain, pas tant de longs discours*, Bread, not bursts of Parliamentary eloquence ! ' so wailed the Menads of Maillard, five years ago and more ; so wail ye to this hour. The Convention, with unalterable countenance, with what thought one knows not, keeps its seat in this waste howling chaos ; rings its storm-bell from the Pavilion of Unity. Section Lepelletier, old *Filles Saint Thomas*, who are of the money-changing species ; these and Gift Youthhood fly to the rescue : sweep chaos forth again, with levelled bayonets. Paris is declared ' in a state of siege.' Pichegru, Conqueror of Holland, who happens to be here, is named Commandant, till the disturbance end. He, in one day so to speak, ends it. Accomplishes the transfer of Hillaud, Collet and Company ; dissipating all opposition ' by two cannon-shots,' blank cannon-shots, and the terror of his name ; and thereupon, announcing, with a Laconicism which should be imitated, ' Representatives, your decrees are executed,' ' lays down his Commandantship.

This Revolt of Germinal, therefore, has passed, like a vain cry. The Prisoners rest safe in Ham, waiting for ships ; some nine-hundred ' chief Terrorists of Paris ' are disarmed. Sansculottism, swept forth with bayonets, has vanished, with its misery, to the bottom of Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau. — Time was when Usher Maillard with Menads could alter the course of Legislation ; but that time is not. Legislation seems to have got bayonets ; Section Lepelletier takes its fire-lock, not for us ! We retire to our dark dens ; our cry of hunger is called a Plot of Pitt ; the Saloons glitter, the flesh coloured Drawers gyrate as before. It was for '*The Cabarus*,' then, and her *Muscadins* and Money-changers that we fought ? It was for Balls in flesh-coloured drawers that we took Feudalism by the beard, and did and dared, shedding our blood like water ? Expressive Silence, muse thou their praise ! —

<sup>2</sup> *Monsieur, Sance du 13 Germinal (23 April), 1795.*

## CHAPTER V

## LION SPRAWLING ITS LAST

REPRESENTATIVE Carrier went to the Guillotine, in December last; protesting that he acted by orders. The Revolutionary Tribunal, after all it has devoured, has now only, as Anarchic



J. B. CARRIER.

things do, to devour itself. In the early days of May, men see a remarkable thing: Fouquier-Tinville pleading at the Bar once his own. He and his chief Jurymen, Leroi *August-Tenth*, Jurymen Vilate, a Batch of Sixteen; pleading hard, protesting that they acted by orders: but pleading in vain. Thus men break the axe with which they have done hateful things; the axe itself having grown hateful. For the rest, Fouquier died hard enough: 'Where are thy Batches?' howled

Book VII howl'd the people — 'Hungry cannibals,' asked Fouquier, 'Is thy bread cheaper, wanting them?'

11.  
(1795)

Remarkable Fouquier; once but as other Attorneys and Law leaguers, which I set ravenous on this Earth, a well known kind of human nature; and now thou art and remainest the most remarkable Attorney that ever lived and hunted in the Upper Air! For, in this terrestrial Course of Time, there was to be an *Avatar* of Attorneyism; the Heavens had said, Let there be an Incarnation, not divine, of the venatory Attorney; and which keeps its eye on the bond only; — and lo! this wast it; and they have attorneyed it in its turn. Vanish, then, thou ravenous Incarnation of Attorneyism; who at bottom wast but as other Attorneys, and too hungry sons of Adam! Jurymen Vidale had striven hard for life, and put it dead, from his Prison, an ingenious Book, not unknown to us; but it would not stand; he also had to vanish; and this his Book of the *Secret Causes of Thermidor*, full of lies, with particles of truth in it undiscoverable otherwise, is all that remains of him.

Revolutionary Tribunal has done; but vengeance has not done. Representative Lebon, after long struggling, is handed over to the ordinary Law Courts, and by them guillotined, Nay at Lyons and elsewhere, resuscitated Moderatism, in its vengeance, will not wait the slow process of Law; but bursts into the Priests, sets fire to the Prisons; burns some three-score imprisoned Jacobins to dire death, or chokes them 'with the smoke of straw.' There go vengeful truculent 'Companies of Jesus,' 'Companies of the Sun'; slaying Jacobinism wherever they meet with it; flinging it into the Rhône-stream; which once more bears seaward a horrid cargo.' Whereupon, at Toulon, Jacobinism rises in revolt; and is like to hang the National Representatives — With such action and reaction, is not a poor National Convention lard bestead? It is like the settlement of winds and waters, of seas long tornado-beaten; and goes on with jumble and with jangle. Now flung aloft, now sunk in trough of the sea, your Vessel of the Republic has need of all pilotage and more.

What Parliament that ever sat under the Moon had such a series of destinies as this National Convention of France? It came together to make the Constitution; and instead of that,

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur*, 28 27 Jan., 21 31 Août, 1795; *Deux Août*, 24 1219.



'LA MORT EST MORT'—VIVE LA VIE!'





it has had to make nothing but destruction and confusion : to burn-up Catholicisms, Aristocratisms ; to worship Reason and dig Saltpetre ; to fight Titanically with itself and with the whole world. A Convention decimated by the guillotine ; above the tenth man has bowed his neck to the axe. Which has seen Carmagnoles danced before it, and patriotic strophes sung amid Church-spoils ; the wounded of the Tenth of August defile in handbarrows ; and, in the Pandemonial Midnight, Égalité's dames in tricolor drink lemonade, and spectrum of Sieyès mount, saying, *Death sans phrase*. A Convention which has effervesced, and which has congealed ; which has been red with rage, and also pale with rage ; sitting with pistols in its pocket, drawing sword (in a moment of effervescence) : now storming to the four winds, through a Danton-voice, Awake, O France, and smite the tyrants ; now frozen mute under its Robespierre, and answering his dirge-voice by a dubious gasp. Assassinated, decimated ; stabbed at, shot at, in baths, on streets and staircases ; which has been the nucleus of Chaos. Has it not heard the chimes at midnight ? It has deliberated, beset by a Hundred-thousand armed men with artillery-furnaces and provision-carts. It has been betocsined, bestormed ; overflowed by black deluges of Sansculottism ; and has heard the shrill cry, *Bread and Soap*. For, as we say, it was the nucleus of Chaos : it sat as the centre of Sansculottism ; and had spread its pavilion on the waste Deep, where is neither path nor landmark, neither bottom nor shore. In intrinsic valour, ingenuity, fidelity, and general force and manhood, it has perhaps not far surpassed the average of Parliaments ; but in frankness of purpose, in singularity of position, it seeks its fellow. One other Sansculottic submersion, or at most two, and this wearied vessel of a Convention reaches land.

Revolt of Germinal Twelfth ended as a vain cry ; moribund Sansculottism was swept back into invisibility. There it has lain moaning, these six weeks : moaning, and also scheming. Jacobins disarmed, flung forth from their Tribune in mid-air, must needs try to help themselves, in secret conclave under ground. Lo therefore, on the First day of the month *Prairial*, 20th of May 1795, sound of the *générale* once more ; beating sharp ran-tan, To arms, To arms !

Sansculottism has risen, yet again, from its death-lair ;  
waste,

CHAP.  
1795  
(Year 3)



And so it billows free through all Corridors; within and without, far as the eye reaches, nothing but Bedlam, and the great Deep broken loose! President Boissy d'Anglas sits like a rock: the rest of the Convention is floated 'to the upper benches'; Sectioners and Gendarmes still ranking there to form a kind of wall for them. And Insurrection rages; rolls its drums; will read its Paper of Grievances, will have this decreed, will have that. Covered sits President Boissy; unyielding; like a rock in the beating of seas. They menace him, level muskets at him, he yields not; they hold up Féraud's bloody head to him, with grave stern air he bows to it, and yields not.

And the Paper of Grievances cannot get itself read for uproar: and the drums roll, and the throats bawl; and Insurrection, like sphere-music, is inaudible for very noise: Decree us this, Decree us that. One man we discern bawling 'for the space of an hour at all intervals,' '*Je demande l'arrestation des coquins et des lâches.*' Really one of the most comprehensive Petitions ever put up; which indeed, to this hour, includes all that you can reasonably ask Constitution of the Year One, Rotten-Borough, Ballot-Box, or other miraculous Political Ark of the Covenant to do for you to the end of the world! I also demand arrestment of the *Knaves and Dastards*, and nothing more whatever.—National Representation, deluged with black Sansculottism, glides out; for help elsewhere, for safety elsewhere; here is no help.

About four in the afternoon, there remain hardly more than some Sixty Members: mere friends, or even secret leaders; a remnant of the Mountain-crest, held in silence by Thermidorian thralldom. Now is the time for them; now or never let them descend, and speak! They descend, these Sixty, invited by Sansculottism: Romme of the New Calendar, Ruhl of the Sacred Phial, Goujon, Duquesnoy, Soubrany, and the rest. Glad Sansculottism forms a ring for them; Romme takes the President's chair; they begin resolving and decreeing. Fast enough now comes Decree after Decree, in alternate brief strains, or strophe and antistrophe,—what will cheapen bread, what will awaken the dormant lion. And at every new decree, Sansculottism shouts 'Decreed, decreed!' and rolls its drums.

Fast enough; the work of months in hours,—when see, a Figure enters, whom in the lamp-light we recognise to be

Legendre;

CHAP. V  
May 20, 1795  
(Year 3, Prair. 1)

BOOK VII  
1793  
(1794)

say, with such deafening jubilation and disharmony of funeral-knell on their part, that only after some half-century or so does one begin to learn clearly why it ever was alive.

And yet a meaning lay in it: Sansculottism verily was alive, a New-Birth of Time; nay it still lives, and is not dead but changed. The soul of it still lives; still works far and



ROUSSEAU.

wide, through one bodily shape into another less amorphous, as is the way of cunning Time with his New-Births:—till, in some perfected shape, it embrace the whole circuit of the world! For the wise man may now everywhere discern that he must found on his manhood, not on the garnitures of his manhood. He who, in these Epochs of our Europe, founds on garnitures, formulas, culottisms of what sort soever, is founding on old cloth and sheepskin, and cannot endure.

But

But as for the body of Sansculottism, that is dead and buried, —and, one hopes, need not reappear, in primary amorphous shape, for another thousand years.

It was the frightfulest thing ever born of Time? One of the frightfulest. This Convention, now grown Anti-jacobin, did, with an eye to justify and fortify itself, publish Lists of what the Reign of Terror had perpetrated: Lists of Persons Guillotined. The Lists, cries splenetic Abbé Montgaillard, were not complete. They contain the names of, How many persons thinks the Reader? Two-thousand, all but a few. There were above Four-thousand, cries Montgaillard: so many were guillotined, fusilladed, noyaded, done to dire death; of whom Nine-hundred were women.<sup>1</sup> It is a horrible sum of human lives, M. l'Abbé:—some ten times as many shot rightly on a field of battle, and one might have had his Glorious-Victory with *Te-Deum*. It is not far from the two-hundredth part of what perished in the entire Seven-Years War. By which Seven-Years War, did not the great Fritz wrench Silesia from the great Theresa; and a Pompadour, stung by epigrams, satisfy herself that she could not be an Agnès Sorel? The head of man is a strange vacant sounding-shell, M. l'Abbé; and studies Cocker to small purpose.

But what if History somewhere on this Planet were to hear of a Nation, the third soul of whom had not, for thirty weeks each year, as many third-rate potatoes as would sustain him? <sup>2</sup> History, in that case, feels bound to consider that starvation is starvation; that starvation from age to age presupposes much; History ventures to assert that the French Sansculotte of Ninety-three, who, roused from long death-sleep, could rush at once to the frontiers, and die fighting for an immortal Hope and Faith of Deliverance for him and his, was but the *second-miserablest* of men! The Irish Sans-potato, had he not senses, then, nay a soul? In his frozen darkness, it was bitter for him to die famishing; bitter to see his children famish. It was bitter for him to be a beggar, a liar and a knave. Nay, if that dreary Greenland-wind of benighted Want, perennial from sire to son, had frozen him into a kind of torpor and numb callosity, so that he saw not, felt not,—was this, for a creature with a soul in it, some assuagement; or the cruellest wretchedness of all?

<sup>1</sup> Montgaillard, iv. 241.

<sup>2</sup> *Report of the Irish Poor-Law Commission*, 1836.  
Such

BOOK VII 1773  
(cont.) this remains indubitable, that Pleasure is pleasant. Aristocracy of Feudal Parchment has passed away with a mighty rushing; and now, by a natural course, we arrive at Aristocracy of the Moneybag. It is the course through which all European Societies are, at this hour, travelling. Apparently a still baser sort of Aristocracy? An infinitely baser; the basest yet known.

In which, however, there is this advantage, that, like Anarchy itself, it cannot continue. Hast thou considered how Thought is stronger than Artillery-parks, and (were it fifty years after death and martyrdom, or were it two thousand years) writes and unwrites Acts of Parliament, removes mountains; models the World like soft clay? Also how the beginning of all Thought, worth the name, is Love; and the wise head never yet was, without first the generous heart? The Heavens cease not their bounty; they send us generous hearts into every generation. And now what generous heart can pretend to itself, or be hoodwinked into believing, that Loyalty to the Moneybag is a noble Loyalty? Mammon, cries the generous heart out of all ages and countries, is the basest of known Gods, even of known Devils. In him what glory is there, that ye should worship him? No glory discernible; not even terror: at best, detestability, ill-matched with despicability!—Generous hearts, discerning, on this hand, wide-spread Wretchedness, dark without and within, moistening its ounce-and-half of bread with tears; and, on that hand, mere Balls in flesh-coloured drawers, and inane or foul glitter of such sort,—cannot but ejaculate, cannot but announce: Too much, O divine Mammon; somewhat too much!—The voice of these, once announcing itself, carries *fiat* and *percat* in it, for all things here below.

Meanwhile we will hate Anarchy as Death, which it is; and the things worse than Anarchy shall be hated more. Surely Peace alone is fruitful. Anarchy is destruction; a burning up, say, of Shams and Insupportabilities; but which leaves Vacancy behind. Know this also, that out of a world of Unwise nothing but an Unwisdom can be made. Arrange it, constitution-build it, sift it through ballot-boxes as thou wilt, it is and remains an Unwisdom,—the new prey of new quacks and unclean things, the latter end of it slightly better than the beginning. Who can bring a wise thing out of men unwise?

wise? Not one. And so Vacancy and general Abolition having come for this France, what can Anarchy do more? Let there be Order, were it under the Soldier's Sword; let there be Peace, that the bounty of the Heavens be not spilt; that what of Wisdom they do send us bring fruit in its season!—It remains to be seen how the quellers of Sansculottism were themselves quelled, and sacred right of Insurrection was blown away by gunpowder; wherewith this singular eventful History called *French Revolution* ends.

CHAP. VII

1795

(Year 3)

The Convention, driven such a course by wild wind, wild tide, and steerage and non-steerage, these three years, has become weary of its own existence, sees all men weary of it; and wishes heartily to finish. To the last it has to strive with contradictions: it is now getting fast ready with a Constitution, yet knows no peace. Sieyès, we say, is making the Constitution once more; has as good as made it. Warned by experience, the great Architect alters much, admits much. Distinction of Active and Passive Citizen, that is, Money-qualification for Electors: nay Two Chambers, 'Council of Ancients,' as well as 'Council of Five-hundred'; to that conclusion have we come! In a like spirit, eschewing that fatal self-denying ordinance of your Old-Constituents, we enact not only that actual Convention Members are re-eligible, but that Two-thirds of them must be re-elected. The Active Citizen Electors shall for this time have free choice of only One-third of their National Assembly. Such enactment, of Two-thirds to be re-elected, we append to our Constitution; we submit our Constitution to the Townships of France, and say, Accept *both*, or reject both. Unsavoury as this appendix may be, the Townships, by overwhelming majority, accept and ratify. With Directory of Five; with Two good Chambers, double-majority of them nominated by ourselves, one hopes this Constitution may prove final. *March* it will; for the legs of it, the re-elected Two-thirds, are already here, able to march. Sieyès looks at his paper-fabric with just pride.

But now see how the contumacious Sections, Lepelletier foremost, kick against the pricks. Is it not manifest infraction of one's Elective Franchise, Rights of Man, and Sovereignty of the People, this appendix of re-electing *your* Two-thirds? Greedy tyrants, who would perpetuate yourselves!—For the





Whereupon the whole Forty-thousand join this Lepelletier which cannot be vanquished : to what hand shall a quaking Convention now turn ? Our poor Convention, after such voyaging, just entering harbour, so to speak, has *struck on the bar* ;—and labours there frightfully, with breakers roaring round it, Forty-thousand of them, like to wash it, and its Sieyès Cargo and the whole future of France, into the deep ! Yet one last time, it struggles, ready to perish.

Some call for Barras to be made Commandant ; he conquered in Thermidor. Some, what is more to the purpose, bethink them of the Citizen Buonaparte, unemployed Artillery-Officer, who took Toulon. A man of head, a man of action : Barras is named Commandant's-Cloak ; this young Artillery-Officer is named Commandant. He was in the Gallery at the moment, and heard it ; he withdrew, some half-hour, to consider with himself : after a half-hour of grim compressed considering, to be or not to be, he answers *Yea*.

And now, a man of head being at the centre of it, the whole matter gets vital. Swift, to Camp of Sablons ; to secure the Artillery, there are not twenty men guarding it ! A swift Adjutant, Murat is the name of him, gallops ; gets thither some minutes within time, for Lepelletier was also on march that way : the Cannon are ours. And now beset this post, and beset that ; rapid and firm : at Wicket of the Louvre, in Cul-de-sac Dauphin, in Rue Saint-Honoré, from Pont-Neuf all along the north Quays, southward to Pont *ci-devant* Royal,—rank round the Sanctuary of the Tuileries, a ring of steel discipline ; let every gunner have his match burning, and all men stand to their arms !

Thus there is Permanent-session through the night ; and thus at sunrise of the morrow, there is seen sacred Insurrection once again : vessel of State labouring on the bar ; and tumultuous sea all round her, beating *générale*, arming and sounding,—not ringing tocsin, for we have left no tocsin, but our own in the Pavilion of Unity. It is an imminence of shipwreck, for the whole world to gaze at. Frightfully she labours, that poor ship, within cable-length of port ; huge peril for her. However, she has a man at the helm. Insurgent messages, received and not received ; messenger admitted blindfolded ; counsel and counter-counsel : the poor ship labours !—Vendémiaire 13th, year 4 : curious enough, of all days, it is the  
5th

BOOK VII 31th day of October, anniversary of that Menad-march, six years ago; by sacred right of Insurrection we are got thus far.

1793  
(Year 2)  
Lepelletier has seized the Church of Saint-Roch; has seized the Pont-Neuf, our piquet there retreating without fire. Stray shots fall from Lepelletier; rattle down on the very Tuilleries Staircase. On the other hand, women advance dishevelled, shrieking, Peace; Lepelletier behind them waving his hat in sign that we shall fraternise. Steady! The Artillery-Officer



NAPOLÉON.

is steady as bronze; can, if we need, be quick as lightning. He sends eight-hundred muskets with ball-cartridges to the Convention itself; honourable Members shall act with these in case of extremity: wherent they look grave enough. Four of the afternoon is struck.<sup>1</sup> Lepelletier, making nothing by messengers, by fraternity or hat-waving, bursts out, along the Southern Quai Voltaire, along streets and passages, treble-quick, in huge veritable onslaught! Whereupon, thou bronze Artillery-Officer—? 'Fire!' say the bronze lips. And roar

<sup>1</sup> *Monsieur, Séance du 3 Octobre 1793*

and thunder, roar and again roar, continual, volcano-like, goes his great gun, in the Cul-de-sac Dauphin against the Church of Saint-Roch; go his great guns on the Pont-Royal; go all his great guns;—blow to air some two-hundred men, mainly about the Church of Saint-Roch! Lepelletier cannot stand such horse-play; no Sectioner can stand it; the Forty-thousand yield on all sides, scour towards covert. 'Some hundred or so of them gathered about the Théâtre de la République; but,' says he, 'a few shells dislodged them. It was all finished at six.'

The Ship is *over* the bar, then; free she bounds shoreward—amid shouting and vivats! Citoyen Buonaparte is 'named General of the Interior,' by acclamation; quelled Sections have to disarm in such humour as they may; sacred right of Insurrection is gone for ever! The Sieyès Constitution can disembark itself, and begin marching. The miraculous Convention Ship has got to land;—and is there, shall we figuratively say, changed, as Epic Ships are wont, into a kind of *Sea Nymph*, never to sail more; to roam the waste Azure, a Miracle in History!

'It is false,' says Napoleon, 'that we fired first with blank charge; it had been a waste of life to do that.' Most false: the firing was with sharp and sharpest shot: to all men it was plain that here was no sport; the rabbets and plinths of Saint-Roch Church show splintered by it to this hour.—Singular: in old Broglie's time, six years ago, this Whiff of Grapeshot was promised; but it could not be given then; could not have profited then. Now, however, the time is come for it, and the man; and behold, you have it; and the thing we specifically call *French Revolution* is blown into space by it, and become a thing that was!—

## CHAPTER VIII

### FINIS

HOMER's Epos, it is remarked, is like a Bas-Relief sculpture: it does not conclude, but merely ceases. Such, indeed, is the Epos of Universal History itself. Directorates, Consulates, Emperorships, Restorations, Citizen-Kingships succeed this Business in due series, in due genesis one out of the other.

Nevertheless

BOOK VII  
Oct. 8 1793  
(Vente Vend. 17)

Nevertheless the First parent of all these may be said to have gone to air in the way we see A Babcruf Insurrection, next year, will die in the birth, stifled by the Soldiery A Senate, if tinged with Royalism can be purged by the Soldiery, and an Eighteenth of Fructidor transacted by the mere show of bayonets<sup>1</sup> Nay Soldiers' bayonets can be used *à posteriori* on a Senate, and make it leap out of window,—still blood less; and produce an Eighteenth of Brumaire<sup>2</sup> Such changes must happen but they are managed by intrigues, caballings, and then by orderly word of command, almost like mere changes of Ministry



GRACIUS BABEUF

Not in general by sacred right of Insurrection but by milder methods growing ever milder, shall the events of French History be henceforth brought to pass.

It is admitted that this Directorate, which owned at its starting these three things, an 'old table, a sheet of paper, and an inkbottle,' and no visible money or arrangement whatever,<sup>3</sup> did wonders that France, since the Reign of Terror hushed itself,

has been a new France, awakened like a giant out of torpor, and has gone on, in the Internal Life of it, with continual progress As for the External form and forms of Life, what can we say, except that out of the Eater there comes Strength, out of the Unwise there comes *not* Wisdom!—Shams are burnt up, nay, what as yet is the peculiarity of France, the very Cant of them is burnt up The new Realities are not yet come ah no only Phantasms Paper models, tentative Presigurements of such! In France there are now

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur* du 4 Septembre 1797

<sup>2</sup> 9th November 1797 (*Claire des Rapports* xvii. 196).

<sup>3</sup> Babeuf *Examen critique des Constitutions de Mmes. de St. I* II. 275.

Four Million Landed Properties; that black portent of an Agrarian Law is, as it were, *realised*. What is still stranger, we understand all Frenchmen have 'the right of duel'; the Hackney-coachman with the Peer, if insult be given: such is the law of Public Opinion. Equality at least in death! The Form of Government is by Citizen King, frequently shot at, not yet shot.

CHAP. VIII  
Oct. 5, 1795  
(Year 4, Vend. 13)

On the whole, therefore, has it not been fulfilled what was prophesied, *ex postfacto* indeed, by the Arch-quack Cagliostro, or another? He, as he looked in rapt vision and amazement into these things, thus spake:<sup>1</sup> 'Ha! What is *this*? Angels, Uriel, Anachiel, and ye other Five; Pentagon of Rejuvenescence; Power that destroyedst Original Sin; Earth, Heaven, and thou Outer Limbo, which men name Hell! Does the EMPIRE or IMPOSTURE waver? Burst there, in starry sheen, updarting, Light-rays from out of *its* dark foundations; as it rocks and heaves, not in travail-throes but in death-throes? Yea, Light-rays, piercing, clear, that salute the Heavens,—lo, they *kindle* it; their starry clearness becomes as red Hellfire!

'IMPOSTURE is in flames, Imposture is burnt up: one red sea of Fire, wild-billowing, *enwraps* the World; with its fire-tongue licks at the very Stars. Thrones are hurled into it, and Dubois Mitres, and Prebendal Stalls that drop fatness, and—ha! what see I?—all the *Gigs* of Creation: all, all! Wo is me! Never since Pharaoh's Chariots, in the Red Sea of water, was there wreck of Wheel-vehicles like this in the Sea of Fire. Desolate, as ashes, as gases, shall they wander in the wind.

'Higher, higher yet flames the Fire-Sea; crackling with new dislocated timber; hissing with leather and prunella. The metal Images are molten; the marble Images become mortar-lime; the stone Mountains sulkily explode. RESPECTABILITY, with all her collected Gigs inflamed for funeral pyre, wailing, leaves the Earth: not to return save under new Avatar. Imposture how it burns, through generations: how it is burnt up; for a time. The World is black ashes;—which, ah, when will they grow green? The Images all run into amorphous Corinthian brass; all Dwellings of men destroyed; the very mountains peeled and riven, the valleys

<sup>1</sup> *Diamond Necklace* (Carlyle's *Miscellanies*).

BOOK VII  
Oct. 8, 1793  
(Year 4 Vend. 13)

black and dead. It is an empty World! Wo to them that shall be born then!—A King, a Queen (ah me!) were hurled in; did rustle once; flew aloft, crackling, like paper scroll. Iscariot Egalité was hurled in; thou grim De Launay, with thy grim Bastille; whole kindreds and peoples; five millions of mutually destroying Men. For it is the End of the dominion of IMPOSTUR (which is Darkness and opaque Fire-damp); and the burning up, with unquenchable fire, of all the Gigs that are in the Larth. This Prophecy, we say, has it not been fulfilled, is it not fulfilling?

And so here, O Reader, has the time come for us two to part. Toilsome was our journeying together; not without offence; but it is done. To me thou wert as a beloved shade, the disembodied or not yet embodied spirit of a Brother. To thee I was but as a Voice. Yet was our relation a kind of sacred one; doubt not that! For whatsoever once sacred things become hollow jargons, yet while the Voice of Man speaks with Man, hast thou not there the living fountain out of which all sacrednesses sprang, and will yet spring? Man, by the nature of him, is definable as 'an incarnated Word'. Ill stands it with me if I have spoken falsely. thine also it was to hear truly. Farewell

# CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[Drawn-up by 'Philo,' for Edition 1857.]

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## I.—THE BASTILLE

(*May 10th, 1774—October 5th, 1789.*)

1774.

Louis xv. dies, at Versailles, *May 10th, 1774*; of small-pox, after a short illness: Great-grandson of Louis xiv.; age then 64; in the 59th year of his nominal 'reign.' Retrospect to 1774: sad decay of 'Realised Ideals,' secular and sacred. Scenes about Louis xv.'s deathbed. Scene of the Noblesse entering, 'with a noise like thunder,' to do homage to the new King and Queen. New King, Louis xvi., was his predecessor's Grandson; age then near 20,—born *August 23d, 1754*. New Queen was Marie-Antoinette, Daughter (8th daughter, 12th child) of the great Empress Maria-Theresa and her Emperor Francis (originally 'Duke of Lorraine,' but with no territory there); her age at this time was under 19 (born *November 2d, 1755*). Louis and she were wedded four years ago (*May 16th, 1770*); but had as yet no children;—none till 1778, when their first was born; a Daughter known long afterwards as Duchess d'Angoulême. Two Sons followed, who were successively called 'Dauphin'; but died both, the second in very miserable circumstances, while still in boyhood. Their fourth and last child, a Daughter (1786), lived only 11 months. These two were now King and Queen, piously reckoning themselves 'too young to reign.'

*December 16th, 1773*, Tea, a celebrated cargo of it, had been flung out in the harbour of Boston, Massachusetts: *June 7th, 1775*, Battle of Bunker's Hill, first of the American War, is fought in the same neighbourhood,—far over seas.

1774-1783.

Change of Administration. Maurepas, a man now 73 years old and of great levity, is appointed Prime-Minister; Vergennes favourably known for his correct habits, for his embassies in Turkey, in Sweden, gets the Department of Foreign Affairs. Old Parlement is reinstated; 'Parlement Maupeou,' which had been invented for getting edicts, particularly tax-edicts, 'registered,' and made available in law, is dismissed. Turgot, made Controller-General of Finances ('Chancellor of the Exchequer' and something more), *August 24th, 1774*, gives  
rise



Edict (*August 24th*), That States General, often vaguely promised before, shall actually assemble in May next. Proclamation (*August 16th*), That 'Treasury Payments be henceforth three-fifths in cash, two-fifths in paper,'—in other words, that the Treasury is fallen insolvent. Loménie thereupon immediately dismissed: with immense explosion of popular rejoicing, more riotous than usual. Necker, favourite of all the world, is immediately (*August 24th*) recalled from Switzerland to succeed him, and be 'Saviour of France.'

1793 November—December

Second Convocation of the Notables (*November 24th—December 12th*) by Necker, for the purpose of settling *how*, in various essential particulars, the States General shall be held. For instance Are the Three Estates to meet as one Deliberative Body? Or as Three, or Two? Above all, what is to be the relative force, in deciding, of the Third Estate or Commonalty? Notables, as other less formal Assemblages had done and do, depart without settling any of the points in question, most points remain unsettled,—especially that of the Third Estate and its relative force. Elections begin everywhere, *January 1793*. Troubles of France seem now to be about becoming Revolution in France. Commencement of the 'French Revolution'—henceforth a phenomenon absorbing all others for mankind—is commonly dated here.

1793 May—June

Assembling of States-General at Versailles, Procession to the Church of St. Louis there, *May 4th*. Third Estate has the Nation behind it, wishes to be a main element in the business. Hopes and (led by Mirabeau and other able heads) decides, that it must be the main element of all,—and will continue 'inert,' and do nothing, till that come about namely, till the other Two Estates, Noblesse and Clergy, be joined with it, in which conjunct state it can outvote them, and may become what it wishes. 'Inertia,' or the scheme of doing only harangues and adroit formalities, is adopted by it, adroitly persevered in, for seven weeks much to the hope of France, to the alarm of Necker and the Court.

Court decides to intervene. Hall of Assembly is found shut (*Saturday June 20th*), Third Estate Deputies take Oath, celebrated 'Oath of the Tennis-Court,' in that emergency Emotion of French mankind. *Monday June 22d*, Court does intervene, but with reverse effect. *Stance Royale*, Royal Speech, giving open intimation of much significance, 'If you Three Estates cannot agree, I the King will myself achieve the happiness of my People.' Noblesse and Clergy leave the Hall along with King, Third Estate remains pondering this intimation. Enter Supreme-Usher de Brézé, to command departure, Mirabeau's fulminant words to him: *exit De Brézé*, fruitless and worse, 'amid seas of angry people.' All France on the edge of blazing out. Court recoils, Third Estate, other Two now joining it on order, triumphs, successful in every particular. The States-General are henceforth 'National Assembly', called in Books distinctively 'Constituent Assembly', that is, Assembly met 'to make the Constitution,—perfect Constitution, under which the French People might realise their Millennium.

1789. *June—July.*

Great hope, great excitement, great suspicion. Court terrors and plans: old Maréchal Broglie,—this is the Broglie who was young in the Seven-Years War; son of a Marshal Broglie, and grandson of another, who much filled the Newspapers in their time. *Gardes Françaises* at Paris need to be confined to their quarters; and cannot (*June 26th*). *Sunday July 12th*, News that Necker is dismissed, and gone homewards overnight: panic terror of Paris, kindling into hot frenzy;—ends in besieging the Bastille; and in taking it, chiefly by infinite noise, the *Gardes Françaises* at length mutely assisting in the rear. Bastille falls, 'like the City of Jericho, by sound,' *Tuesday July 14th*, 1789. Kind of 'fire-baptism' to the Revolution; which continues insuppressible thenceforth, and beyond hope of suppression. All France, 'as National Guards, to suppress Brigands and enemies to the making of the Constitution,' takes arms.

1789. *August—October.*

Scipio Americanus, Mayor Bailly and 'Patrollotism versus Patriotism' (*August, September*). Hope, terror, suspicion, excitement, rising ever more, towards the transcendental pitch;—continued scarcity of grain. Progress towards *Fifth of October*, called here 'Insurrection of Women.' Regiment de Flandre has come to Versailles (*September 23d*); Officers have had a dinner (*October 3d*), with much demonstration and gesticulative foolery, of an anti-constitutional and monarchic character. Paris, semi-delirious, hears of it (*Sunday October 4th*), with endless emotion;—next day, some '10,000 women' (men being under awe of 'Patrollotism') march upon Versailles; followed by endless miscellaneous multitudes, and finally by Lafayette and National Guards. Phenomena and procedure there. Result is, they bring the Royal Family and National Assembly home with them to Paris; Paris thereafter Centre of the Revolution, and *October Five* a memorable day.

1789. *October—December.*

'First Emigration,' of certain higher Noblesse and Princes of the Blood; which more or less continues through the ensuing years, and at length on an altogether profuse scale. Much legal inquiring and procedure as to Philippe d'Orléans and his (imaginary) concern in this *Fifth of October*; who retires to England for a while, and is ill seen by the politico classes there.

## II.—THE CONSTITUTION

(*January 1790—August 12th, 1792.*)

1790.

Constitution-building, and its difficulties and accompaniments. Clubs, Journalisms; advent of anarchic souls from every quarter of the world. *February 4th*, King's visit to Constituent Assembly; emotion thereupon and National Oath, which flies over France. Progress of swearing it, detailed. General 'Federation,' or mutual Oath of all Frenchmen, otherwise called 'Feast

like to be too late for the Federation *Sunday July 22d, Solemn Proclamation that the 'Country is in Danger'*

*July 24th, Prussian Declaration of War, and Duke of Brunswick's celebrated Manifesto, threatening France 'with military execution' if Royalty were melted with the latter bears date, Coblenz, July 27th, 1792, in the name of both Emperor and King of Prussia. Duke of Brunswick commands in chief 'Nephew (sister's son) of Frederick the Great, and Father of our unlucky 'Queen Caroline' had served very young, in the Seven Years War, under his Father's Brother, Prince Ferdinand, often in command of detachments bigger or smaller, and had gained distinction by his swift marches, audacity and battle-spirit never hitherto commanded any wide system of operations, nor ever again till 1806, when he suddenly encountered ruin and death at the very starting (Battle of Jena, October 14th of that year). This Proclamation, which awoke endless indignation in France and much criticism in the world elsewhere, is understood to have been prepared by other hands (French Emigrant chiefly, who were along with him in force), and to have been signed by the Duke much against his will. 'Insigne vengeance,' 'military execution,' and other terms of overbearing menace Russian Army, and Austrians from Netherlands, are advancing in that humour. Marseillaise, 'who know how to die,' arrive in Paris (July 29th), dinner-scene in the *Champs Elysees**

#### 1792 August

Indignation waxing desperate at Paris France, boiling with ability and will, tired up from defending itself by 'an inactive Government (fatally unable to act). Secret conclaves, consultations of Municipality and Clubs, Danton understood to be the presiding genius there Legislative Assembly is itself plotting and participant, no other course for it. August 10th, Universal Insurrection of the Armed Population of Paris, Tulleries forced, Swiss Guards cut to pieces. King when once violence was imminent, and before any act of violence, had with Queen and Dauphin sought shelter in the Legislative-Assembly Hall. They continue there till August 13th (Friday-Monday) listening to the debates, in a reporter's box. Are conducted thence to the Temple 'as Hostages,'—do not get out again except to die. Legislative Assembly has its Decree ready, That in terms of the Constitution in such alarming crisis a National Convention (Parliament with absolute powers) shall be elected, Decree issued that same day, August 10th, 1792. After which the Legislative only waits in existence till it be fulfilled

### III—THE GUILLOTINE

(August 10th, 1792—October 4th, 1793.)

(1792. August—September)

Legislative continues its sittings till its Election be completed. Enemy advancing, with armed Emigrants, enter France Luxembourg region, take Longwy, almost without resistance (August 23d), prepare to take Verdun  
Austrians

Austrians besieging Thionville; cannot take it. Dumouriez seizes the Passes of Argonne, *August 29th*. Great agitation in Paris. *Sunday September 2d* and onwards till *Thursday 6th*, September Massacres: described Book I. cc. 4-6. Prussians have taken Verdun, *September 2d* (*Sunday*, while the Massacres are beginning): except on the score of provisions and of weather, little or no hindrance. Dumouriez waiting in the Passes of Argonne. Prussians detained three weeks forcing these. Famine, and torrents of rain. Battle or Cannonade of Valmy (*September 20th*): French do not fly, as expected. Convention meets, *September 22d*, 1792; Legislative had sat till the day before, and now gives place to it: Republic decreed same day. Austrians, renouncing Thionville, besiege Lille (*September 28th—October 8th*); cannot: 'fashionable shaving-dish,' the splinter of a Lille bombshell. Prussians, drenched deep in mud, in dysentery and famine, are obliged to retreat: Goethe's account of it. Total failure of that Brunswick Enterprise.

1792. December—1793. January.

Revolutionary activities in Paris and over France; King shall be brought to 'trial.' Trial of the King (*Tuesday December 11th—Sunday 16th*). Three Votes (*January 16th-17th*, 1793): Sentence, Death without respite. Executed, *Monday January 21st*, 1793, morning about 10 o'clock. English Ambassador quits Paris; French Ambassador ordered to quit England (*January 24th*.) War between the two countries imminent.

1793. February.

Dumouriez, in rear of the retreating Austrians, has seized the whole Austrian Netherlands, in a month or less (*November 4th—2d December* last); and now holds that territory. *February 1st*, France declares War against England and Holland; England declares in return, *February 11th*: Dumouriez immediately invades Holland; English, under Duke of York, go to the rescue: rather successful at first. Committee of *Salut Public* (instituted *January 21st*, day of the King's Execution) the supreme Administrative Body at Paris.

1793. March—July.

Mutual quarrel of Parties once the King was struck down: Girondins or Limited 'legal' Republicans *versus* Mountain or Unlimited: their strifes detailed, Book III. cc. 3, 7-9. War to Spain, *March 7th*. Three Epochs in the wrestle of Girondins and Mountain; first, *March 10th*, when the Girondins fancy they are to be 'Septembred' by the anarchic population: anarchic population does demand 'Arrestment of Twenty-two' by name, in return. Revolutionary Tribunal instituted, Danton's contrivance that same day (*March 10th*). Battle of Neerwinden in Holland (*March 18th*); Dumouriez, quite beaten, obliged to withdraw homewards faster and faster. Second Girondin Epoch, *April 1st*, when they broke with Danton. General Dumouriez, a kind of Girondin in his way, goes over to the Enemy (*April 3d*). Famine, or scarcity in all kinds: *Law of Maximum* (fixing a price on commodities), *May 20th*. Third Girondin Epoch, '*illa suprema dies*,' Convention begirt by Armed Sections

under Henriot (*Sunday June 2d*), Girondins, the Twenty two and some more, put 'under arrest in their own houses',—never got out again, but the reverse, as it proved

#### 1793 July

Revolt of the Departments in consequence, who are of Girondin temper, their attempt at civil war Comes to nothing, ends in 'a mutual shriek' (at Vernon in Normandy, *July 15th*) Charlotte Corday has assassinated Marat at Paris two days before (*Saturday July 13th*). Great Republican vengeance in consequence: Girondin Deputies, Barbaroux, Pétion, Louvet, Guadet, etc. wander ruined, disguised over France; the Twenty two, Brissot, Vergniaud, etc. now imprisoned, await trial; Lyons and other Girondin Cities to be signally punished Valenciennes, besieged by Duke of York since May, surrenders *July 26th*

#### 1793. August—October

Mountain, victorious, resting on the 'Forty four thousand Jacobin Clubs and Municipalities', its severe summary procedure rapidly developing itself into a 'Reign of Terror' Law of the *Forty Sous* (Sectioners to be paid for attending meetings), Danton's Contrivance, *August 5th*. Austrians force the Lines of Welserbourg, penetrate into France on the East side Dunkirk besieged by Duke of York (*August 22d*) Lyons bombarded by Dubois-Crancé of the Mountain, Powder-Magazine explodes, Barrère's Proclamation of Levy in Mass, 'France risen against Tyrants' (*August 23d*). 'Revolutionary Army' (anarchic Police-force of the Mountain), *September 5th-11th* Law of the Suspect, *September 17th* Lyons, after frightful sufferings, surrenders to Dubois-Crancé (*October 9th*) 'To be razed from the Earth' Same day Gorsas at Paris a Girondin Deputy, captured in a state of outlawry, is 'immediately guillotined' (*October 9th*) first Deputy who died in that manner Execution of the Queen Marie Antoinette, *Wednesday October 16th* Execution of the Twenty two, after trial of some length, 'Marseillaise sung in chorus' at the scaffold (*October 31st*).—General Jourdan has driven Cobourg and the Austrians over the Sambre again, *October 10th* (day of the Queen's death), Duke of York repulsed from Dunkirk, 'like to be swallowed by the tide,' a month before

#### 1793. November—December

Reign of Terror, and Terror the Order of the Day Execution of d'Orléans Égalité, *November 6th*, of Madame Roland, *November 8th*, of Mayor Bailly, *November 10th*. Goddess of Reason (first of them, at Paris) falls into the Convention, same day (*November 10th*) Plunder of Churches, 'Carmagnole complete' Convention 'Representatives on Mission' St. Just and Lebon, at Strasburg, 'Strip off your shoes, 10,000 pairs wanted, likewise 1000 beds,—under way in 24 hours' (*November 27th*). Spanish War, neglected hitherto, and not successful, may become important? Toulon, dangerously Girondin in dangerous vicinity, Hood and the English and even 'Louis xviii.' there, is besieged, Napoleon serving in the Artillery, is captured, *December 19th* 'To be razed from the Earth' Carrier at Nantes: *Noyadings* by night, second of them *December 14th*, becomes 'Marriages of the Loire,' and other horrors  
Lebon

Lebon at Arras, Maignet at Orange. 'Death poured out in great floods (*vomie à grands flots*). Lines of Weissembourg, 'retaken by St. Just charging with Peasants' (ends the Year).

1794.

'Revolution eating its own children : ' the Hébertists guillotined, Anacharsis Clootz among them, *March 24th*; Danton himself and the Dantonists (*April 3d*), which is the acme of the process. Armies successful : Pichegru in the Netherlands; defeat of Austrians at Moneron, *April 29th*; of Austrian Emperor at Turcoing, *May 18th* : successes of Dugommier against Spain (*May 23d*), which continue in brilliant series, till the business ends, and he ends 'killed by a cannon-shot,' six months hence. *June 1st*, Howe's Sea-victory; and Fable of the *Vengeur*. General Jourdan : Battle of Fleurus, sore stroke against the Austrian Netherlands (*June 26th*).

Conspiracy of Mountain against Robespierre: Tallien and others desirous not to be 'enten.' Last scenes of Robespierre: *July 28th* (10 *Thermidor*, Year 2) guillotined with his Consorts;—which, unexpectedly, ends the Reign of Terror. Victorious French Armies: enter Cologne, *October 6th*; masters of Spanish bulwarks (Dugommier shot), *October 17th*; Duke of York and Dutch Stadtholder in a ruinous condition. Reaction against Robespierre: 'whole Nation a Committee of Mercy.' Jacobins Club assaulted by mob; shut up, *November 10th-12th*. Law of Maximum abolished, *December 24th*. Duke of York gone home; Pichegru and 70,000 overrun Holland; frost so hard, 'hussars can take ships.'

1795.

Stadtholder quits Holland, *January 19th*; glad to get across to England: Spanish Cities 'opening to the petard' (Rosas first, *January 5th*, and rapidly thereafter, till almost Madrid come in view). Continued downfall of Sansculottism. Effervescence of luxury; La Cabarus; Greek costumes; *Jeunesse Dorée*; balls in flesh-coloured drawers. Sansculottism rises twice in Insurrection; both times in vain. Insurrection of Germinal ('12 Germinal,' Year 3, *April 1st*, 1795); ends by 'two blank cannon-shot' from Pichegru.

1795. *April-October*.

Prussia makes Peace of Bâle (Basel) *April 5th*; Spain, Peace of Bâle a three months later. Armies everywhere successful: Catalogue of Victories and Conquests hung up in the Convention Hall. Famine of the lower classes. Fouquier Tinville guillotined (*May 8th*). Insurrection of Prairial, the Second attempt of Sansculottism to recover power ('1 Prairial, *May 20th*); Deputy Féraud massacred:—issues in the Disarming and Finishing of Sansculottism. Emigrant Invasion, in English ships, lands at Quiberon, and is blown to pieces (*July 15th-20th*): La Vendée, which had before been three years in Revolt, is hereby kindled into a 'Second' less important 'Revolt of La Vendée,' which lasts some eight months. Reactionary 'Companies of Jesus,' 'Companies of the Sun,' assassinating Jacobins in the Rhone Countries (*July-August*). New Constitution:

Directory

Directory and Consuls,—Two-thirds of the Convention to be re-elected. Objections to that clause. Section Lepelletier, and miscellaneous Discontented, revolt against it. Insurrection of Vendémiaire, last of the Insurrections ('17 Vendémiaire, Year 4,' October 8th, 1795); quelled by Napoleon. On which 'The Revolution,' as defined here, ends,—Anarchic Government, if still anarchic, proceeding by softer methods than that of continued insurrection.

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